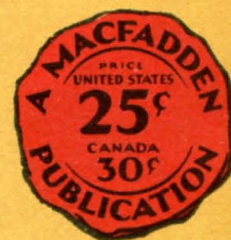


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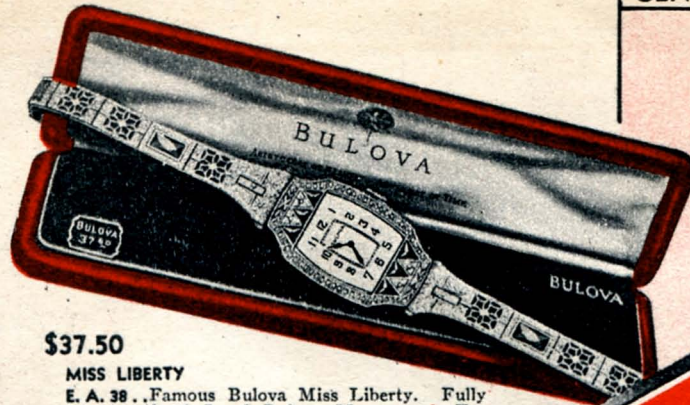
Who *KILLED*
Beautiful
**CARMEN
WAGNER**
?

*An Editorial
by
Governor
ROOSEVELT
in this issue*



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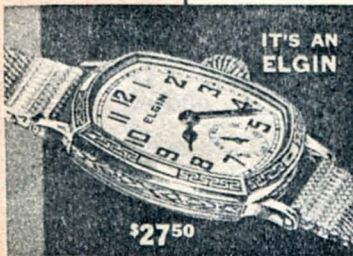
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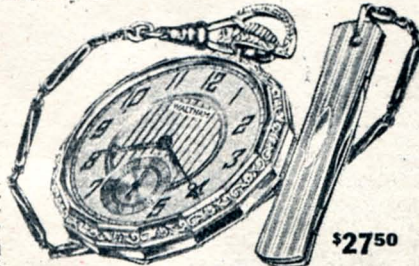
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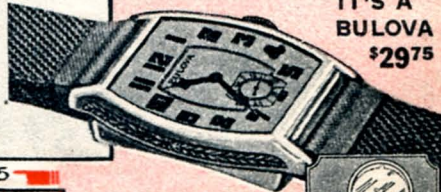
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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. XIII

July, 1930

No. 4

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Cover by Dalton Stevens

NEXT
MONTH:

JAZZ-MAD JULIA!

TONG WAR!

Seldom, if ever, has a Chinese tong-man written for publication. However, next month we present a leader, no less a personage than Yee Kong himself, veteran tong gunman, former boss of the *Suey Sing Tong* of San Francisco, lately condemned to death at Phoenix, Arizona, for murder. Yee Kong has himself penned this smashing inside story of tong war. He has given it exclusively to TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, and he asked us to rush payment to his lawyer quickly, so that a suitable coffin could be purchased to bury him in! Don't miss his astonishing story.

MRS. FRANK SILSBY'S OWN STORY

We have received hundreds of letters praising Frank Silsby's exposé of the underworld. Now—hear what *Mrs. Silsby has to say!*

The MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR on LONESOME ROAD

A lonely highway facing the somber Pacific—a limousine stops in the night... a gun flashes... a girl shrieks and falls dead. Detectives arrive... her escort denies the crime...

Also EIGHT LIVES for \$300!—a nerve-thrilling story of New York gangsters; "BABY FACE" DOODY, CHICAGO'S TWO-GUN TERROR, covering the great man-hunt for this notorious killer of Chicago's badlands, and others. This August issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES is filled with thrills—on all news stands, July 15th.

The SHOCKING FATE of JAZZ-MAD JULIA McDONALD

Her close friends said of young and beautiful Julia McDonald that her mad career, which led to the foot of the gallows, was due to an unfortunate "mental condition." Read of this amazing case that became an international *cause celebre* and engaged the attention of both the U. S. and Canadian governments at the time this attractive young girl was sentenced to be hanged—then see what you think!

INSIDE FACTS on the LEOPOLD-LOEB CASE

Have you ever heard the real story of this, the most infamous crime of its kind in police history? Watch for it next month in these pages!

The RIDDLE of the WOMAN and the BUTCHER-BOY

Was beautiful Myrtle Mellus murdered by her butcher-boy lover, handsome Leo "Pat" Kelley, while her husband was away? We give the amazing facts—you shall be the jury on this baffling case.

(MEMBER OF TRUE ROMANCES GROUP)

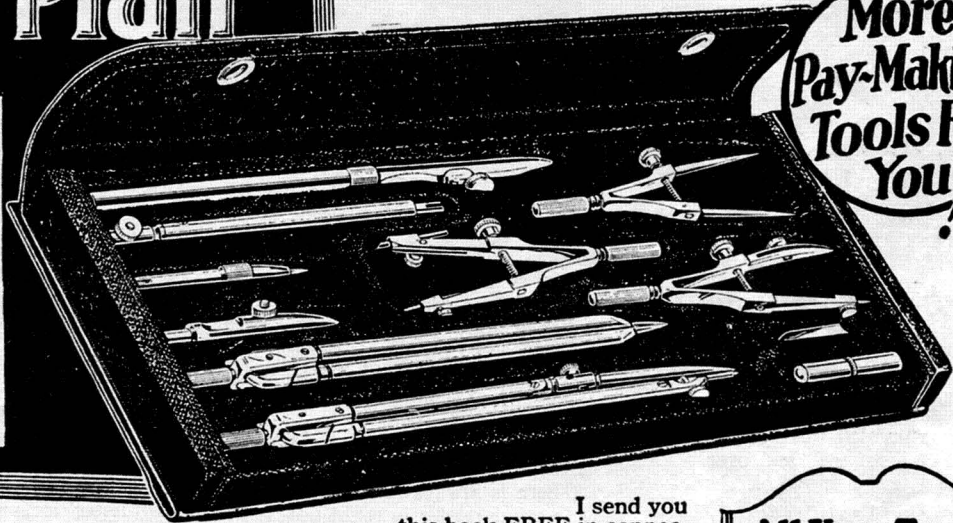
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY NEW METROPOLITAN FICTION, INC., WASHINGTON AND SOUTH AVES., DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY
Editorial and General Offices: 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: Graybar Building, New York City.
Edwin E. Zoty, President M. A. Wood, Secretary William Thompson, Treasurer Gilbert L. Parks, Advertising Director
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Entered as second class matter, Sept. 27, 1928, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.
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New Books and Book News

By EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN

NOTE: Edward Dean Sullivan, nationally known newspaperman, author and critic will tell readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES in these pages what new crime books are worth reading. Among Mr. Sullivan's books "Rattling the Cup," a complete exposé of the crime conditions in Chicago marked him as one of the foremost crime investigators of our time. In his career Mr. Sullivan has "covered" police headquarters both in New York and Chicago and at one period "served time" at Auburn Prison as part of an investigation into the reactions of men confined. These experiences, combined with a wide acquaintance with police officials and detectives, make his news and views on crime and underworld books of unusual value.



Fiaschetti was a Hard Cop

YOU GOTTA BE ROUGH

By Michael Fiaschetti,
The Crime Club, Inc.
308 pp. \$2.50.

AS a newspaperman this reviewer knew Mike Fiaschetti well and over a long period. The title of his book should be, and is, "You Gotta Be Rough," for Mike believed that and acted upon the belief for sixteen genuinely successful years in the police department of the City of New York. For six years he was head of the vitally important Italian Squad, once headed by the famed Joe Petrosino, who met his death in Palermo, Italy, at the hands of Mafia agents.

Although there is sound basis for the correction of obsolete prison torture and abuse by violence of persons arrested, there were elements in Fiaschetti's known roughness that were ever satisfactory to anyone intent upon criticism. In his detective service, to this writer's knowledge, he was scrupulously careful in his cases. He had a habit of being right first and rough afterward.

In this connection I recall his testimony in a court hearing of some prisoners whom he had arrested in connection with a kidnapping. The details of their crime were hideous. The evidence against them slight. Their guilt certain. When Fiaschetti brought them into court they were badly battered. The court commented on their condition and Fiaschetti—for the first time and the last time this reviewer ever heard it done by a policeman—admitted that they had been given a thorough third degree. It developed that this beating was the only punishment they were ever to get for one of the most atrocious crimes ever recorded in the annals of New York's police history.

Some of the cases included in this book



Edward Dean Sullivan

reflect the endless patience and attention to detail which characterized Fiaschetti's work.

And in the recital of one of these cases in particular, one learns that the "Big Wop" could forget to be rough in a hurry and could manage to try to keep his word, even when his efforts were for a man in the death house and the opposition to his efforts came from superiors and officials of the state.

There is always interest for the enthusiastic crime reader in the details of how the detective was outwitted or how he got his man. Fiaschetti, a natural story teller, impulsive, domineering, but sincere and capable, spares no detail of his methods in the cases given. It makes absorbingly interesting reading. He shows the quirks in human nature of the "game guy" and "the squealer" and the police reaction to both types. There is no Philo Vance romance about *You Gotta Be Rough*, it's straightaway explanation of how the cringing "stoos" tip things off and why they better had. Also indications of how the police carefully build up their school of squealers. Here is no romance—just fact in a hectic and sordid strata of police routine in our modern city life.

Prosper Buranelli, who sets down Mike's experiences in first-rate fashion, met the bombastic but dependable Italian giant when he went to interview him for a Sunday story for the *World*. He likes him, obviously, and he has succeeded in getting into the narratives a recognizable tang of the assertive, ambitious, fearless and argumentative copper that was Fiaschetti.

And since this review rather features the notion that Mike was no joy to encounter in the field of his inspired work, it might be well to set down one of the cases that showed him a harsh but considerate square shooter.

Down near South Ozone Park lived two quiet, old Long Islanders, Joseph and Helen Holbach. They were well-to-do and popu-

lar, often lending money to the truck farmers in the vicinity to aid their marketing plans in the seasons. On January 20th, 1918, these aged people were brutally slain in their home and the place completely ransacked.

There was not a clue after a week of police investigation. Then Fiaschetti, who had been active on another case, was called into this one. It was a cold task. It was assumed that gangsters had committed the crime.

Fiaschetti, looking the scene of the crime over, decided that a patch of woods a quarter of a mile away was where the killers would hustle for a getaway. He found a hat there. Furthermore it had a very greasy, sweatband, indicating that the owner worked hard. Gangsters don't work; Mike began loitering around with the farm laborers in old clothes and finally got a job with them. No one of their set had recently vanished or had shown any surplus of money. But a gang of laborers had been working on a sewer nearby and Mike started to hang out with them. He soon found them wondering what had become of one Mike Casalino, one of their number. Fiaschetti learned that he lived in Brooklyn and had a wife and five children. Further, that he was an excellent and harmless fellow.

Fiaschetti located the Casalino home, learned from stools that he had not been home since the murder and put a watch on the mail box at the Casalino home. *Fairport, New York*, was the postmark that they were waiting for and as soon as the letter arrived for Casalino's wife, Fiaschetti started out to locate and return Casalino.

He located him on a farm, got a job there for his board and keep and became the roommate of the killer. They slept together a month, pursuer and pursued. Casalino, often speaking of his wife and children was always low in spirit and utterly despondent.

Finally one night Fiaschetti, who had long commented upon Casalino's gloom, got a jug of hard cider and they got drunk. Or at least Fiaschetti appeared to get drunk. He talked confidentially with Casalino and told him that he, Fiaschetti, was a marked man and that was why he was hiding out at this farm. The police were after him. Casalino, dying to talk with someone of the crime that was eating out his heart, told the complete story of the murders into which he was lured while drunk on wine and from which he had not profited a penny. He was heartbroken. He named all of those who had been involved in the crime.

All were arrested.

"Casalino had helped me and was a poor unfortunate," says Fiaschetti, "and even as he told me his story I determined to get clemency for him. I never did. The hardest bull in the world doesn't want to make friends with a man and lead him to his death afterward. Nor did I want to. When a detective breaks a case by getting

(Continued on page 6)

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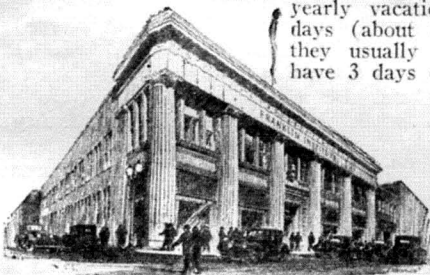
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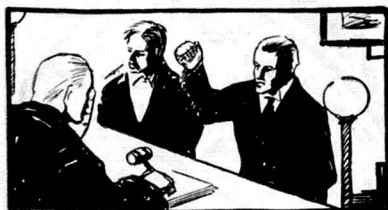
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(Continued from page 4)

a man's confidence they don't send that man to the chair. They shouldn't.

"I did everything that a man could do to save Casalino from a death he did not deserve. When the District Attorney could do nothing I went to Governor Nathan I. Miller myself, bringing the District Attorney along. But he would not commute the sentence. He had a legal mind and could think of nothing but the law. Casalino died in the chair, but before he died he sent me a touching illiterate letter of thanks for my efforts. I did not sleep for many a night after his death. In the years that have elapsed I have gone to see his family often and have helped them in every way possible."

You Gotta Be Rough, for the crime reading enthusiast, has stuff!



The Underworld of Montreal

STREETS OF SHADOW

By Leslie McFarlane,
E. P. Dutton and Co.
287 pp. \$2.00.

THE quality of violence in the Montreal underworld is a revelation—if there is any authentic basis for such activities as cram the pages of Leslie McFarlane's *Streets of Shadow*, the Dutton Prize Mystery for April. Usually raw crime in New York, Chicago or San Francisco is simply a matter of fear, courage and accuracy on the part of the criminal, but in Montreal a slayer had better know the lay of the land under the streets of the underworld. Here we have a dark and sinister succession of events in which the most durable barrister of our reading acquaintance is the outstanding figure.

Dark alleys, over sewers ever yawning for bodies of the slain, are traversed and analyzed by Mr. Michael Brent, the brilliant Montreal attorney who is defending a man accused of two murders. The prisoner, Hinkey Lewis, an ex-convict, is found in the vicinity of the crimes and gives a most rambling recital of his movements. The case is dead-open-and-shut in the minds of the police, who are certain of conviction but Brent, the attorney, suddenly comes to the conclusion that the prisoner had nothing whatever to do with the infamous crimes.

Brent's investigations lead him directly to the scene of a third murder after which his assorted and violent experiences are capped with this one which is here repeated for a reason soon to be explained! Walking along in the dreariest section of Montreal's slums, Brent is accosted by a little man whom he has seen before but can't recall. The man acts suspiciously, seeking to strike up a conversation and clearly indicates that he knows the trend of the lawyer's investigations at the house "Number Ninety."

"What makes you think that I want to know anything about Number Ninety?" says Brent, watchfully considering the whining man pursuing him in the dark street.

"I could tell you plenty, mister. It all depends on what you want to know. And would it do me any good to spill it?"

"You mean you want money?"

The little man put out his right hand, palm downward in a curt gesture.

"Not a penny, mister. Not a penny. It ain't the money. If certain people in Number Ninety got what was comin' to them, I wouldn't be cryin'. None at all."

Brent hesitated.

"Why do you think I am interested, anyway. Who is the woman living there?" he asked.

"Mister," said the shabby man, putting a thin hand on Brent's sleeve, "would you mind steppin' off this street while we talk? If I'm seen talking to you when the blow-off comes, I'll be found floatin' down the St. Lawrence with a slug in me. Les' go up this alley."

They moved up toward a red lantern in the middle of the alley.

"Just why do you want to know about the woman?" asked the small man.

"Look here," said Brent, "I don't like your manner. I didn't ask you to tell me anything."

"Mister," pleaded the little man, and grasped Brent's arm firmly. But Brent wrenched his arm free and started through the gloom to the entrance of the dark street.

He had gone but a few paces when he heard a scuffling footstep, a sharp intake of breath. He swung around as something struck him heavily on the shoulder. He grappled, punching at the other's body. He tried to seize the fellow's right arm. He knew the blow was coming but he could not dodge; his skull seemed to crack to fragments. With an explosion of white light, oblivion swooped down upon him. . . .

Brent slumped on the roadway. He sprawled there, one arm bent under him, and he did not move.

After a few moments a huge man, moving silently as a cat came out of the alley into which the smaller man had vanished. He stood over the prostrate form, then looked over toward the red lantern. A round black hole showed in the surface of the road—a manhole. The huge man lifted the slumped body and slid it, head first into the hole. There was a distant splash.

Then the man went back into the dark alley from which he had come as silently as he had appeared.

Naturally the reader would expect to hear nothing further of Michael Brent, except possibly a few details about the inquest into his death. The reader is wrong; and to show just how wrong let it be stated that Brent lives to marry the daughter of the small man who hit him, after he has acquitted his ex-convict, solved an additional crime and utilized huge mastiffs in the tracking down of the most vicious figure that is introduced in the entire book.

No, indeed, there's nothing trivial about this chronicle of life under the pavements in Montreal.



How It Is Done

HOW TO COMMIT A MURDER

By Danny Ahearn,
Ives Washburn.
254 pp. \$2.50.

IN a nation which has taken its place of world leadership in crime it is perhaps about time that there was a little standardization about the great national pastime of murder. People who do not get around much are inclined to remark with an impatient shake of the head, "How do they get away with it?" That's where Mr. Ahearn comes in with detail and data. Not only are the styles in murder discussed but other major crimes have their place in this genuinely strange chronicle of evasion.

Ahearn is no dilettante in these matters. He has been tried for twenty-two major crimes and has "gotten away with it" except in two instances. He has been twice acquitted of murder and he is but twenty-eight years old.

And for your further information, the last time this reviewer caught sight of Ahearn it was not in a bastille or in a court room or in a municipal wagon, but as a guest at a rather select dinner given at Rudy Vallée's sumptuous and entirely respectable night club in New York—a month ago. Crime doesn't pay in the least—unless you can get away with it.

In this book Ahearn describes in detail all of the ramifications and operations of the underworld. That is, the upper strata of that lower world. The work of the general apprentices in crime is set forth and the progress by which they can climb to the top of a topsy turvy eminence as gunmen. Any time that these details may appear to be imaginary, Ahearn has twelve bullet holes in his body to indicate that he's been around where underworld fire-works were popping.

The book, whatever its marcelled moral, is unquestionably interesting.

Furthermore it is a clear, if alarming, insight into what's the matter with many vital things in this best of all possible countries. The lay reader will find it hard to put it down and the sociologists and criminologists will do well to pick it up. It's a whale of an indictment of things as they are.

The code of gangsters in contact with the law will be found especially interesting.

For example:

"In Cleveland they had a special trick. The Inspector would make you stand in front of him. He'd lean back in his chair and cross his legs. Then he would ask you what he wanted to know. If you answered the way you were supposed to answer, O. K. If you didn't the Inspector would shoot out his foot, kick you in the stomach and throw you over to the other side of the room.

"After being questioned for hours, when
(Continued on page 8)

Pick Your Own Job!

I'll Help You To Get It

NO special experience required to get one of these attractive Government positions. All you need is to pass an examination—and it is easy if you prepare for it. And that's my business. For eight years I was a Secretary Examiner. Since then, during the past twenty years, I have helped thousands into well-paid Government positions, and I can help you get there too. I know *how to train you* to get highest rating in Civil Service Examinations, which will qualify you for first positions open. You get the job you're after within a year of passing examinations—or it *costs you nothing*.

Good Pay - Short Hours - Steady Work

Get rid of the bugaboos of hard times, strikes, layoffs, job-hunting that you must always worry about in ordinary jobs. Don't stick in the low-pay jobs that start you off in a rut and keep you there. Work for Uncle Sam in a fine position you can't lose for any religious, political, or personal reasons. Here's a wonderful position you can easily get that pays you from \$1900 to \$3300 a year to start; where there are no strikes or lockouts, where you get vacations with pay, retirement pensions, 8-hour day, automatic yearly salary raises, unlimited opportunities for quick advancement and many other advantages you can't get anywhere else!

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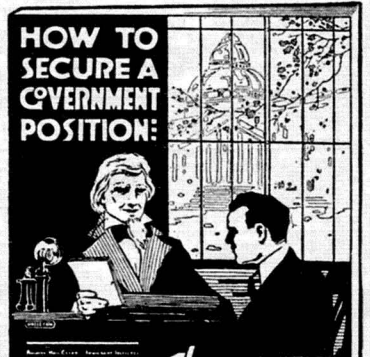
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This is a position of great importance. In small towns a position that can be made very profitable.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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The rate for classified in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES is \$2.00 a line. Cash with order. Closing date for each issue is the 1st of 2nd preceding month, viz., May 1st for July issue. Address orders or inquiries to Classified Manager, TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Agents Wanted

Automobile Super Charger Increases Horse-Power. speed, mileage; no carbon. Make big money as agent. Sells \$2. Chrysler car test 96 miles on 2 1/2 gallons. Join the thousands of pleased owners. Any car; give make and year. Whirlgig Co., 816 Ford Bldg., Detroit.

Sells Stores 5c Carded Breathlets, Etc., Lorrac Products, Albany, N. Y.

\$3,000 Yearly. Mail Order Business. Spare Time. no canvassing. Samples, instructions 25c. Detmorris, 2305 Gratz, Philadelphia.

Big Money And Fast Sales. Every Owner Buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50; make \$1.45. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free sample. American Monogram Co., Dept. 10, East Orange, N. J.

Help Wanted

Steamship Positions—Men—Women—Good Pay: Experience unnecessary. List of positions free. Mr. Arculus, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Business Opportunities

If You Want To Get Your Groceries And Household supplies at wholesale, and a wonderful chance to make \$15 profit a day besides, send me your name immediately. No experience necessary. New Ford Sedan free to producers. Albert Mills, 5263 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

Free Book. Start Little Mail Order Business. Hadwil, 32A-74 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

\$8.00 Buys Deed Part Oil 10 Acres. Second Pool opening. 165 wells drilling. Joe Milam, Dept. Y-4, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Make Money Manufacturing Building Materials. marble, granite, fireproof paint, flooring, roofing. No machinery. Cheap. Big profits. For formulas and latest methods, write Wm. Lang, 443 Washington, Portland, Oregon.

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(Continued from page 6)

I was arraigned in court I couldn't stand up straight, I was in such pain.

"Why don't you stand straight when addressing the court?" asked the judge.

"I can't," I says.

"Why not?"

"I fell downstairs, Your Honor."

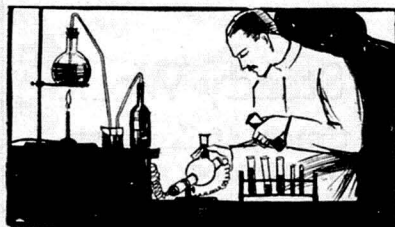
"I couldn't squeal on those guys. Those cops wouldn't trust me no more. I gotta do business with them."

Asked if these tactics were used in the third degree for murder, Ahearn explained:

"They don't give smart guys no third degree for murder. Because it's all fixed up before you give yourself up. Only amateurs get caught."

Ahearn tells exactly how to cover one's tracks after committing a murder. He discusses crime with the flair of one who knows it and he makes it clear that there lives in the midst of the law-abiding people of this country a strange and dangerous group apart. People who have different habits, customs, methods of living, ethics and dangers. People who have no center balance—who are either up in prosperity or down in despair; who are either in or out—and far too many of them out.

How to Commit a Murder is not merely absorbing—it's astounding.



Horror Solved By Science.

MURDER ON THE PALISADES

By Will Levinrow

Robert M. McBride and Co.
345 pp. \$2.00.

THE death of Doctor Conrad Manx, soon after the death of his son in their quiet home on the Palisades, takes on a particularly sinister aspect when it is divulged that two carefully prepared notifications of these deaths have been sent to newspapers months before they occurred. These notifications, made up of letters clipped from printed matter have primed the press for the horrors that develop at the Manx home.

Two more deaths following the first two

in a most mysterious manner, and the eyes of the world turn toward the "Murder Mansion" on the high Jersey shore.

It is obvious that someone is seeking to exterminate this family which, upon investigation, had a skeleton or two of scandal in its capacious closets. The scientific basis of the murders immediately wins the interest of Professor Brierly, a man of unusual intellectual attainments, who, on occasion, takes on an investigation which might remain hopeless without his talents. He finds immediately that he is matched against a wholly cruel and purposeful element of evil, and the solution of the piled mystery in this strange house leads the reader through a labyrinth of hypnotism, the operation of strange poisons and abnormal psychology.

In its main theme the story is reminiscent of the action in *The Green Murder Case* of Van Dine, for not only is some influence seeking to obliterate a family, but the solution of the slayings is brought about through the skilled efforts of a disinterested outsider, aiding the efforts of the baffled police. You will recall that Philo Vance, that debonair theorist, halted the hand of death in the bitterly unhappy Green home.

There is a particular confusion of mind regarding the possible slayer, due to the fact that a device is provided whereby the guilty one cannot be even sensibly suspected—is obviously unable to accomplish any of the machinations by which death glides into the Manx home. How this obviously excluded suspect managed to overcome infirmities and promote murder provides ample opportunity for the acknowledged genius of Professor Brierly in solving the crimes.

Bewilderment, fear and exasperation are followed by a tremendously interesting demonstration which conclusively proves the contention of Professor Brierly regarding the method of the murders. And also the solution of the strange communications which first centered the interest of the newspapers upon the charnel house on the Palisades.

Will Levinrow is but the pen name of a well-known doctor, who is an authority on poisons and their reactions. The story has interest throughout even though Doctor Levinrow is at his best in the scientific sequences and occasionally veers off in his characterizations.

For those who are interested in violent death, and science as well, *Murder on the Palisades* is a genuine treat.

Boys—Glide to Success!

Aviation's Newest Sport Absorbingly Described For You

GLIDING and soaring, aviation's newest and most thrilling sport, is sweeping the country.

Are you keeping abreast of the times and indulging in the new pastime?

If so, then you can do no better than learn all there is to know about gliding and soaring.

If not, then you CAN learn everything about it.

Start with the July issue of **MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS**, the wonder magazine for all persons interested in aviation and model building, in which appears the first of a series of articles entitled "GLIDING and SOARING."

These articles, by Percival and Mat White, two noted aviation authorities, comprise a complete and simple-language course in this alluring sport.

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How Do You Look in a Bathing Suit?

Now that the good old swimming days are here again—are you ashamed to appear in a bathing suit? If you're the flat-chested, skinny-armed, watery-eyed imitation of a man I've seen so often on the beaches, I don't blame you for being ashamed. Many a man's put up a good front, as long as he could wear his street clothes, but in a *bathing suit*, *what a surprise!* It's the same old story—*girls want big, husky, well-developed men to pal around with.* They want men who can protect them—men they can be proud of. If you're not that kind of a man, I'm sorry for you, but I'll be more than sorry if you don't jump at this chance to change your whole physical appearance in a hurry.

It's Not Too Late!

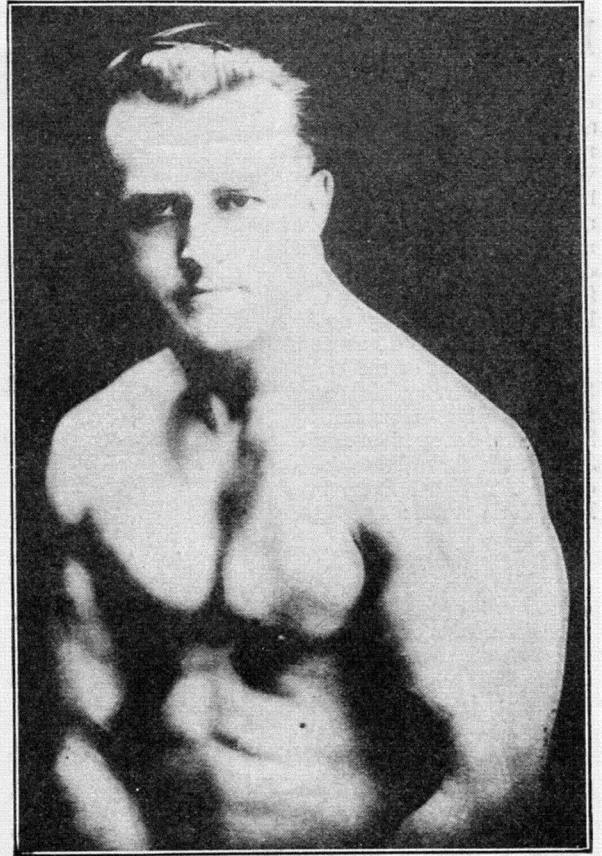
Yes, sir! Before the summer is half over—I can remake you so that you will hardly know yourself. It will mean work, but the results will be positively uncanny. You'll add one whole inch of real he-man muscle to your arms, and two full inches of steely strength across your chest. Your shoulders will broaden as if by magic; your head snap back erect. Your neck will grow strong and sturdy. There will be a new sparkle of life in your eyes, and you'll be so full of pep and vitality your friends won't be able to hold you down.

I've Rebuilt Over 100,000 Others

I don't care how weak and puny you are now. I'm not called the Muscle-Builder for nothing. I've got my reputation by taking fellows just like you, and making muscular marvels out of them. The more hopeless you think your case is, the more I actually can do for you. It's all in knowing how.

Remember, I don't just make these statements. I **guarantee** to do these things. You can't fail, because it's all worked out scientifically.

Time is short, and you can't begin too soon. Let me show you a short-cut to health and strength, and a body that Nature intended you should have. I've done it for over 100,000 others, and I can do it for you.



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Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," Etc.

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64 Page Book

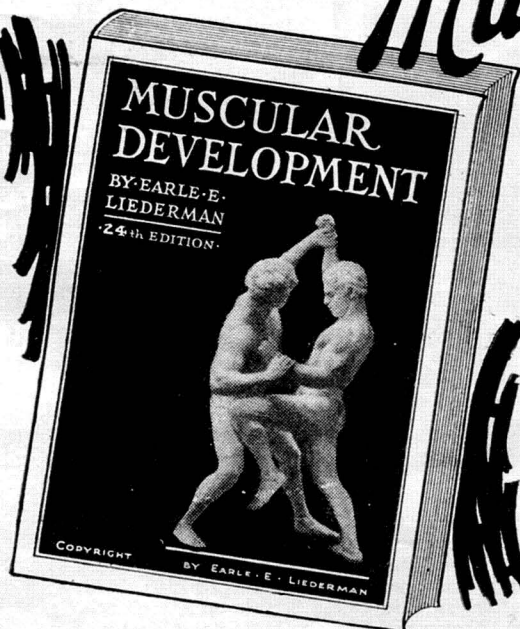
"Muscular Development"

I do not ask you to send me a single cent until you are convinced that I can help you. All I do ask is that you write today for my free 64-page book, "Muscular Development", so you will be able to read for yourself just what I do for you and what I have done for others. This book contains 48 full page photographs of myself and many prize winning pupils I have trained. Many of these were pitiful weaklings. Look at them now! You will marvel at their physiques. This book will thrill you. I want you to have a copy for the sake of your future health and happiness, so send today—do it now before you turn this page.

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"Enter to Learn, Go Forth to Serve!"

By J. S.

IT does not require a prophet or a seer to recognize the fact that we, as a nation, have a fight on our hands to combat successfully a rising tide of crime, such as no nation has ever before faced in world history. Our great cities have become crime centers where automatics, bombs, machine guns and even airplanes are used by organized crime in its powerful warfare against organized law, yearly becoming bolder.

What are we to do about it?

The President of the United States, in his first public speech following his inauguration last spring, delivered on April 22nd at the Annual Meeting of the Associated Press in New York, stated:

I have accepted this occasion for a frank statement of what I consider the dominant issue before the American people. Its solution is more vital to the preservation of our institutions than any other question before us. That is the enforcement of and obedience to the laws of the United States, both Federal and State.

What has happened in the country at large since then has made this seem like a conservative statement, for murder has become a commonplace in our modern machine age, while our caged "enemies of society" rage in a ferment of fierce rebellion in scores of prisons throughout the land that reached a climax a few weeks ago at Ohio State Penitentiary when, in the space of twenty-four hours, the staggering total of 322 lives were lost in a frightful holocaust of warfare and destruction.

Humanitarian views on the best methods of dealing with law offenders, after they are caught, are broadening each year, and a better understanding of the problem of the criminal himself is slowly but surely evolving. But—the efficient and effective enforcement of our laws by the police power is of even more importance until some real solution is found.

This magazine therefore wel-



comes a new force in this field—a dynamic personality, who, less than two years ago when he first appeared as the new Commissioner at New York Police Headquarters with a conspicuous flower in his button hole, was scoffed at; in fact, sneered at by many as a Beau Brummel, a man out of his element, a "glorified floor walker," made head of the greatest police unit in the world by chance. The word was freely passed, "He won't last long," while the newspapers in general made it a point to "razz" him and harass him on every opportunity. None gave him encouragement.

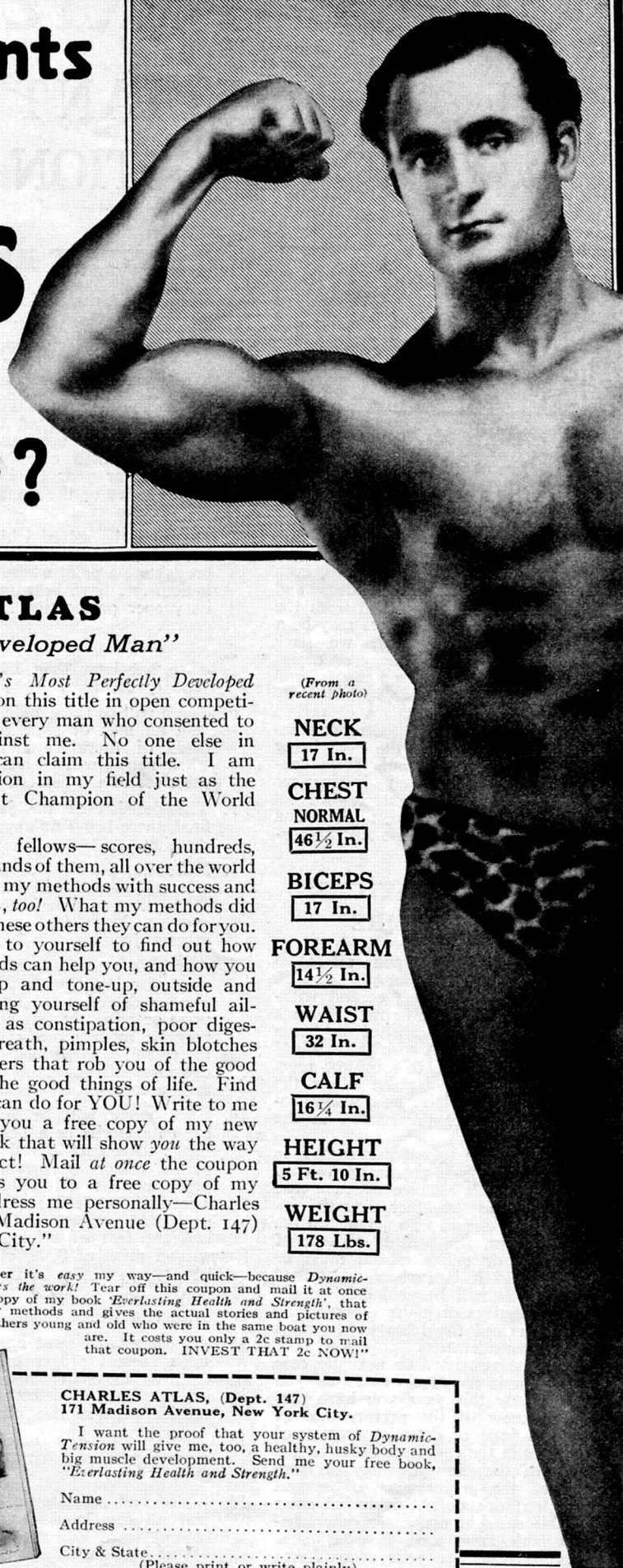
His name was and is, Grover Whalen, and he made good. Back in those days, a year ago last April, this magazine sought him out. It picked him from the first as a man of accomplishment and power, and so he proved. He at that time gave to TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES its first official editorial, *Do Your Part*, which appeared on the news stands three months later, in the July, 1929, issue—a ringing appeal for better law enforcement that inaugurated a successful series which has been continued ever since, leading police and government officials throughout the country taking up the good work. In this same series, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor of New York, joins in the present issue.

Whalen put spirit and direction into the greatest police force in the world—and it needed it. The body and the power was there, but it lacked the spirit and direction. He gave it. He gradually built up its efficiency and morale, made merit the basis of quick reward and advancement and prompt demotion the lot of the inefficient and the sluggard. He himself was the first on the scene when a major crime was committed, no matter what the hour of the night. He worked hard himself, and demanded the same of others. He had a great pride in the Force, and he gave the Force a pride in itself.

Early last summer he started plans for a police training college. It (Continued on page 12)

Blue lines that stretched for miles on their way up Fifth Avenue from the Battery, at the Police Parade on April 26th, 1930—a small section being here shown of that army, nineteen thousand strong, that forms New York's great police power, now at its zenith of efficiency under Commissioner Whalen. (Top) Commissioner Whalen in a happy mood, flanked by his aides, is seen just after leaving the Court of Special Sessions following his victory over the Reds on April 11th, 1930, when five leaders were sentenced to prison for their part in the "Red Thursday" riots in Union Square on March 6th. (Left to Right) Detective John Lind, Inspector Harry Lobdell, Commissioner Whalen and Thomas B. Malone, Personal Aide to the Commissioner

Who else wants **BIG MUSCLES** and a handsome, healthy body?



By CHARLES ATLAS

"The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

TELL me where YOU want big, powerful muscles—tell me how many added pounds of firm, smooth flesh YOU want distributed over your body—tell me if YOU want the vitality, pep, strength, and splendid bodily condition that wins for a fellow the admiration of every woman and the respect and envy of any man.

"Then let me PROVE that my amazing secret of *Dynamic-Tension* will make this new man of you—right in your own home, using just your leisure time, without apparatus, without special diets, without dosing or doctoring yourself, but purely by the natural methods of my system of *Dynamic-Tension*.

"I, too, was one of the *below-par* boys. Then I developed and used these methods that I now offer to reveal to you. These self-same methods built me up from a 97-pound, flat-chested, skinny, no-muscle specimen to the figure of health, strength and powerful, balanced muscular development that you see in my new photo.

"My discovery changed me from a near-wreck to the holder of the title—

'The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man.' I won this title in open competition against every man who consented to appear against me. No one else in the world can claim this title. I am the Champion in my field just as the Heavyweight Champion of the World is in his!

OTHER fellows—scores, hundreds, thousands of them, all over the world—have used my methods with success and now you can, too! What my methods did for me and these others they can do for you. You owe it to yourself to find out how these methods can help you, and how you can build-up and tone-up, outside and inside, freeing yourself of shameful ailments such as constipation, poor digestion, bad breath, pimples, skin blotches and the others that rob you of the good times and the good things of life. Find out what I can do for YOU! Write to me—I'll send you a free copy of my new 48-page book that will show you the way out. But act! Mail at once the coupon that entitles you to a free copy of my book. Address me personally—Charles Atlas, 171 Madison Avenue (Dept. 147) New York City."

(From a recent photo)

NECK

17 In.

CHEST

NORMAL

46½ In.

BICEPS

17 In.

FOREARM

14½ In.

WAIST

32 In.

CALF

16¼ In.

HEIGHT

5 Ft. 10 In.

WEIGHT

178 Lbs.

"Remember it's easy my way—and quick—because *Dynamic-Tension* does the work! Tear off this coupon and mail it at once for a free copy of my book *'Everlasting Health and Strength'*, that explains my methods and gives the actual stories and pictures of dozens of others young and old who were in the same boat you now are. It costs you only a 2c stamp to mail that coupon. INVEST THAT 2c NOW!"

Gamble a 2c Stamp

for the biggest prize that anyone can win—a handsome, healthy, husky body. Send for YOUR free copy of my big new book.



CHARLES ATLAS, (Dept. 147)
171 Madison Avenue, New York City.

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will give me, too, a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, *"Everlasting Health and Strength."*

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Address

City & State
(Please print or write plainly)

\$1,000 IN PRIZES

FOR BRILLIANT CRIME DETECTION

First Prize \$500.00

Second Prize ... \$300.00

Third Prize \$200.00

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES will pay the above cash prizes for the best instances of individual detective work on criminal cases during the calendar year of 1930. It is the brilliant work of the individual in which we are interested, and to individuals performing brilliant feats of criminal detection will go the prizes, even though dozens of other detectives and police officers may have worked upon the same cases. In order that there may be a common basis of judgment, we have created an official form, a copy or copies of which will be sent free on request and which is to be filled out as indicated, by the police officers or detectives concerned or by their properly accredited representatives, giving the details of the cases being entered in this contest. This form contains all information and instructions necessary to the proper entering of all cases in the contest, and once filled in and returned to us, will require no further correspondence.

SUBMIT AS MANY CASES AS YOU DESIRE

INDIVIDUAL work upon all cases solved during the calendar year of 1930 is eligible for entry in this contest without regard as to whether or not the cases concerned have been published in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. A case to be solved within the meaning of this contest must have been brought to a point where the necessary indictments have been made providing for its proper prosecution in the criminal courts.

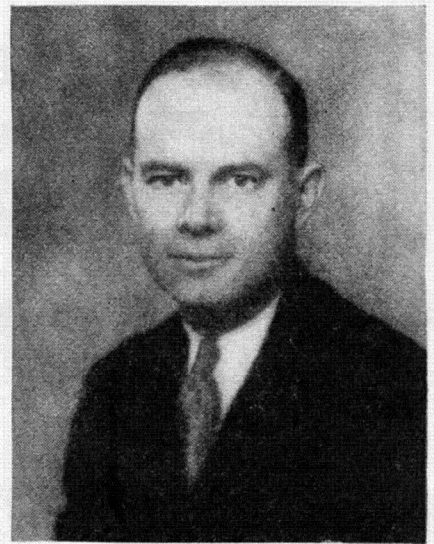
In order for you to enter a case it is not necessary that you personally worked upon it, but in each instance where a case is entered by a person other than the detective or police official who performed the feat of detection, the written consent of such detective or police official must be furnished. And it is further understood that the awards will be paid only to the individual detectives or police officials who actually performed the feats of detection entered for consideration.

You are not restricted to a single case but may submit as many cases as you desire. Already this year you have performed or know of the performance of one or more feats of detection worthy of being entered in the contest and during the remainder of the year you may perform or learn of the performance of several others. Therefore, do not delay but enter all available cases at once. As others become available from time to time, enter them also. Write for your entry forms today.

CONTEST RULES

1. This contest deals with detective work on criminal cases only.
2. Only cases submitted upon the regular printed form which we will furnish free upon request will be considered.
3. To be eligible for consideration, feats of detection submitted for consideration must have been accomplished in connection with cases solved during the calendar year of 1930 regardless of the dates of the commission of the crimes.
4. A case to be solved within the meaning of this contest must have been brought to a point where the necessary indictments have been made to insure its proper prosecution in the criminal courts.
5. All entries must be received at this office not later than 12 o'clock noon January 31, 1931.
6. There will be three judges in this contest, all men of high standing in the fields of literature and criminology. Their names will be announced before the close of the contest.
7. The decision of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.
8. Following the close of the contest the winners' names will be published in the earliest possible issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES consistent with careful judging.
9. Any person professionally in the business of crime identification, investigation or detection is eligible to win a prize or prizes in this contest. Entries may be made directly by those who individually performed the feats of detection submitted, or by their properly accredited representatives.
10. Each entry will be judged entirely upon its merits as a brilliant piece of crime detection. To the detective or police officer performing the most brilliant feat of detection will be awarded the \$500 first prize, to the contestant performing the second most brilliant feat of crime detection, the second prize of \$300, etc.
11. In case of ties each tying contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.
12. All contestants must agree to furnish upon request proper evidence of the truth of the statements made regarding the feats of detection entered for consideration in this contest.
13. Once an entry is submitted no further correspondence regarding it will be entered into.
14. Address all requests for contest forms, and all completed contest entries to Prize Award Editor, TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 10)



Arthur N. Chamberlin, editor of the new official publication of the New York Police Department, "Spring 3100," which is proving such a success. Under the direction of Commissioner Whalen, Mr. Chamberlin, a former flyer in the World War, organized the new "air unit" of the Force—another step forward in the Commissioner's determined war on crime

soon became a reality under the personal driving force he put back of it. It has now become a vital factor in the work and efficiency of the Police Department as a whole, and its importance is recognized by all.

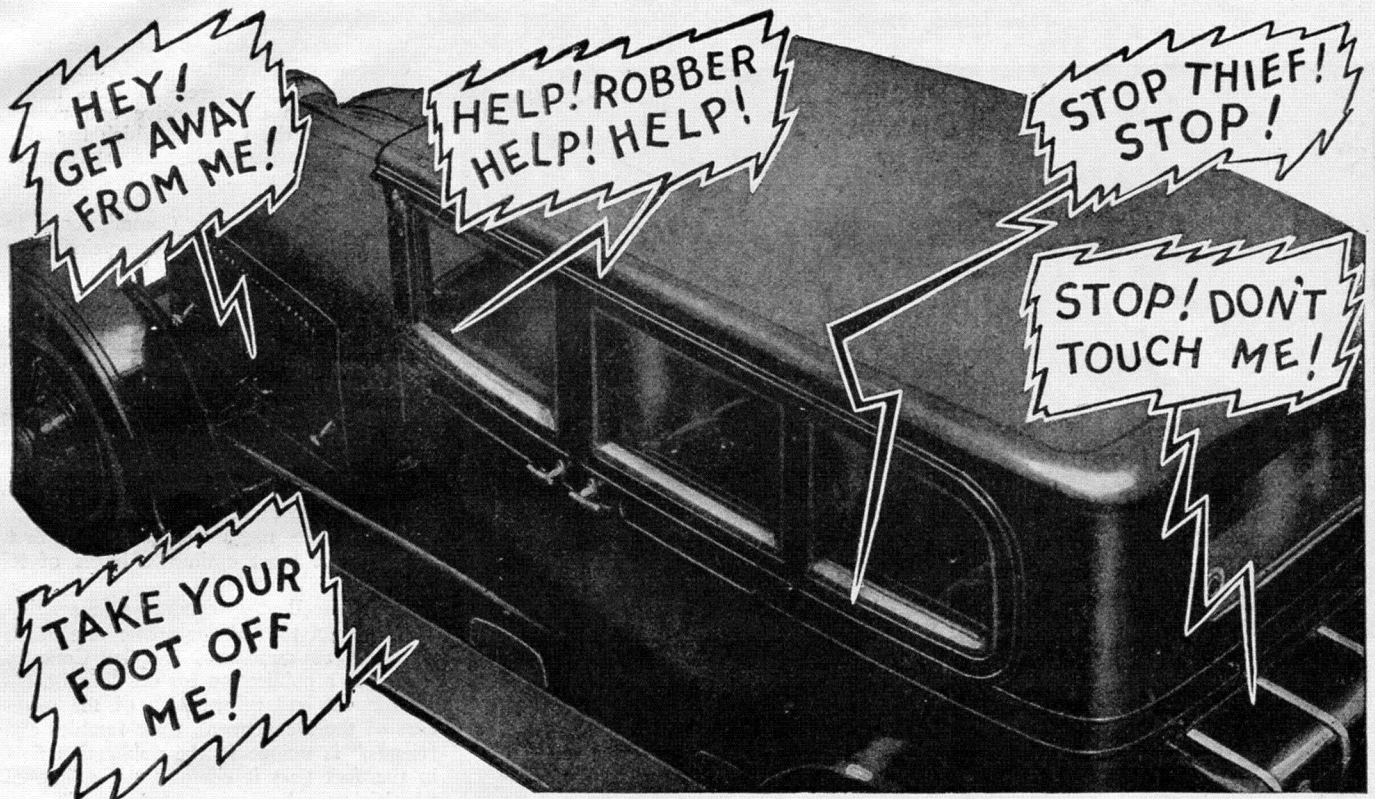
Of this Police College he says:

The policing of New York or London is a business of great magnitude. The public constitute the stockholders. As such, our millions of citizens are entitled to know the conditions of our business, its accomplishments, its weaknesses, and the steps that are being taken to improve its efficiency.

(Continued on page 14)



Cover of the new police magazine—the spirit of "New York's Finest"



Astonishing Electrical Invention Protects Your Car from Thieves ...Automatically!

This unquestionably is the queerest, most incredible invention since the first discoveries of radio! A magical, shouting, automatic watchman that actually is far more than human! Never sleeps, rests or gets tired! Stands

guard over your entire car from spare tire to headlights and steering wheel! Endorsed by police! Approved by Motor Association! Now offered on generous 5-day free test basis! The coupon brings full details.

A Startling Uncanny Money Maker for Agents

"WHAT makes it work?" "Where on earth did you get it?" "Bet you five dollars he's got some one hiding in there!" "It simply can't be true." A running fire of comment like this breaks out whenever and wherever this new invention is exhibited. And why not? When no one ever heard of such a startling, uncanny device before! In fact few people would even dare to dream there could be such a thing! So this, men, is something really NEW, something to grip the imagination of everyone, something that sells to every autoist on sheer novelty alone. Distributors, "star" salesmen, every man who wants to double and treble his present income should note carefully the following facts.

The Secret Of A Theft-Proof Car

Now in this amazing new way, every car can be protected from theft for 24 full hours a day. In the garage or parked on the street, if any thief so much as pulls at your spare tire or touches his foot to your running board—ZOWIE! A riot of noise starts instantly! And your car never shuts up till the thief leaves. And listen to this. Even if the thief is wise to what's up, you alone place the secret control button anywhere you want it around the car. The thief can't possibly find it. If he wastes time looking for it—Bingo! He's caught and on his way to jail! This astonishing invention guards your spare-tire, headlights and spot-lights as well as the car itself.

Installed in 10 Minutes—Costs Nothing to Operate

The inventor has asked the U. S. Government to protect his patent rights on this revolutionary discovery. Because of its uncanny powers and to distinguish it from everything else on earth this queer discovery

is now called "Devil Dog." Among its amazing features is the fact that it can be installed by anyone in 10 minutes or less. There is absolutely no cost for operation. It will last as long as the car. Fits any car from Ford to Rolls Royce without adjustment or fussing.

For introductory purposes a special 5-day test offer is now being made. If you are interested in learning about the most astonishing invention since the radio first came in, use the coupon at once. If your present income is less than \$50 a week, the profit possibilities as our agent may astonish you. The coupon brings details of all offers. Mail it now.

NORTHWEST ELECTRIC CORP.

Dept. K-440

Pukwana, So. Dakota

DEVIL DOG



NORTHWEST ELECTRIC CORP.,
Dept. K-440,
Pukwana, So. Dakota.

Rush details of your big 5-day test offer and big profits for agents.

Name

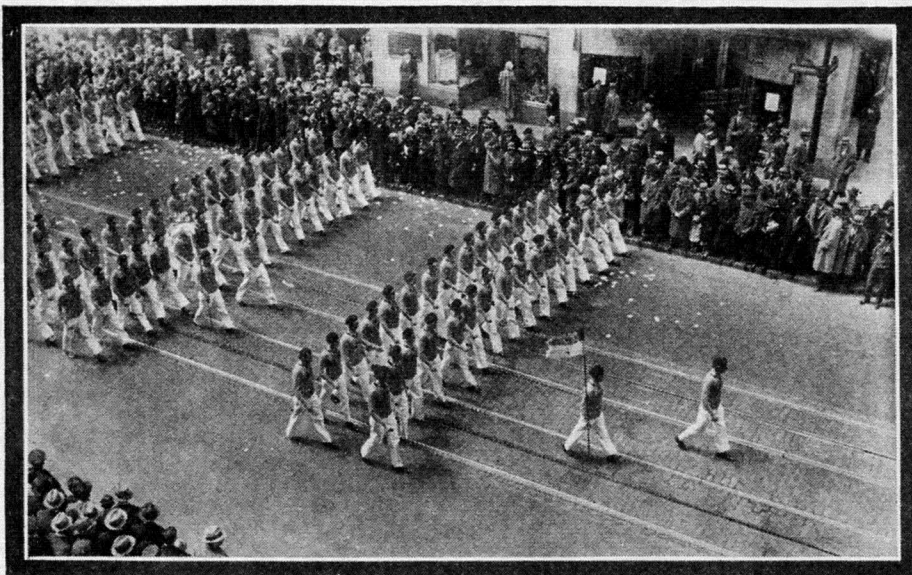
Address

Town State

☐ Check here if interested only in one for your own car and not in agents' money-making offer.



(Continued from page 12)



Recruits from the Police College, stepping along in the Police Parade, were loudly cheered by the crowds

It is generally conceded that the fundamental weakness of police service is lack of scientific knowledge and training. Rule-of-thumb procedure cannot fail to produce an excessively large percentage of error. While the gathering of information is essential to the solution of crime, the collection, the organization and the evaluation of the same must be in accordance with scientific methods.

My analysis of police work led me to organize the Police College, the functions of which are aptly epitomized in the maxim:

"ENTER TO LEARN, GO FORTH TO SERVE."

The New York City Police College is not the conventional police school.

While such schools aim to equip the prospective policeman with the rudiments of police work, we aim primarily to train those in service for higher levels of police work. We like to remind them that the golden shield of the Chief Inspector may some day adorn their blue uniforms.

The New York City Police College has already become an educational institution of distinction.

In the course of time, virtually every member of the New York Department of approximately 19,000 policemen and policewomen will have received instruction in the College.

Its course of study and syllabuses have been as carefully planned as are those of the elder subjects in any college curriculum.

In fact, distinguished members of the faculties of the College of the City of New York, New York University and Columbia University have collaborated with us in defining our procedure.

Moreover, these institutions of learning have been most generous in providing both faculty advisers and lecturers.

Within the short space of six months a well-equipped and efficient educational institution was brought into existence. This would be no mean accomplishment even in an educational system organized to promote such

service, and it is an extraordinary accomplishment for a police department.

While at present the courses of the College are confined largely to special groups, such as Squad Commanders, Officers in training, Third Grade Detectives, those in Motor Transport, Traffic, Aviation, Mounted Service and the Recruits, it is planned to extend the curriculum to reach all the other branches of the force, especially the patrolman.

It is most desirable to give special attention to those in the uniformed ranks whose ability and ambitions lead them to seek advancement within

the Department. This extension of service, however, will require time and careful development. Indeed, the chief difficulties encountered to date have been due to the extensive and rapid growth of the College, which has almost outgrown its physical equipment and teaching staff.

IN March, 1930, the Commissioner inaugurated a new police magazine called "Spring 3100," the internationally known telephone number of New York Police Headquarters. As in every act of his as Commissioner, seeking capability and efficiency as the first requisite, he chose Arthur N. Chamberlin, veteran newspaper man, as the magazine's managing editor; John J. Hennessey, Deputy Chief Inspector, as associate editor; and Lieutenant James DeMilt as art and feature editor. Each of these three men fitted his job so well that the magazine, from the first, outgrew the most optimistic hopes of its founder.

This excellently conducted magazine, which is not printed for public sale but is intended, as announced by the Commissioner, as a publication for the "benefit, entertainment and information of the members of the Department, their families and friends," is unique in the publication field in the fact that it contains not a line of advertising, sells for ten cents and is self-supporting. Twenty-five thousand copies of the first issue were sold immediately. It may be mentioned in passing that it has the amazing number of one hundred and eighty-five reporters on its staff. And every one of them is a booster and does not watch the clock.

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES takes this occasion to extend its congratulations to the Commissioner and to Editor Chamberlin and his staff, and wishes its brother publication a long and prosperous career.

CASH FOR OPINIONS

WHEN you have read this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which do you like the least? Why? Have you any helpful suggestions in mind?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of judges in charge of these awards, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; \$5 to the letter considered second best; \$3 to the third. In addition, \$1 will be paid to the writer of each letter we publish.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award, c/o TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes July 28th, 1930.

The three awards will be made promptly.

No letters will be returned.

Prizes for Opinions on the

March TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

were awarded as follows:

First Prize \$10

E. K. Middleton

2873 Inlet Avenue, Victoria, B. C.

Second Prize \$5

Albert W. Cox

3407-6th Avenue, Columbus, Ga

Third Prize \$3

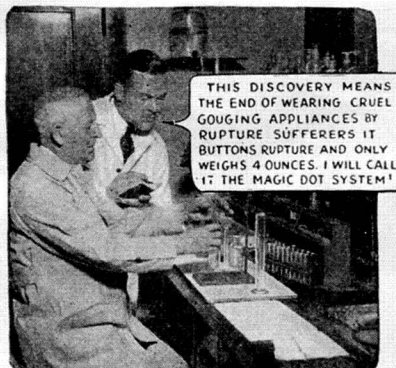
L. L. Finney

923 Nicholas Avenue, Dyersburg, Tenn.

A TALKING PICTURE FOR RUPTURED PEOPLE!

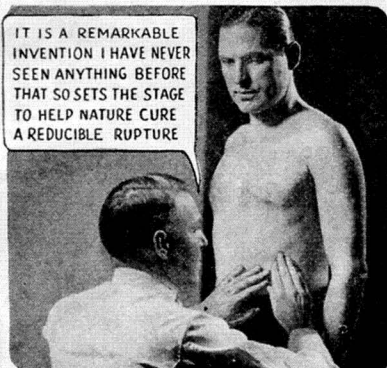


Scientist Tells How New 4oz. Invention Ends Truss Handicaps Quickly



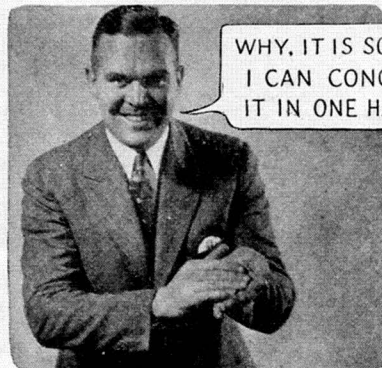
THIS DISCOVERY MEANS THE END OF WEARING CRUEL GOUGING APPLIANCES BY RUPTURE SUFFERERS. IT BUTTONS RUPTURE AND ONLY WEIGHS 4 OUNCES. I WILL CALL IT THE MAGIC DOT SYSTEM!

In December, 1925, after more than 100 experiments in his laboratory, an Ohio Scientist finally developed and perfected the idea that has revolutionized rupture treatment.



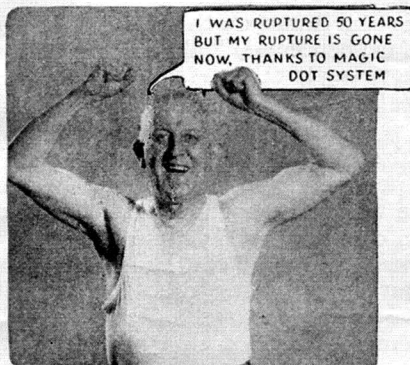
IT IS A REMARKABLE INVENTION I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING BEFORE THAT SO SETS THE STAGE TO HELP NATURE CURE A REDUCIBLE RUPTURE

Physicians praised this new discovery. Tests on cases of long standing showed the most amazing results very quickly. Dr. J. B. Walkinshaw of West Virginia expresses himself as above when he saw the appliance.



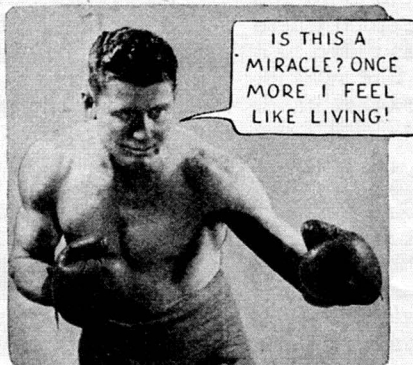
WHY, IT IS SO TINY I CAN CONCEAL IT IN ONE HAND!

The new device was placed in the hands of 10,000 rupture sufferers. They were amazed at its tininess and feather-like lightness. Soon the astonishing stories of the results received began to be reported.



I WAS RUPTURED 50 YEARS BUT MY RUPTURE IS GONE NOW, THANKS TO MAGIC DOT SYSTEM

One of the astonishing cases reported was a man 80 years old who had been ruptured for 50 years. His report showed that his rupture was gone, which Mr. Buck terms a "remarkable achievement."



IS THIS A MIRACLE? ONCE MORE I FEEL LIKE LIVING!

Another man ruptured for years reported since using this new invention that he wrestles, boxes and takes part in athletics without fear of harm.



YOU'RE A REAL HUSBAND ONCE MORE, TOM, SINCE YOU DONT HAVE TO WEAR ANY CRUEL RUPTURE APPLIANCE!

Hundreds of rupture sufferers tell how Magic Dot System has brought them freedom from cumbersome, cruel and unsanitary appliances.



People in all sections of the civilized world have heard about the famous Magic Dot System and are sending to America for it. From every section of the Globe come reports telling of the astonishing results received.



I WILL SEND FREE SAMPLES TO 10,000 MORE RUPTURE VICTIMS!

Thousands of free samples, showing how the Magic Dot System is made, have been given to rupture victims. The inventor also offers newest Efficiency Model on 10-day Trial By Actual Wear to all ruptured who mail the coupon at once.

Free Sample and 10 Days' Trial Offer!

Once a rupture victim tries this amazing comfort system, he never wants to return to cruel pressing devices of any sort. Hence this amazing offer of newest Efficiency Model—10 days' trial by actual wear. One trial explains everything; how Magic Dot System, though weighing only 4 ounces, buttons rupture without cruel pressure. No claim is made that this system can cure every case of reducible rupture, though reports of such cases are beginning to pour in. The inventor undertakes to prove the possibilities of this appliance by allowing you to actually wear it for 10 days before you are obligated for its cost. Mail coupon for full details.

John G. Homan, Inventor, New Science Institute,
3974 Clay St., Steubenville, Ohio

John G. Homan, Inventor,
New Science Institute,
3974 Clay St., Steubenville, Ohio.

Send me full details of your 10-day Trial By Actual Wear offer on your newest Efficiency Model—also free sample of the "button rupture" material. This does not obligate me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

The Red Riddle of Beacon Hill!



How Crowley Solved the Mysterious Death of Mrs. Carrie Smith

IT was midday. A woman staggered out onto the back porch of 61 Hancock street. She stood where the sun shone full upon her. One hand was raised to a gashed void where her throat had been. She swayed. It looked as though she would fall. The other hand, reaching out, gasped a piazza post. "Help!" she cried in a throaty scream.

She opened her mouth to shriek again. But for some reason sounds would not come. She clung to the post as she swayed and gibbered frightfully through lips which grimaced but were horribly silent. . . .

Across the fence in the kitchen of a house on Derne street, two women stood helpless with widened eyes and fluttering hearts. Even as they watched, she tottered backwards toward the open door. Then—as suddenly as she came—she vanished. Almost as though some unseen hand had dragged her backwards.

Except for certain marks, all was as though it never had happened. Eyes still intent on the swinging, banging door, one of the women cried, "Whatever shall we do?" Through chattering teeth the other answered, "Send for the police!" Had either of them investigated. . . .

However they did not and by the time the police arrived—but let Superintendent Michael H. Crowley of the Boston Police tell you what happened. It was his first big case as a detective. Of course he recalls it vividly. Lowell Ames Norris of the Boston Sunday *Herald* has collaborated in putting this "Red Riddle of Beacon Hill" into words. It is a true detective story that you will long remember. Don't miss it!

Real Solutions of Actual Crimes!

THE MASTER DETECTIVE publishes complete inside stories of actual crime solution. Many of them come to you direct from the official records. They are reported by the detectives themselves or by newspaper men who are closely in touch with every twist and turn of the cases. For that reason MASTER DETECTIVE stories are outstanding in detective literature. Time and again they prove that truth is indeed stranger than fiction as they disclose the amazing vagaries of the human mind as crooks try cunningly to hide their tracks. They prove that in actual fact the so-called "perfect crime" does not exist. You will be spell-bound at the skill and tenacity with which police detectives and private operatives get their man no matter how well covered are the clues, no matter how devious the trail. Add THE MASTER DETECTIVE to your list of reading today!

IN JULY

THE RED RIDDLE OF BEACON HILL

THE STOLEN CAR RACKET EXPOSED

PUT ON THE SPOT!

TAMPA'S MODERN BLUEBEARD
THE CLUE OF THE VANISHED TATTOO

ASTONISHING REVELATIONS OF
A WOMAN GEM THIEF
CLEVELAND'S CRIMSON MYSTERY

MY CAREER AS A GIRL SPY IN
THE GREAT WAR

THE CLUE OF THE BLUE PELLET
THE "DEATH WATCH" MURDER

The Master
DETECTIVE

July Issue—June 23rd
At All News Stands!

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, New York, Dept. T. D.-73

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing \$1.00 for which please enter my name to receive THE MASTER DETECTIVE Magazine for the next five months beginning with the current issue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

A Sure, Simple, Easy Way to Reduce Your Girth 4 to 6 Inches Instantly— and Then Acquire a PERMANENT REDUCTION

No Dieting—No Exercise—No Drugs. Results Guaranteed—or Not a Penny's Cost to You

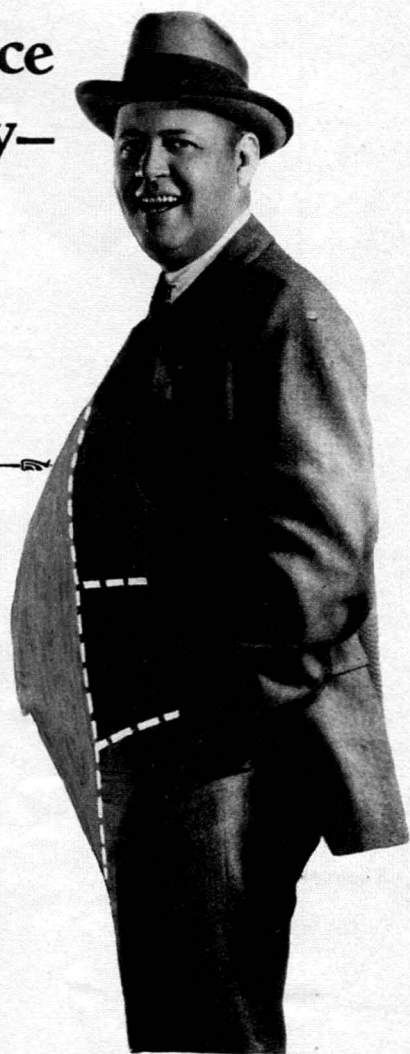
Two good testimonials of last month. There are thousands in our files. Send for complete literature.

"I have reduced my waistline 8 inches by wearing Director Belt. I am well satisfied. You may use my name for reference."

J. P. Longenecker, Lebanon, Pa.

"Have worn a Director Belt and been much benefited, for which I am very thankful. When I started I weighed 227 lbs.—waist measure 46 inches. Felt slowed-up and very uncomfortable. Have reduced my weight to 202 lbs. and my waist measure is 40½ inches; digestion is much improved and am feeling fine again. I am writing to express my sincere appreciation for Director Belt. You are at liberty to use my name as a testimonial as it may help others."

Frank A. Churchill, N. Y. C.



Gone—that ugly bulge and you feel and look so much younger

Make This Test

We want an opportunity to prove to you that Director will accomplish wonders in reducing your weight and waist measurement. So we ask permission to send you a Director for one week's free trial. Note



Don't continue to look this way

how this remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape. See how naturally and comfortably you attain a more erect carriage and enjoy a new feeling of ease and comfort and lightness when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

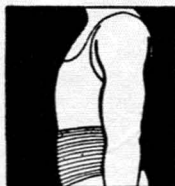
Fat Disappears

You'll enjoy the big improvement in your appearance that Director gives you. You'll enjoy the new feeling of renewed life and vitality it brings. But best of all you'll enjoy the knowledge that **excess fat is surely disappearing** every moment your Director is on. Temporary relief is one thing. A **permanent reduction** of fat and waist measurement is another. Director gives you both. For Director **actually dissolves excess fat away.**

How Director Works

With every movement of your body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure on the abdominal fat. Every time you take a step—every time you stand or sit down—

every time you bend or twist or lean over



The "Director" will give you a waistline like this

—Director massages fat away. This continued kneading motion during all your waking hours **quickly and permanently** dissolves excess fatty deposits. Within a few weeks or months—(the time required depending on the extent to which you are now overburdened with fat)—Director has accomplished a permanent reduction in a **natural way** without the slightest effort on your part. The strain and tension of excess fat on abdominal muscles is gone.

Compare this delightful simple method—this guaranteed method—with any other you have ever tried or heard about. Compare it with drugs—with starvation dieting—with violent enervating exercise—with expensive bath and massage treatments. Director is not only by far the most **sure** and **satisfactory** method of weight reduction, but the cost is so small as to be negligible in comparison with the benefits it brings.

No Laces, Hooks or Buttons

Director is woven on especially designed looms—from the finest mercerized web-elastic—all in one piece. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Each Director is made to individual measure, so no

adjustment is necessary except an occasional taking in as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and quickly and is delightfully comfortable to wear as thousands of business and professional men testify. It never puckers or gathers and always lies flat and smooth.

TRIAL OFFER

We have tried to give you some idea of what Director is and how it is guaranteed to reduce excess fat. But nothing we can say will be half so convincing as an **actual test**. So we invite a test on this basis. Use the coupon and send today for trial offer and directions for measuring. Wear Director for one week. Then, if you don't agree with each and every statement we have made herein, simply return the belt and we will refund your money promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. We can think of no more fair or liberal offer than this. In fairness to yourself please make this test. Fill in and mail the coupon now.

LONDON & WARNER
332 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Dept. C-122

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer, instructions for measuring, doctors' endorsements and letters from users.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



Franklin D. Roosevelt

Help Them GO STRAIGHT!

By
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
Governor of New York

NOTE: Franklin D. Roosevelt is one of the foremost figures in American public life today, and at this time is being prominently mentioned as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States in 1932. Those who are best acquainted with him personally know how truly he is a friend of the less fortunate—a man of wide, human sympathies, and who has a very real and deep interest in the welfare of his fellow men.—Ed.

I HAVE never yet read a detective story in which the villain was not caught, or the crime solved. Some day I should like to write one based on a cross section of many actual cases where there is no ending—where the reader or investigator is left suspended in mid-air.

That leads me to the thought that a surprisingly large percentage of criminals in the United States go unpunished. Crime detection is vastly more complicated than it was in the early days of Sherlock Holmes. All sorts of new inventions, all sorts of new things like automobiles, have increased the mobility of the population, and therefore have increased the chances for the perpetrator of a crime to get away. In the long run, however, society always catches up, and the science of detecting criminals has made many advances. Every year that goes by we find new methods of tightening the lines.

In the average detective story also, the book ends when the criminal is caught. In real life the story, so far as society is concerned, is only just starting. We might as well admit that our knowledge of just how we ought to punish criminals and just how we ought to reform criminals has made comparatively slow progress during the past generation.

If the people of this country will realize that the treatment of the crime problem is one which affects them in their daily lives, we shall have more public interest and, therefore, more practical progress in the years to come.

Out of every hundred men or women who go to jail, about ninety-four return sooner or later to active participation in community life. It is therefore clear that from a humanitarian, from a sociological, and from a dollars-and-cents point of view, *it is incumbent upon us to see that these ninety-four people go straight.*

Who Killed Beautiful

Of mysterious crimes which have confronted police authorities the world over, the brutal murder of 18-year-old Carmen Wagner was one of the most baffling of all. Try your sleuthing abilities on this case!

WHO killed her?

By ARTHUR W. HILL

former District Attorney
Humboldt County, California

As told to BURTON BASSETT



Posse in the man-hunt for the murderer of Carmen Wagner emerging from Baker Creek Canyon

ONE of the strangest cases in California jurisprudence, if not in the criminal annals of the entire country, occurred during my term of office as District Attorney at Eureka, Humboldt County, California.

Three murders followed one after the other. Overwhelming circumstantial evidence was gathered by my office against two suspects, while the outcome of the weird killings rivalled the most cunning brain-child of an imaginative fiction story teller.

On the late afternoon of Wednesday, October 7th, 1925, a young man and his girl companion suddenly vanished from their homes at Eureka, California. They had gone on a hunting trip together, apparently without the barest premonition of the horrible fate which awaited them in the densely wooded mountains.

After several days of increasing suspense the young couple had not returned to their homes, the alarm was spread and a large posse of men was organized to search for the man and girl.

CARMEN WAGNER?

Two members of the posse, poking about in the mountainous region surrounding a flat plateau known as Coyote Flat in Northern California, suddenly stumbled over a grave which had been scooped hastily out of the earth behind a large rock.

The searchers stood horror-stricken at the sight which met their eyes. They had, by the merest chance, found the body of Carmen Wagner, an 18-year-old red-haired girl, the owner of a popular beauty shop at Ferndale, who had vanished from her home in the company of Henry Sweet, a young man to whom she had been reported engaged.

A terrified glance told the possmen that the young girl had been cruelly shot to death and a hasty attempt made to cover her body with earth, rocks and leaves after the bloody corpse had been placed in a shallow grave.

RAISING his revolver, one of the possmen fired three shots, the signal to notify the other searchers that their worst fears had been realized and that Carmen Wagner had been found—dead.

Then, during the silent hours of the night, the possmen stood guard over the body, while other searchers made their way to the Flat with the coroner to bring the corpse back to Eureka over the steep and dangerous mountain trails.

I was notified by wireless that the girl's body had been found, probably one of the first instances where the radio had been used in the aid of the forces of the law. So rough was the country that one of my friends had taken his radio set into the mountains and had kept me in touch with every detail of the long search which had ended with the finding of the corpse.

As District Attorney, I set about at once to marshal the facts of the case for presentation to a jury, should the Sheriff's office succeed in arresting the suspects.

Carmen Wagner, as a schoolgirl, was a beautiful young child, with long braids of tawny red hair. With her parents and a brother, Logan, the girl lived in the mountains on the Wagner ranch some few miles from Eureka. The young girl was taught to handle a rifle and she became an expert shot.



Carmen Wagner, central figure in this mysterious case, victim of the vanishing killer

Then the Wagner family, when Carmen was about thirteen years old, moved from their ranch to Eureka. It was with deep regret that the young girl left the ranch home in the mountains, but as time passed she returned again and again to the locality to hunt and to climb the steep trails which criss-crossed through the region.

AS a vocation Carmen established a prosperous little beauty parlor at Ferndale, which became the meeting place of the belles of the neighborhood for various embellishments which delight the hearts of young women. Carmen became very popular among the younger set.

For pleasure, to relieve the hours of work she spent at her beauty shop business, Carmen Wagner went on frequent hunting trips on which she was accompanied by Henry Sweet, a young man who had lived for years in Eureka.

Because of her unusual beauty, with bobbed auburn locks and a clear, healthy complexion, Carmen was besieged with masculine attentions, but of all the wooers she had chosen Henry. They liked the same things, especially hunting and long walks through the woods, and often they enjoyed together the pleasures of camping in the mountains, both bringing down game with sure shots from their rifles.

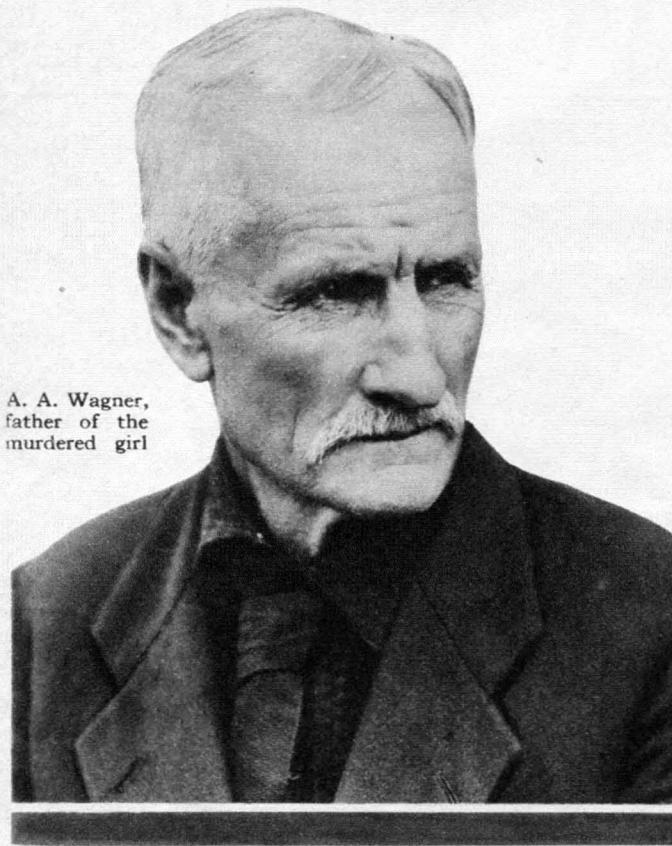
On these frequent hunting trips in the vicinity of the girl's old home, Carmen and Henry always were accompanied by the young woman's large, yellow-brown colored collie dog. The dog adored his mistress and answered her calls quickly, which led her to give him the Spanish name of "Pronto."

In the girl's last hour of peril Pronto gave his humble life in a desperate attempt to save his beloved owner.

Not suspecting the danger which lurked nearby, Henry and Carmen made a rendezvous for their last hunting trip together—a rendezvous which ended in the mysterious deaths of both young persons.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 7th, 1925, Henry asked Carmen if she would enjoy going on a hunting trip with him to Coyote Flat.

"I have my car, and I will get some provisions and shells and we can do a lot of shooting," said Henry, his face wreathed



A. A. Wagner,
father of the
murdered girl

Carmen, thanks to the small watch, was on time for her appointment with Henry Sweet. The rays of the setting sun were slanting across the city of Eureka as the girl and the young man started out on their last hunting trip together. Around the swiftly moving automobile, driven by the young man, scampered the dog Pronto.

Up the road in a receding cloud of dust vanished the automobile carrying the happy young couple.

After watching the girl and man disappear in the distance, a sinister figure left Eureka and struck out on a trail through the woods. The mysterious figure knew intimately every by-path and short-cut through the mountains and could overtake any game—animal or human—that he stalked.

The young couple did not return the next day, as they had promised. The girl's mother became uneasy about her daughter's absence, but consoled her mind with the comforting thought that she was in the company of a reliable and trustworthy young man who would take care of her.

HOURS passed without any sign of her daughter, however, and Mrs. Wagner's worry increased until it became fear. The family instinct is to return to the fireside at the close of the day, and any unaccounted absence strikes fear to the heart. Even an hour's absence of a beloved one makes his or her relatives apprehensive because of the fear that some harm may have come to the missing person.

After hours had elapsed and her daughter had not returned, Mrs. Wagner told her son, Logan, that she believed her

(Right) Posse ready to start through the mountains in the hunt for Carmen Wagner, which lasted for two weeks. After discovery of the death of her escort, Henry Sweet, it was generally believed the girl was dead. Deputy Sheriff Reid is by the horse; Capt. Randle is third from left



in smiles as he told the girl of his newly made plans. "Oh, I'd love to!" exclaimed Carmen enthusiastically. "I'll meet you and we can have the whole day tomorrow to ourselves in the hills."

A trysting place was named and Carmen returned to her home to don her hunting apparel and to obtain her small-bore rifle. She bade her mother a joyous goodbye and hurried quickly to meet Henry. It was the last time that Mrs. Wagner ever saw her daughter alive.

AS she left her home, waving at her mother, Carmen glanced hastily at a small gold wrist watch, because she did not want to be late and keep Henry waiting. The watch was an old-fashioned timepiece which had been given by Mrs. Wagner to her daughter, who had it made into a wrist watch by attaching a leather casing to hold it.

This watch later was destined to be one of the most important links of circumstantial evidence in the murders of Coyote Flat.

daughter was in danger and that the authorities should be informed so that a search might be started for Henry and Carmen.

Logan tried to calm his mother's fears with the explanation that Carmen had always returned safely from other hunting trips and that doubtless she and Henry would arrive home soon.

After a long period of anxiety, however, even Logan began to fear for his missing sister and her companion, and finally it was decided to consult with the Sheriff of the county.

They learned that Sheriff A. A. Ross was in the eastern part of the country on a business trip, but that Deputy Sheriff H. E. Reid was the official to whom they could tell their fears and appeal for aid in locating the missing couple.

As the District Attorney of the county, I also was informed of the case.

Reid paid close attention to the story of the couple, who had now been missing in the mountains for three days.

Several theories were advanced to account for their strange absence. Had the young couple become lost? Had they been injured by a fall? Were they starving in the dense woods which clothed the mountains? Had something sinister happened to the girl and the man, something which prevented them from firing three signal shots which would have brought hunters to their aid at once?

Reid decided immediately to organize a large posse to search through the mountains. He knew that time must not be lost if the girl and man were to be found and brought to safety.

Reid saw something mysterious in the fact that neither young person had been able to return to



(Above) Showing a part of the crowd at Carmen Wagner's funeral. Miss Wagner's death caused widespread sorrow, for she was a popular girl and had a host of friends. (Left) Arthur W. Hill, District Attorney of Humboldt County, Calif., who handled the prosecution in the Carmen Wagner murder case, and gave the inside story to **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**



Eureka and neither had they sent the dog, Pronto, to his home with a message tied to his collar which would have summoned aid immediately.

The theory that they had fallen and suffered severe injuries, or possibly had been killed, was the strongest belief. It was hardly possible that Sweet or the girl had become lost, because both knew the mountain trails almost like open books.

DEPUTY SHERIFF REID notified the citizens of Eureka that a large posse was to be formed to conduct the search, and volunteers responded immediately. Nearly every able-bodied man answered the summons, as everyone knew Carmen and Henry and they were all anxious to do everything possible to find the young people.

I studied the case and decided to gather all information possible should it be discovered that a crime had been committed. But of course at this time neither I nor the officers

had any intimation of the tragedy which was to confront us.

Meanwhile a sinister figure, who we were destined to discover later had followed Sweet and the girl across the mountains, had returned silently and unobserved to Eureka, where he walked the streets in broad daylight, and even joined the posse for a short time during the search for the girl and man.

Deputy Sheriff Reid took charge of one group of possemen, while Captain Clyde Randle of the California State Traffic Police directed the other group of searchers and outlined the territory for his men to cover. Captain Randle advanced a startling and disquieting theory as to the disappearance of the girl.

IBELIEVE that Carmen Wagner has been abducted and hidden in the cabin of an insane mountaineer," declared Captain Randle. "We must bend every effort to find her and I hope that we will do so before we are too late."

The territory into which the young couple had vanished was composed of steep trails, deep valleys, high mountains, and in some places was almost inaccessible.

Because of the rough terrene, a unique method of communication was established between the posse and my office. For the first time in my experience a radio was used to keep the District Attorney's office in constant touch with the posse and I received every bit of information as the search progressed.

The man who gave me such valuable aid was Kenny Kilburn, a photographer and amateur radio operator, who made a hobby of wireless. Kilburn carried his small radio sending apparatus into the mountains and sent important news of the search directly into my office in Eureka.

I believe that Kilburn was one of the pioneers to make use of the radio in aiding the forces of the Law.

Meanwhile the posse continued to search every part of the mountains. In the posse were several young men, including Kenneth Buck; two half-brothers, Walter David and Jack Ryan; and Kenneth Walford, who had known Carmen for some time. Sidney S. Pixton also was a searcher, he and Buck keeping close together as they searched about the plateau known as Coyote Flat.

David and Ryan were half-breed Indians and had lived in the district for years, Ryan at one time having attended the same school with the missing Wagner girl.

The brothers made their living by working at odd jobs on the ranches, breaking stubborn horses, and Ryan frequently acted as guide for tourists who went on sight-seeing and hunting trips in the mountains.

Jack was known as the best horseman in the country, and he also was a crack shot with either a rifle or pistol.

Logan Wagner, the young brother of the missing girl, also was a member of the posse. He was an expert woodsman and his knowledge of the country and ability to find his way through the dense growth and steep trails added impetus to the search.

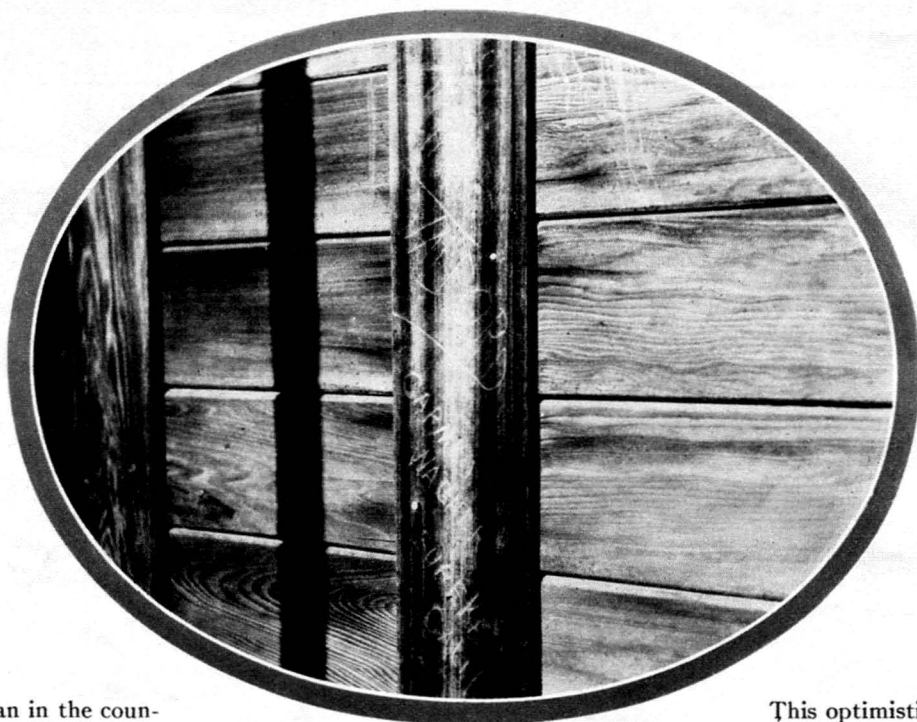
NO traces of the missing couple were found, and fear began to clutch at the hearts of the searchers. They began to feel that something terrible had happened to Carmen and Henry, and the question was asked: "Will we find them dead?"

Kenneth Walford, who had known Carmen for nearly four years, was one of the most tireless of the large army of searchers. Walford was only a youth, being just twenty years old, but he devoted long days in an effort to find the missing girl. He had joined the posse immediately when she was reported missing, and in his old battered automobile he had started out for Coyote Flat. But the machine was aged and it would not climb the steep roads, so Walford abandoned it and struck out on foot to aid in the search.

Meanwhile the searchers continued to scour the mountain sides, the valleys, beds of small streams, and the trails, several of which led up to Coyote Flat.

After the search had been under way for some time, several of the men one day decided to travel over one of the paths. They started out slowly, poking over every foot of the way as they walked up toward Coyote Flat. The path made a crooked turn.

There lay the body of Henry Sweet!



Sheriff Ross, who took a prominent part in directing the man-hunt for the slippery killer whose identity was clouded in such deep mystery. (Top) Close-up photo of the name-carving on the shack near Coyote Flat, mentioned in the story. Note the name, "Walford," and below it, "Carmen Wagner, Eureka, Calif."

Blood had gushed from his side and mouth and the body was sprawled as though Sweet had fought in his death agony. Had he been murdered?

The body was examined hastily and it appeared to the possemen that Sweet had died from a violent hemorrhage caused by packing a heavy deer. If his death was accidental from his exertion, then perhaps Carmen still was safe.

This optimistic outlook raised the hopes of the possemen that the missing girl would be found alive.

But these fond hopes were to be dashed to pieces. An autopsy was performed on Sweet's body and I was informed that he had been shot to death, the bullets from the gun striking him in the side and the back.

The mysterious killer or killers had taken the life of their first victim.

Kenneth Walford learned of the discovery of Sweet's body with mingled feelings of fear and impotent anger because of his helplessness in trying to find Carmen Wagner. He spurned the offer of giving his aid to the posse, but determined to search alone, feeling that he could cover more territory faster than if he searched at the direction of an officer.

THE Tuesday following the discovery of Sweet's body, Walford left for Coyote Flat at night. He told me how he had set out alone to find the missing girl. Later I was to present Walford's testimony at the preliminary hearing of the suspects in the mysterious murder.

At this time we did not know nor did we dare to guess what had happened to Miss Wagner.

"I left Eureka at seven forty-five P. M.," Walford told me. "And I arrived at the old Wagner place near Showers Rock sometime between twelve o'clock and two o'clock in the morning."

"On my way there I met two officers, Deputy Sheriff Reid and Captain Randle, who were going in the opposite direction. I continued to the place where I wanted to search, travelling in all about four miles."

"No one was near the old Wagner place. It was deserted

and ghostly in the dark. I built a fire near the old house to get warm.

"Then I became thirsty and I decided to go up to the spring in front of the house to get a drink of water. I had a flashlight and I used the light to find the spring. And just as I was leaving the spring I made a discovery that took my breath away.

"I saw a dog's tracks and the footprints of Carmen Wagner!

"I knew at once that the missing girl had been at the spring, because I recognized the footprints as belonging to the girl, and the dog tracks were made by Pronto.

"The prints were made by a lady's shoe and I was pretty certain that they were made by Carmen. I followed the tracks in the direction they were going.

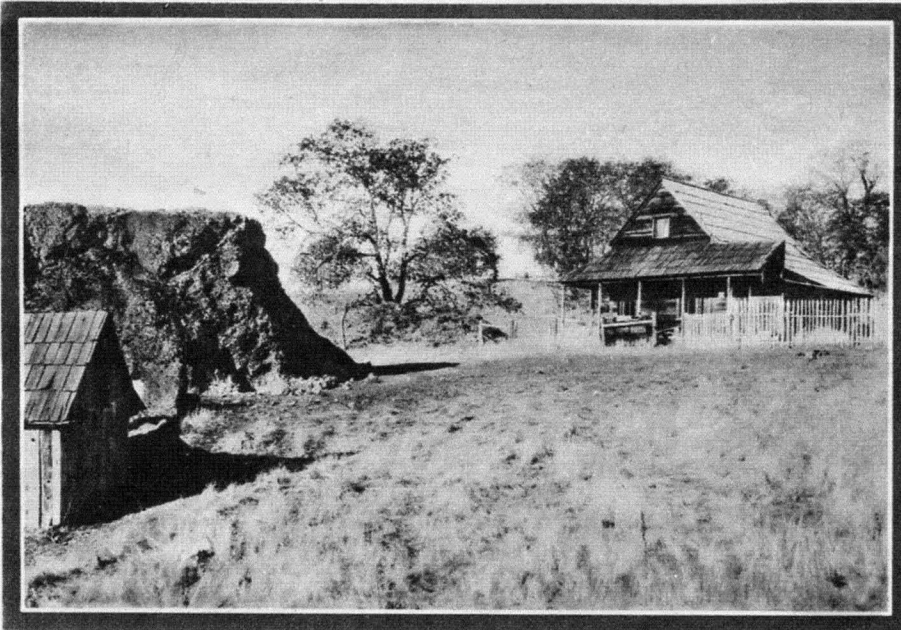
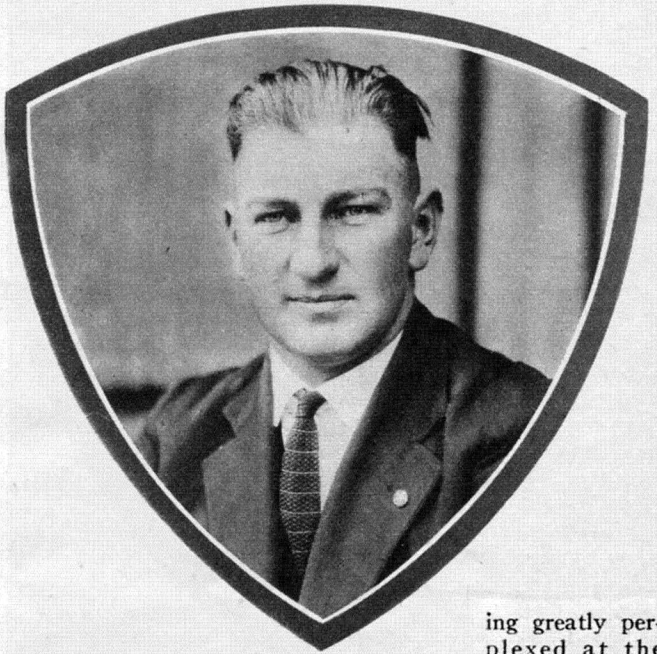
"They looked fresh because they were in the mud around the spring, and they looked like they were just a few hours old.

"I followed the tracks up the north side of the house for about one hundred yards—then they vanished!"

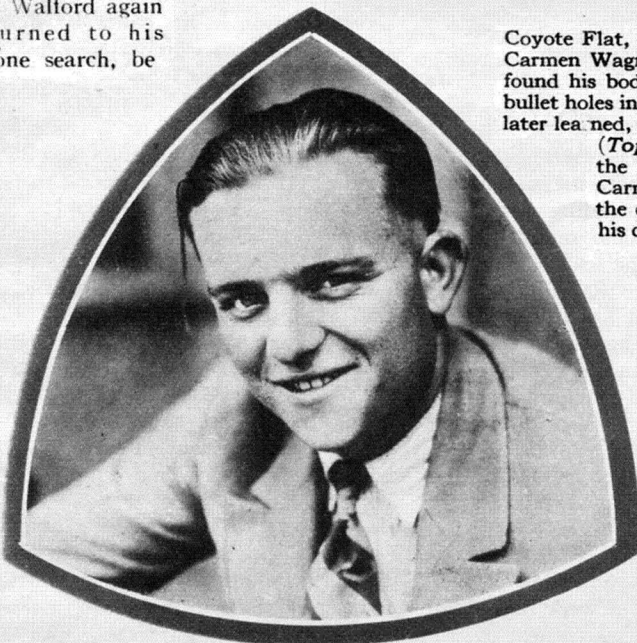
The boy was frantic, I know, but dawn found the young man trying desperately to trace Carmen's footprints from the spot where they suddenly disappeared. The youth had believed that the footprints would lead him directly to the missing girl and enable him to render her his aid if she should be in danger.

WALFORD was unable to repress his intense excitement when he could not discover where the girl's footprints led to, so he hastily joined the posse and breathlessly explained what he had found. The discovery sent new thrills of hope into the tired possemen, who felt that there was still a slim chance of finding the missing girl alive.

Walford again turned to his lone search, be



Coyote Flat, showing the spot where Henry Sweet, escort of Carmen Wagner, met sudden death. Members of the posse found his body sprawled in front of the cabin on the right, bullet holes in his side and back. The mysterious killer, it was later learned, had shot from the rock at the left of the picture (Top) Sidney S. Pixton, and (left) Kenneth Buck, the two young men who discovered the body of Carmen Wagner buried in Baker Creek Canyon by the crafty murderer, who believed the evidences of his dastardly deed were covered in a way that would forever keep his crime a secret



ing greatly perplexed at the mystery of the girl's vanishing footprints.

Then he encountered Jack Ryan near Coyote Flat!

While he was resting by a gate near a cabin, Walford noticed a man coming up the hill towards him. Walford had tied his horse to a tree, and then sat down to await the man coming up the trail. The man was Jack Ryan. Walford did not know Ryan, whom he supposed to be a member of the posse, personally, although he had heard of him.

IN telling me of the incident, Walford said he observed that Ryan

stopped for five minutes to fix something on his horse's saddle. This suspicious action completed, Ryan also tied up his animal and came and sat down on the rock beside Walford. The two men introduced themselves and then smoked together while they recounted the latest developments in the hunt.

Ryan explained to Walford that he, too, was aiding in the search, although none of the officers had asked him, but that nevertheless he was giving a few hours of his time to help locate the girl, with whom he had attended school when they were both youngsters.

Walford brought up the question as to whether the nearby Baker Canyon region had been searched thoroughly.

Jack Ryan, half-breed Indian, skilled horseman and dead pistol shot. Friends of Miss Wagner felt a strong distrust of this man, notwithstanding the fact that he joined in the hunt to find the missing girl. What did Jack Ryan know about the death of Carmen Wagner?

(Below, and continuing on opposite page) Two views of posse in slow and sorrowful procession, bringing the body of Carmen Wagner out of Baker Creek Canyon. Note the bier, which can be seen in both pictures

place and I said we might as well ride along together because I was going in the same direction.

"I asked Ryan if he knew Carmen Wagner."

Several moments of silence followed before Ryan spoke.

"Oh, yes," he said with a sad voice. "I know her very well because we used to go to school together when we were kids."

THEN Ryan began to ask questions as he and Walford rode together on the narrow trail.

"Are you going to search this same country tomorrow?" Ryan asked, with a queer gleam in his dark eyes.

"No, I don't hardly think so," said Walford. "Because I don't see anything around here that looks as if it amounts to anything, and I don't believe that the girl will be found around this place at all."

"Do you think that Carmen is still in this part of the country?" was Ryan's next question. The half-breed Indian, Walford told me, appeared extremely anxious to hear any opinions as to the whereabouts of the missing girl.

"I have my doubts that Carmen is still here," said Walford. "I'm not certain that she is not somewhere around here, but I am going to stay until I find out."

The two men then rode in silence, their thoughts to themselves, for about half a mile along the narrow trail.

"Ryan then began to ride a little distance ahead of me," said Walford. "He began to ride at an angle to the right of me, about a distance of six feet ahead."

"Ryan was riding with his right hand in an odd posi-

tion in his pants or white chaps, which are worn by cowboys.

"I was watching him pretty closely, because he

was a stranger to me and some of the things he had said had made me suspicious. When he said that country around there, including the canyon, had been searched thoroughly, I could not believe him, because I personally did not think the searchers had covered that territory.

"Ryan put his right hand from his belt down to his chaps, at about the knee. I had been told before that besides a Luger revolver the man also was in the habit of carrying a small .25 caliber automatic. But he did not show any signs of reaching for a gun.

"Then Ryan rolled a cigarette as we continued to ride along towards the old Wagner place. I showed him my own revolver and he examined it critically and then returned the weapon to me.

"Finally we came to the old Wagner ranch and not having seen any traces of the missing girl, we parted company, Ryan riding off on one trail, and I along another."

A week passed and one day several possemen were making a search near the Frank Bryant homestead. A road ran past

"I pointed out across the canyon beyond the old orchard and asked

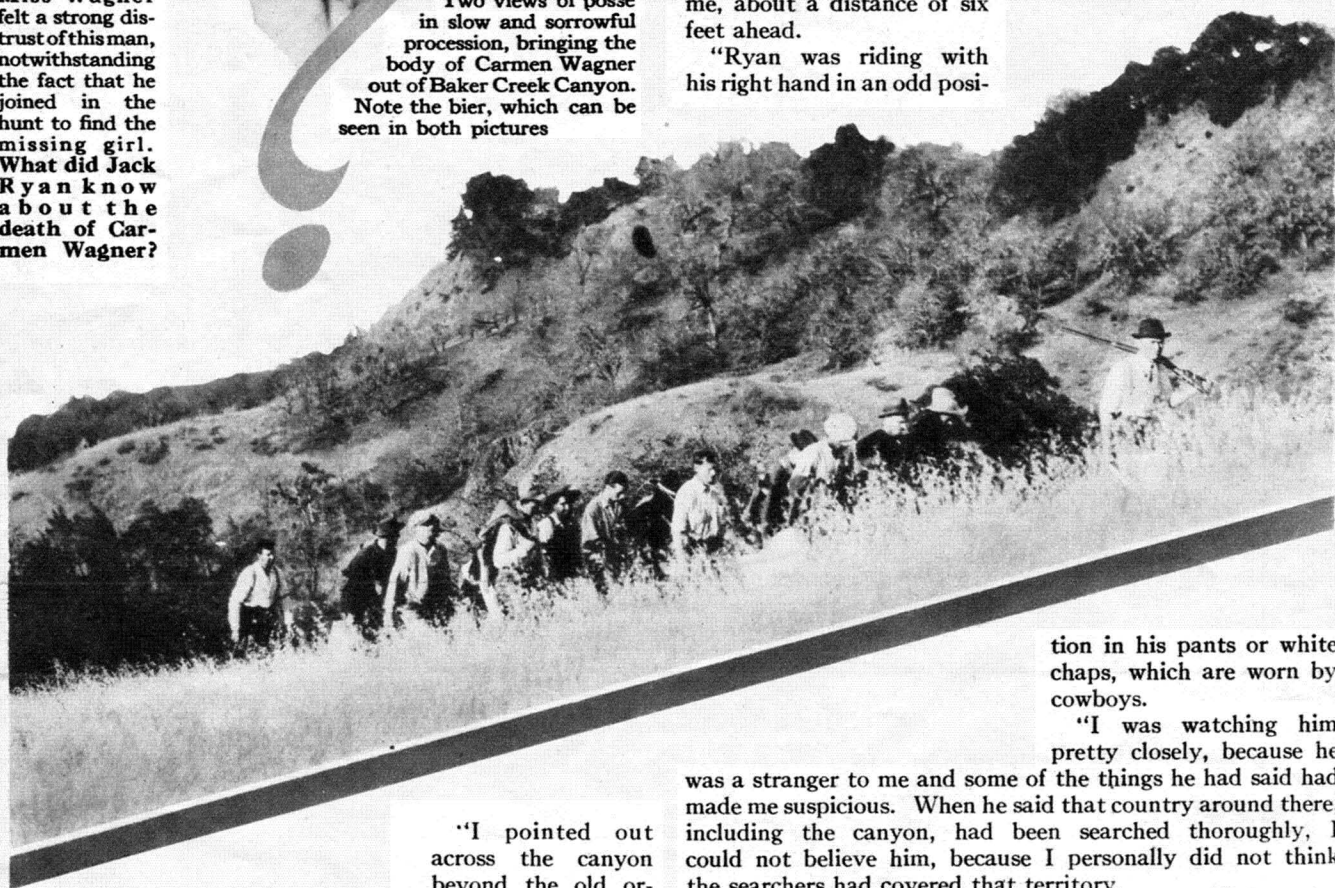
Ryan if there were any shacks or cabins in that canyon," Walford told me.

One of the fearful theories, it will be remembered, was that Carmen Wagner was held in the cabin of an insane mountaineer.

"No, there aren't any cabins in that canyon," Ryan replied to Walford's question. "Well, yes——" Ryan hesitated. "Yes, I guess there is an old shack in there, but that country has all been searched out."

The canyon was known as Baker Creek Canyon and a sinister discovery later was to be made in that region.

"Then I asked Ryan which way he was going," continued Walford. "Ryan replied that he was going to the Sibley



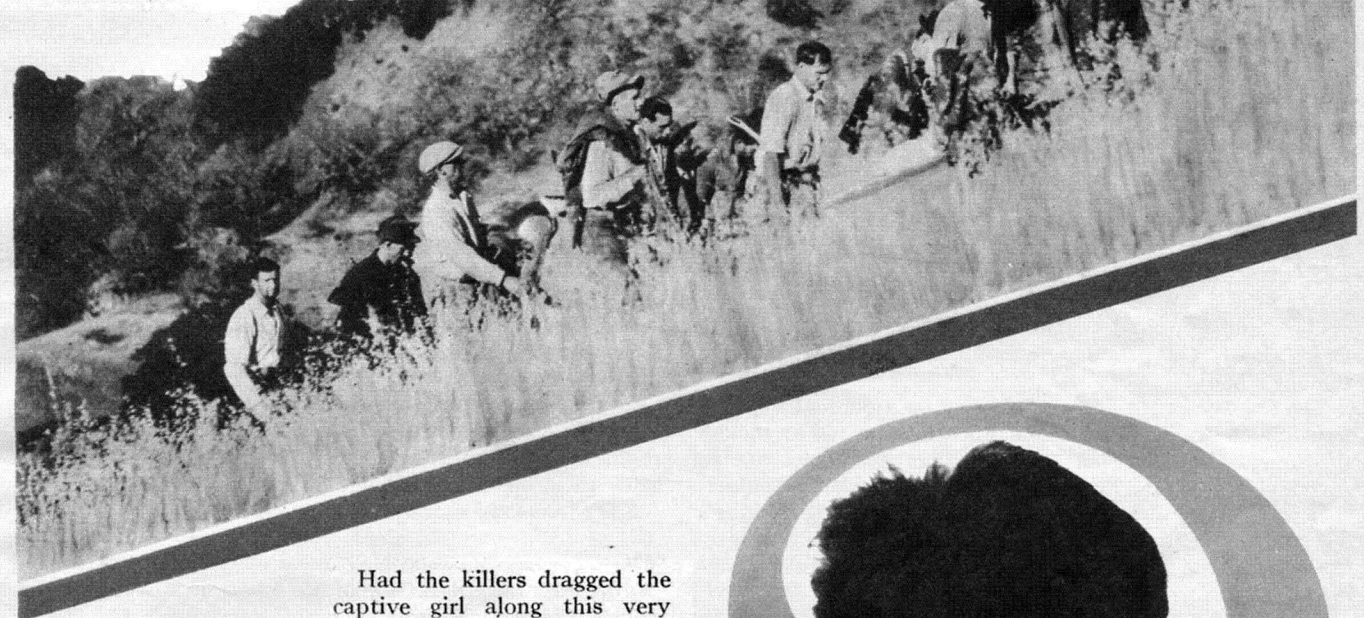
the place. Eight feet from the road was a picket fence, which at one point had been nailed to an oak tree. The tree was about eighty-five yards from the house.

Gilbert Sutherland, a posseman, turned his head toward the tree. His glance travelled down the trunk. Between the trunk and the picket fence he saw an object. Hastily he stepped to the tree, ran his hand between the tree and the fence and picked up his discovery.

It was Carmen Wagner's hunting rifle!

Hastily other members of the posse were called and the missing girl's weapon was handed from one to another for examination. Discovery of the weapon was significant, because it meant that the missing girl was without protection. Without the weapon she was helpless if she had been kidnaped.

Who had hidden the girl's weapon? And why had the gun been concealed so hastily behind the oak tree? Apparently the murderer or murderers of Henry Sweet had passed along the very road beside which the girl's rifle had been found.



Had the killers dragged the captive girl along this very road, and had they discarded

her weapon when some possemen were sighted?

The gun muzzle pointed up and the side of the weapon away from the tree was covered with rust, leading to the belief that it had been hidden a day or two, as it was wet from recent rains.

There was no rust on the muzzle of the weapon. Had some one fired it recently?

Sutherland looked along the picket fence. There he found a bullet hole through a picket!

Had the murderers crouched behind the fence and fired at Sweet? After he had been murdered had the fiendish killers kidnaped Carmen? Had they harmed her? Or was she held captive in a lonesome shack in the mountains?

These baffling questions were foremost in the minds of the possemen when they resumed their frantic search for the missing girl. Her weapon was turned over to me as evidence should the posse capture its elusive quarry.

DEUPTY SHERIFF REID, knowing that Carmen was helpless if she was lost in the mountains and without her weapon as a means of defending herself, spurred the searchers on to their greatest efforts. The possemen eagerly climbed the hills and trails until darkness forced them to their campfires in the mountains.

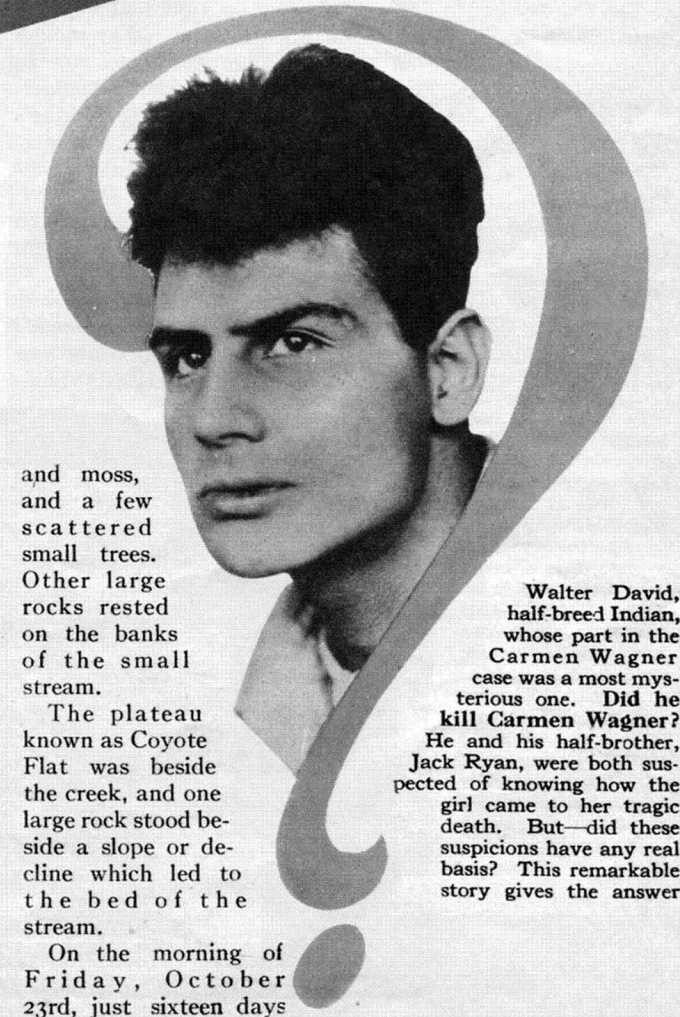
Among the tireless searchers were Kenneth Buck, a youth who did chores and odd jobs near Eureka, and Sidney S. Pixton, a truckman, who had volunteered their time in the desperate hunt which had led to the discovery of Sweet's murdered body, but so far had failed to uncover any trace of

his young and beautiful girl companion Carmen Wagner.

Two weeks had passed since the beautiful young girl had dropped from sight so mysteriously. Buck and Pixton joined the posse on October 21st. Both had known the missing girl, Buck having attended the Eureka Business College with Carmen Wagner.

Buck and Pixton were instructed to search in the vicinity of Coyote Flat. The two men crossed Baker Creek while they kept their eyes peeled for any sight of the girl.

The creek bed was dotted with huge boulders or rocks, around which the men had to walk in their search. The banks of the creek and the ground were covered with leaves

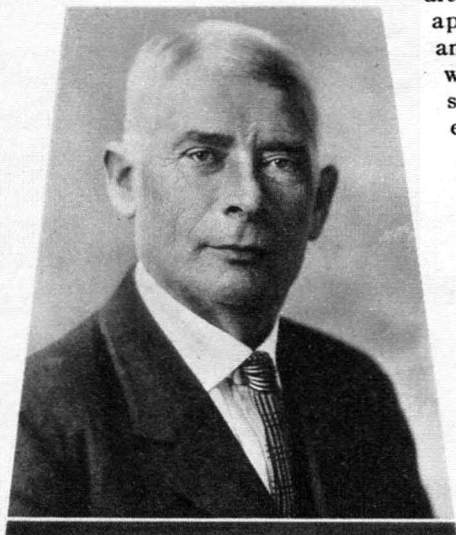


Walter David, half-breed Indian, whose part in the Carmen Wagner case was a most mysterious one. Did he kill Carmen Wagner? He and his half-brother, Jack Ryan, were both suspected of knowing how the girl came to her tragic death. But—did these suspicions have any real basis? This remarkable story gives the answer

and moss, and a few scattered small trees. Other large rocks rested on the banks of the small stream.

The plateau known as Coyote Flat was beside the creek, and one large rock stood beside a slope or decline which led to the bed of the stream.

On the morning of Friday, October 23rd, just sixteen days



after Carmen's disappearance, Buck and Pixton, together with the other searchers, ate an early breakfast prepared over their camp-fires, and started out to search Baker Creek.

The two men kept close together, occasionally calling out to each other or passing comment on the uncanny absence of the young red-

The searchers noticed a faint and very unpleasant odor in the vicinity, but before they could account for it they suddenly spied the girl's hat half-hidden in the sand. White fur trimming was on the hat, colored red, which attracted the glances of Buck and Pixton. An effort apparently had been made to cover up the hat with sand, as it was half concealed.



haired girl who was so well-known, and her big collie dog. Then—almost simultaneously—the two men made a startling discovery.

They almost stumbled over the body of the faithful dog! *Pronto had been shot to death!*

FROZEN to the spot, Buck and Pixton were so horror-stricken that for several moments neither could speak. Slowly their startled eyes swept over the ground near the body of the dead dog.

Near the dog's body were footprints! Three marks were distinct and appeared to Pixton to have been made by a man's shoe. The prints were about fifteen feet away from the dog's body.

The dog lay on its side in a clearing on a gradual slope up from the creek. To Pixton and Buck it appeared as though the animal had been shot to death, then its carcass carried to Baker Creek and hurled down beside the large boulder.

It was now 10 o'clock in the morning. Marking the dog's body as the center of a circle, Buck and Pixton gradually moved from the animal to search every foot of the surrounding land.

They picked up a leather belt which had belonged to Carmen Wagner. It was a black leather belt and apparently the buckle had been broken from it.

Had the two searchers discovered the spot where Carmen had put up a fight for her life against the person or persons who had kidnaped her after slaying Sweet by shooting him in the back? That was the question that interested them.

Another frightening discovery was made in the next few minutes when the searchers saw a huge pool of blood! The blood was some distance from where the body of the dog had been found. Obtaining a stick, Buck scratched the blood and found that it was still fresh beneath the sand into which it had soaked.

The two men searched for some distance up and down the creek bed, a terrible premonition making itself felt in their minds. Suddenly they observed a narrow passage, only four feet wide, beside the huge rock and the spot where the body of the dog lay. The searchers had passed this path numerous times, but they now observed three footprints leading behind the rock.

Cautiously and with increasing dread they started to walk along the narrow path. They took several steps, covering about fifteen feet, when they saw something which almost made them flee from the spot in terror.

They found the decomposed body of Carmen Wagner!

THE corpse was concealed and unless a searcher walked directly toward it behind the rock, it would have remained hidden. By the merest chance, Buck and Pixton had made the gruesome discovery.

The body had been buried in a shallow grave, and was almost completely concealed by a covering of earth, leaves, sticks and rocks. Fearfully, Buck removed some leaves and gazed into the blackened face of Carmen Wagner.

Pixton drew his revolver and fired three shots into the

(Right) Posse gathered near the grave of Carmen Wagner following discovery of the body by Buck and Pixton, sixteen days after the girl left on the ill-fated mountain trip with Henry Sweet. This photograph was taken just as the dawn came up over the mountains (hence its blurred appearance), and after an all-night vigil had been kept over the shallow grave, awaiting arrival of Coroner Swanson



(Above left) Coroner Oscar Swanson, who removed Carmen Wagner's body from its grave. (Upper right) Doctor John Chain. He performed the autopsy which brought out that Carmen Wagner's death had been caused by two pistol bullets in her head and neck, either one of which would have been fatal. Only one of these bullets was recovered, but it was to prove a vital link in the chain of circumstantial evidence against the killer



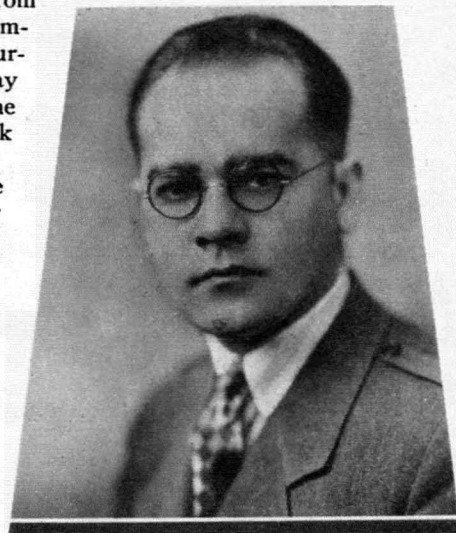
air—the signal which had been agreed upon between the possemen to let the other searchers know that an important discovery had been made.

Other searchers heard the signal shots, the nearest possemen being half a mile or more away, and started to the scene over the rough trails.

In the District Attorney's office I learned by

about four miles from the plateau, resuming his tedious journey the next day and reaching the grave at 9 o'clock in the morning.

One glance showed Coroner Swanson that the corpse was in a very advanced state of decomposition and should be taken to a morgue without waste of time. With the help of the possemen, who by this time were in



Kenny Kilburn's radio of the terrible discovery. The sending apparatus, located in the mountains, was operated by B. M. Ellis, who had set up the radio. By this rapid means of communication I knew almost immediately that a second murder had been committed on Coyote Flat.

As District Attorney, I began at once to look up the recent activities of any person or persons who might be suspected in the two brutal and cold-blooded murders.

The finger of suspicion at this time seemed to point to two men, both residents of the immediate neighborhood.

Meanwhile Buck and Pixton did not touch the girl's body. This was partly because of horror at the sight of the corpse, which had apparently been exposed to the elements for several days, and partly because they realized that to disturb the body might destroy some clue which the coroner or Sheriff's office might find.

Buck and Pixton did observe, however, that the girl's wrist watch was missing.

Ernest Bull, another searcher, soon joined Buck and Pixton at the grave of the young girl, while other members of the posse slowly made their way in that direction. The day dragged past, while the three men searched the vicinity for other clues. Nightfall came and they lighted a camp-fire some distance from the corpse and prepared to spend the dismal night in close proximity to the grave.

I HAD notified Coroner Swanson that Carmen Wagner's body had been discovered on Coyote Flat, and he set out to bring back the corpse. He was forced to camp at night

(Right) The radio set which sent the news of the finding of Carmen Wagner's body. It is a war-time set, airplane model transmitter, and used auto storage batteries. It was the only means of communication between Coyote Flat and the outside world. Kenny Kilburn took it into the mountains to send news of the search to District Attorney Hill. B. M. Ellis is shown operating it



(Upper left) District Attorney Metzler who grilled the killer of Carmen Wagner, after his capture more than two years following the crime, and obtained his confession. (Upper right) Captain Clyde Randle, of the California State Traffic Police, who ably directed one of the groups of possemen in the man-hunt over a section of rough, mountainous country that afforded a wealth of good hiding places for the killer

a revengeful state of mind against the slayer or slayers, Coroner Swanson carefully removed the girl's body and placed it on a stretcher. It was covered with canvas and the possemen, who had been friends of the slain girl, tenderly brought her body back down the trail to Eureka.

While Carmen's body was being removed, threats of lynching rumbled forth and Sheriff Ross of Humboldt County made quick plans to take two suspects into custody to prevent their being strung up on trees by an infuriated mob.

We wanted to prevent any violence to the two suspects and let the law and justice provide the punishment.

Sheriff Ross believed that he knew the guilty person or persons and hoped that if they were taken into custody immediately he could obtain their confessions for the double murder.

WHILE the feverish search continued for the suspects, Doctor J. N. Chain performed the autopsy upon the body of Carmen. I was anxious to learn how the young woman had come to her death. Doctor Chain quickly determined, by medical examination, how the murderer or killers had taken the life of the girl.

"The death of Carmen Wagner was caused by two pistol bullets," said Doctor Chain. "One bullet struck the girl near her left ear, the bullet emerging from in front of the right ear. The second bullet struck her on the left side of the neck, just below the angle of the jaw, and its exit was in front of the temple by the right ear.

"The second bullet went (Continued on page 84)

The Strange Fate of HUGHIE McLOON—

UNDERWORLD molls! That's what they call them—those furtive, bright-eyed creatures, sometimes pretty, but usually not, who flash into the public eye when some big-time gunman is arrested in his apartment, or a city mob is rounded up in its haunts by unsympathetic policemen.

The detectives anxious to learn the truth about gang murders or hold-ups often concentrate on them first, as it frequently happens that threats or promises of liberty will break down their loyalty and obtain facts to send their man to prison or the electric chair.

Sometimes that is true.

And sometimes, as the police of Philadelphia found out from Jenny Brooks, it isn't!

For Jenny was no ordinary underworld moll!

She was only sixteen when she was arrested, but already she had seen one man murdered in cold blood as he lay asleep in her arms!

And she was pretty—strikingly pretty! Olive-skinned and dark-eyed, with a slender, girlish body and masses of curly black hair which she sometimes allowed to fall in shining waves across her neck and shoulders.

She set the heart of more than one detective beating faster on that day when she first stepped daintily across the threshold of the roll-room on the fifth floor of Philadelphia's grimy old City Hall!

And it was not long before those same detectives found she had brains and courage to match her beauty—something they had never encountered before in a girl of her class.

FOR Jenny, in spite of her youth, had seen a good bit of life. She ran away from home when she was hardly more than a child, and married a good-looking Italian boy who lived in a nearby block in South Philadelphia. Then she ran away from him, too.

And when she was arrested in August, 1928, she stepped as naturally into the leading rôle of an exciting drama of violence and sudden death, with the electric chair looming in the background, as though she had been a born actress!

Her captors wanted to know whether she really loved the man who was slain in her arms, and was innocent of the plot of his gangland enemies to murder



Sixteen-year-old Jenny Brooks, from a photograph taken in the corridor of City Hall, Philadelphia. She proved a "tough case" for the detectives to handle

him. Or whether—as some of them believed—she had acted as a "decoy girl," a pretty lure to lead him into a death trap from which he had no chance to escape!

They asked Jenny about that.

The answers she gave them form one of the most enthralling stories of underworld life, and romance, that has ever been read into a real-life police record. Whether they were the truth, or whether there was an even stranger truth behind her story which she did not reveal, is another question.

Perhaps the reader can decide for himself after learning the startling events which brought petite, dark-eyed Jenny into the limelight.

THESE events began, to the accompaniment of four blasts from a couple of sawed-off shotguns, about 2 o'clock on the morning of August 9th, 1928.

For a moment the air was filled with screaming, hot metal slugs. Three young men who had been standing in the lighted doorway of Hughie McLoon's café—easy targets from an automobile speeding south on Tenth Street—were blown from their feet and dropped to the ground in huddled agony.

As the smoke cleared away, and the murder car careened around the corner of Filbert Street to disappear in a maze of dimly lighted streets, two of the figures on the ground began to crawl painfully toward the curb. But the third lay still, an inert bundle, where it had rolled down the stairway of a little underground shoe repair shop.

Firemen from a station across the street ran over and picked up the slug-riddled figure. It was Hughie McLoon himself — hunchback, former mascot of Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, and idol of the city's sporting world!

The little cripple, whose eighty pound form had caught more than a score of the death-dealing slugs, died instantly. His companions, William Meister and Joseph Fries, nonchalant youths who said they were professional hijackers, escaped alive—Meister with thirteen slugs in his back and legs which paralyzed the lower half of his body, and Fries with only two in one leg.

A couple of firemen, sitting in front of the station house to

By ROGER P. BUTTERFIELD

Famous Baseball Mascot

"DON'T TALK!" is the code of the gangster, but—does it apply to the gangster's sweetheart? Pretty Jenny Brooks (on opposite page), gave the answer to that question in this sensational case

cool off, saw the death car speed past, but did not catch a glimpse of its license number. They said Fries apparently noticed its approach first, as they heard him cry "Duck quick," and then leap aside.

Meister turned to run but was caught in the back with one blast, while little Hughie, impeded by his deformity, stood helpless in the center of the murderers' fire.

POLICEMEN and detectives familiar with the grim feuds of the underworld were amazed when they learned Hughie McLoon had been killed. For no one in the circles in which he moved was better known or better liked than the witty little hunchback. Since boyhood he had mingled with those prominent in the city's professional sporting circles—a cripple basking in the favor of the strong.

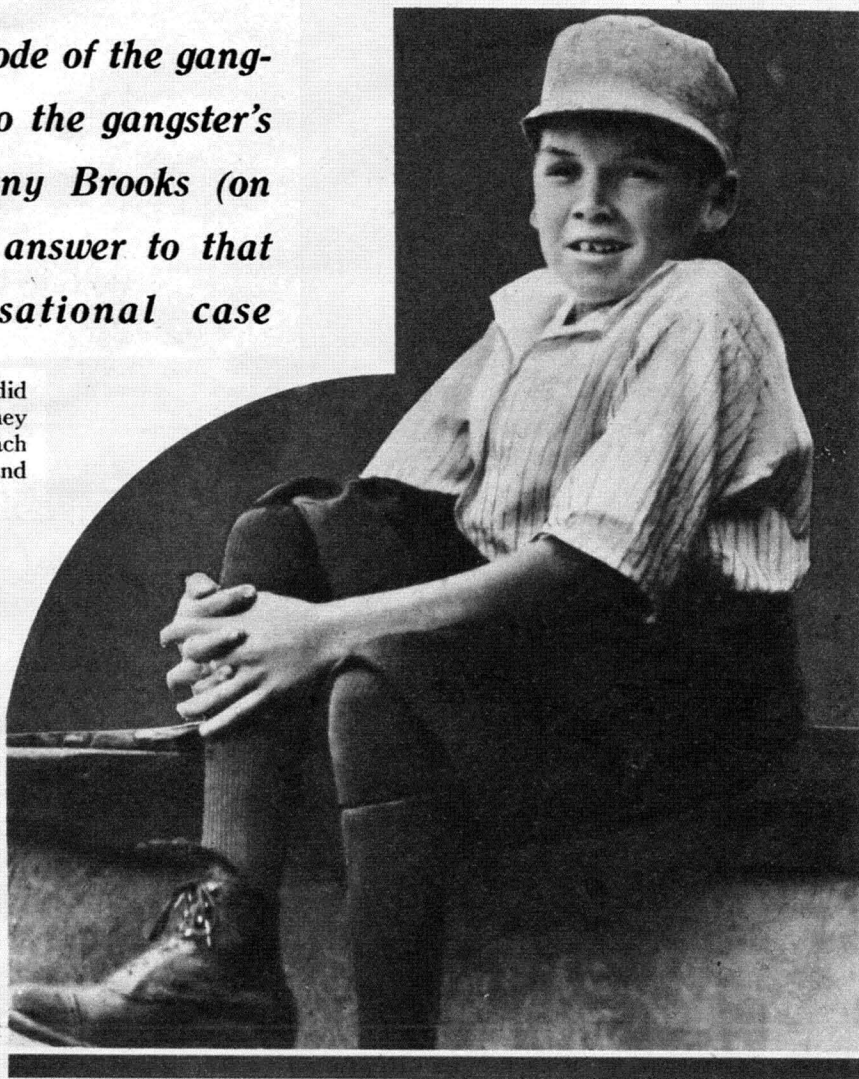
His ready humor and sunny nature made him a great favorite. During the years he was acting as mascot for the "A's," he was known to every one of the thousands of Shibe Park fans by name.

When he became older, he found a way to keep before the eyes of his public, as he called it, by getting a job as round announcer for the big outdoor boxing shows. He carried a placard, almost as tall as himself, announcing the number of each round. He acted in this capacity at the historic championship battle between Dempsey and Tunney at Philadelphia's Sesquicentennial Stadium in 1926.

Still later he was confidential clerk to Magistrate Edward Carney, Philadelphia's "dancing judge" and one-time Democratic candidate for Mayor. He boasted among his friends nearly every prominent figure in the sporting world of the city.

Recently however, it had been known that the little cripple was tending to overstep the thin boundary which separates the world of professional sports from that of the less legitimate rackets. When he was killed, on August 9th, he was awaiting arraignment before a Federal Commissioner on charges of selling liquor in his café.

Yet detectives who knew of these activities could not see in them any motive for his murder. His establishment was



Hughie McLoon, the little hunchback who gained public acclaim and popularity as mascot of Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, present World Champions in organized baseball. McLoon was mysteriously shot down on the sidewalk in front of his café in Philadelphia, by gangsters passing in a car. WHY? Was it an unintentional slaying? Were the death bullets meant for the two men who were standing by McLoon when he was killed?

of little importance to the big figures in the city's liquor business. And his popularity and wide friendship made it certain that anyone planning his death was running a tremendous risk of swift and bloody revenge.

"JUDGE" CARNEY, who seemed heartbroken at the sudden death of his little friend, told reporters that Hughie had been dissatisfied with the café, and was not making money.

"He only had a quarter in his pocket when he was shot," declared the Judge, who immediately assumed charge of arrangements for the cripple's funeral. Carney also told of a strangely prophetic conversation he had had with McLoon only four hours before he was slain.

"He came to see me, and told me he was going to get out of business," the Magistrate related. "He said to me:

"This is my last night at Cuthbert Street!" (Hughie's café was on Tenth Street at Cuthbert.) It was his last night, but not the way he meant it!"

To detectives investigating the murder, it seemed probable that Hughie had not been killed intentionally, but that he was an accidental victim of bullets aimed at Meister and Fries, his two companions on that fatal evening.

These two youths, whose real names, police later learned, were Stanley Melco and Stephen Wlyko, had been shot only six weeks before at Franklin and Race Streets, and Fries had just been out of the hospital a few days.

Both were known to be members of the so-called "Mickey Duffy gang," and Fries, in particular, was said to have become Duffy's right-hand man. In so doing, he filled a place which had been left vacant after Duffy was seriously wounded and Johnny Bricker, his body-guard, killed by gunmen who sped past Duffy's night club, the *Club Cadix*, only two years before. So that it might be expected he would be a marked man!

TRUE to the code of gangland, the two wounded men refused to discuss the reasons for the shooting which had nearly cost their lives. Fries only grinned at the questions of detectives, while Meister was in such pain that he could not answer. So serious was his condition that Magistrate Carney took a short ante-mortem statement from him in Jefferson Hospital, but he only said he had been shot from a moving automobile and did not know who shot him.

Neither he nor Fries would admit ownership of a blood-stained .38 caliber pistol which was found at the corner of Tenth and Filbert Streets after the shooting, although detectives were sure the weapon had been thrown away by one of them.

But whatever might have been the reason for the hail of shotgun pellets which brought death to Hughie McLoon, the police and their superiors were sure of one thing—there would be desperate efforts to avenge him!

His murder, it was feared, might even lead to the outbreak of a gang war such as Philadelphia had not seen since the days when seven members of the famous "Gold Coast gang" were annihilated within a couple of months.

Within a few hours after Hughie's death, these fears seemed about to come true. A lone motorist driving east on Callowhill Street was suddenly the target of two automobile loads of men who fired more than a score of shots in his direction. He wrecked his car against another party of motorists, injuring seven of them, and fled. Only a thin



(Above) Danny O'Leary, hard-boiled racketeer, hijacker and killer, for six days was sought as the slayer of Hughie McLoon, and then—detectives found him sprawled across a bed in the apartment house shown on page 34 with a bullet hole in his jaw and four others in his chest and shoulders—victim of gangsters' revenge! A girl's bloodstained silk undergarment covered his face, and a pair of white silk stockings were on the bed on which he lay! But—whoever the girl was who had apparently witnessed the brutal murder, she had flown. (Right) Facsimile of the gangsters' threat sent to Judge Carney after the mysterious slaying of Hughie McLoon and Danny O'Leary. When the fact that the note had been received by Judge Carney, was revealed, it caused a sensation in Philadelphia

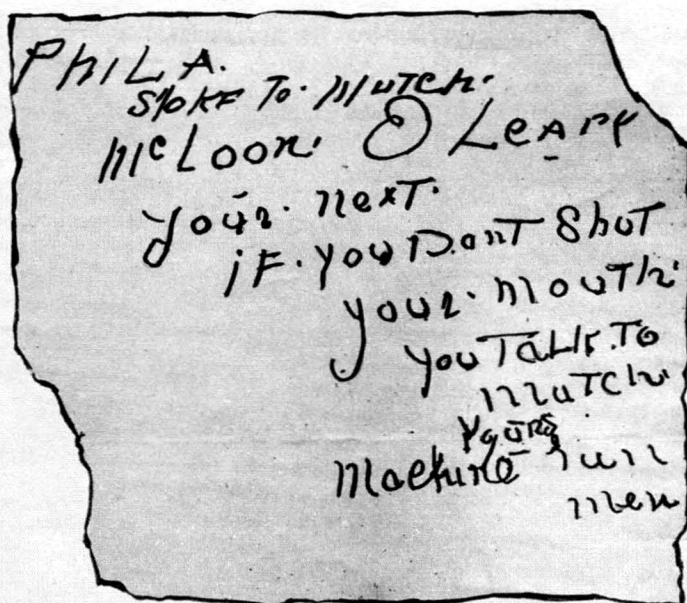
trail of blood, which ended abruptly two blocks away, told that the gang vengeance poured out against him had been partially successful. Police never learned his identity.

That same afternoon there were two shooting frays between auto loads of gangsters in Camden, and on Thursday night, twenty hours after the murder, a man was killed in a bar-room brawl in North Philadelphia because he attacked the slain hunchback's character.

These scattered outbreaks, it was feared, were but the forerunners of a terrific struggle to come. Hughie's funeral was held on Monday, and every precaution was taken to prevent open warfare from flaming up in the great throngs which passed beside his bier in the little South Philadelphia home of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Gatens.

IN the funeral procession, the red sedans of members of the City Hall "murder squad" rode side by side with the expensive armored limousines of gang leaders making their first public appearance in years. There was a tense, expectant expression on every face as the long cavalcade wound slowly through the streets where Hughie had played as a boy, to the grave waiting to receive his crippled form.

In the crowd standing around the grave and watching flowers dropped on it from an airplane circling overhead—



a final gesture from Hughie's thousands of friends—there was many a silent, well-dressed youth who clenched his fists and reached involuntarily toward a hard, black object dangling conveniently under his left arm-pit. The air was full of unspoken vows to avenge the death of the little mascot.

MEANWHILE the detectives assigned to investigate the murder had not been idle. Aided by the suggestions which poured in to them from underworld friends of Hughie, the identity of the four men who sped by the hunchback's saloon, spraying death at the three figures in the lighted doorway, was tentatively determined. But finding the men was to prove more difficult!

Hughie was buried on Monday, August 13th, 1928, four days after he was killed.

That same afternoon, in a distant part of the city, events were transpiring which were to add further terror to the mystery surrounding his death, and introduce into the story the puzzling and romantic Jenny Brooks, most enigmatic of underworld molls.

About the time that gangland leaders and important figures of the sporting world were paying their last tributes to their little comrade, James Kilpatrick, caretaker of a rooming house at 1828 Park Avenue, in the rear of the

buildings of Temple University on North Broad Street, was approached by a young couple who said they wished to rent a room. Kilpatrick caught a glimpse of another couple in a car parked at the curb.

Of the two who approached him, the young woman was small and quite pretty, with black eyes and a dark complexion. Her companion was tall, slender and had rather a saturnine cast of features. "Mrs. Burns," as the girl called herself, did all the talking.

"We want a small, quiet room, and we can't afford to pay much," she said, smiling and showing a perfect row of white teeth. "Both of us work in the day time, and we don't need a large place."

"Burns" nodded vaguely, and seemed a bit embarrassed as Kilpatrick led the way up two flights of stairs to a small bedroom on the third floor rear.

Mrs. Burns, however, was all aglow.

"This is splendid," she exclaimed. "Just what we want, isn't it, Dan?"

Her companion again nodded his silent consent.

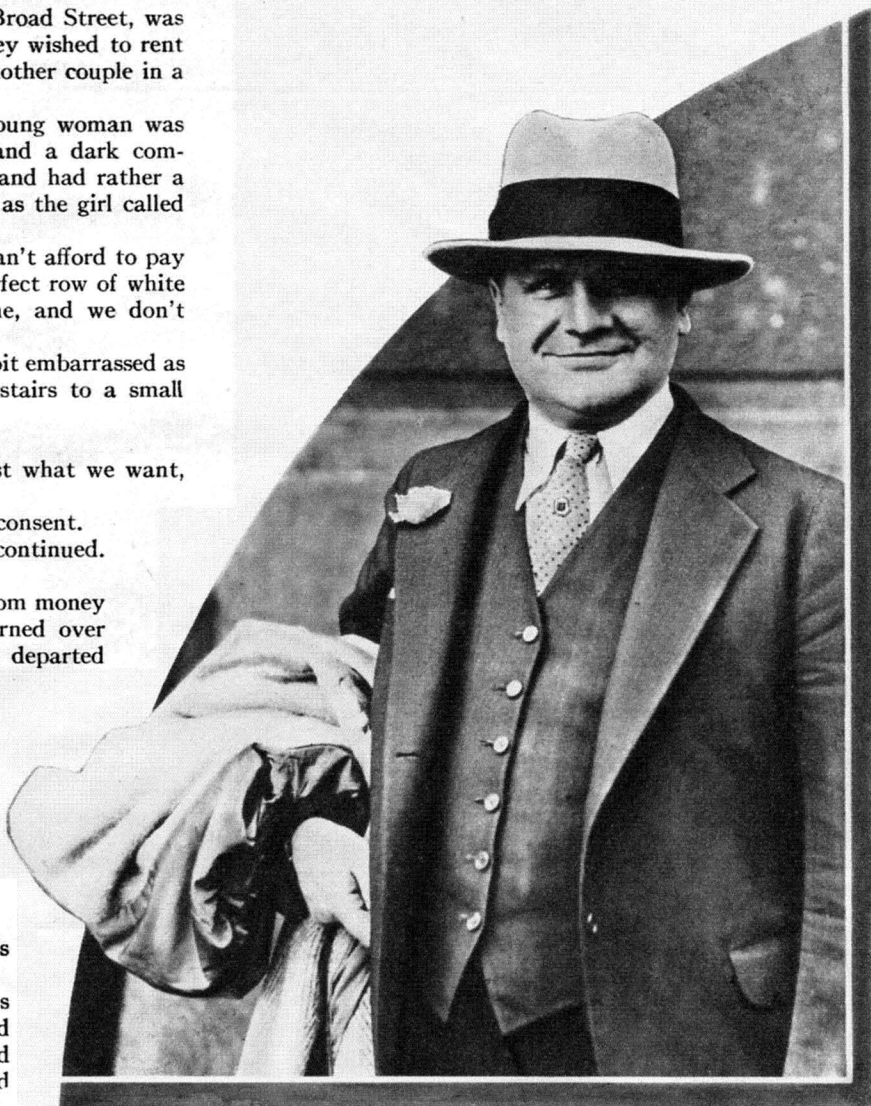
"We'll take this," the young woman continued. "How much is it a week?"

After she had paid the rent in advance from money in her own pocket-book, the caretaker turned over to her the necessary keys, and the couple departed without further ado.

THEIR behaviour did not entirely convince Kilpatrick that they were a young married couple seeking a home, but he thought little of that. The entire neighborhood where the episode occurred is made up of transient rooming houses, and Kilpatrick had seen stranger tenants than the two to whom he rented a room on the afternoon of Hughie McLoon's funeral.

That night the caretaker heard footsteps in the room on the third floor which he had rented to Mr. and Mrs. Burns, and assumed they had returned with their possessions and moved in. He did not see them that night or the next day.

If he had, he would have been surprised to discover that Burns had been trans-



(Above) City Magistrate Edward P. Carney, friend of Hughie McLoon. McLoon had worked as confidential clerk to Judge Carney for a time, and the latter disclosed that McLoon had hard going in the café business; that there was only twenty-five cents in his pockets at the time he was slain. (Left) Stairway of shoe repair shop (under hardware sign, extreme right) down which Hughie McLoon's bullet-riddled body tumbled when he was killed



formed from the quiet, embarrassed young man who had rented the room, to another, and quite different, individual.

This new Burns was stronger, heavier and much more assertive than the one Kilpatrick had seen. His face was set in grim, cruel lines that denoted the typical gang killer. His black eyes were keen and hard. He talked loudly and in commanding tones to the pretty young girl who had paid the rent for the room.

As for her, she assumed an attitude of dutiful respect toward this second Burns, indicating that he meant far more in her life than the youth who had accompanied her to the house earlier.

ON Tuesday evening, the day after Kilpatrick rented the room, other occupants of the rooming house caught a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Burns setting out in a taxicab, apparently for an evening of pleasure. No one saw them return, but about 1 o'clock in the morning, Kilpatrick was roused by four rather rough-

looking young men who stopped their big automobile in front of the door and asked if Danny O'Leary lived there.

The caretaker told them he knew no one by that name, and they left, laughing among themselves at some grim joke of their own making. Kilpatrick was rather alarmed at their appearance, but went back to sleep in a short time.

He did not hear, some hours later, the sound of several muffled reports, very like pistol shots, coming from the room on the third floor rear!

A FEW minutes later, the patrons of an all-night restaurant several blocks from the Park Avenue house, drowsing over their coffee cups, were startled when a pretty girl, her hair tumbling down her shoulders, dashed in and asked to use the telephone.

She was excited and out of breath, and it was apparent that she had dressed hastily. Within the hearing of everybody in the room she shrieked into the 'phone mouth-piece that she wanted to get the Electrical Bureau (a general switch-board connecting with all police stations).

The operator at City Hall who answered the call heard a woman's agitated cry:

"Hurry up—they've shot a man and left him dying in bed—at 2818 Park Avenue!"

Within a few minutes police from the nearest station were pounding on the door of the house at that address, but the sleepy occupants quickly assured them that nothing out of the way had happened there.

Perhaps it was an accident—but 2818 should have been 1828!

From then on, events moved swiftly!

(Right) Apartment house on North Park Avenue, Philadelphia, in which Danny O'Leary was shot and killed by gangsters. (Below) Jenny Brooks, under escort of detectives, leaving the building at 55th and Pine, after her court hearing



At 7 o'clock Kilpatrick awoke, rubbed his eyes, and went to unlock the front door of the rooming house. He found that someone had been before him—the door had been jimmied open, and the lock hung, broken and useless, from the splintered wood!

The frightened caretaker immediately made the rounds of the various rooms to see if any of them had been similarly broken into.

He found nothing out of order until he reached the little room on the third floor rear. The door of the room was swinging wide open, and the lock had also been broken. Lying sprawled across the bed, as though asleep, was a man whom Kilpatrick did not recognize!

The caretaker decided that a burglar must have broken into the house and gone to sleep in the room when he found it vacant. Without going closer to the form on the bed, he ran to the telephone and notified the police.

A moment later an auto load of uniformed policemen and detectives drew up at the door. They followed Kilpatrick upstairs and one of them stepped up to the reclining figure on the bed and pulled away a pink georgette garment which covered his head.

AS the dainty garment was lifted, a gruesome sight met the eyes of the astonished group in the room. The man on the bed was dead—with one bullet hole in his jaw and four others through his bare chest and shoulders! The bed-clothing beneath him was soaked in blood. His closed eyes and the peaceful position of his body indicated he had been murdered in cold blood as he slept, with never a chance to escape!

The georgette garment, the lower half of a girl's dress ensemble, and a pair of white silk stockings on the floor near the bed, showed conclusively that a young woman had been present during the brutal murder!

At first no one knew the identity of the slain man. Kilpatrick did not recognize him as the Burns to whom he had rented the room, and none of the policemen knew him. But with the arrival of City Hall "murder squad" detectives, headed by Lieutenant William Belshaw, the mystery of his identity was soon cleared up.

Lieutenant Belshaw immediately recognized the grim features of the murdered man's face, relaxed only slightly



in death, as those of Danny O'Leary, racketeer, hijacker and killer, whom detectives had been seeking for six days as one of the slayers of Hughie McLoon!

Gangland enemies had "got to" Danny before the eager sleuths could find him!

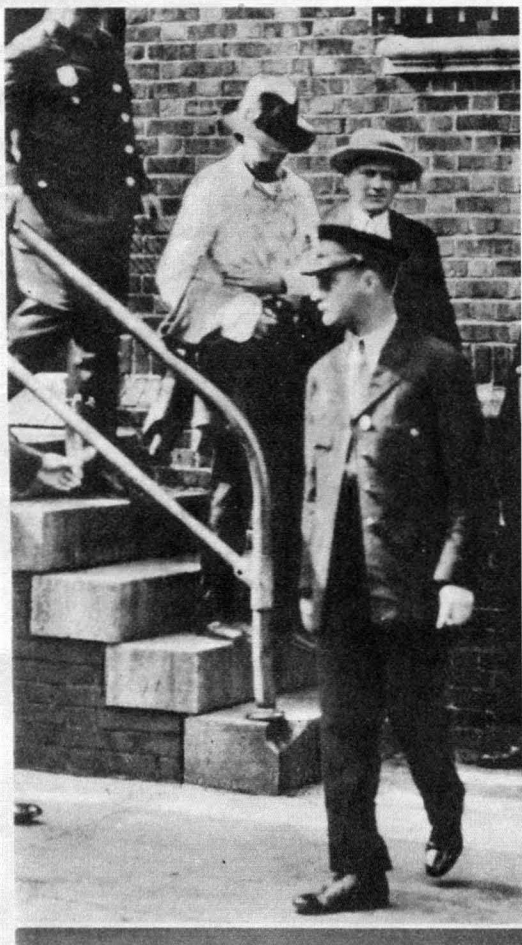
No one doubted that he had been slain in retaliation for the killing of the little hunchback. But the rôle of the girl, who had fled the apartment where he was killed, leaving behind some of her clothing in her rush to escape, puzzled the detectives.

O'Leary was married, and his wife and two children lived in the rear of a little cigar store which she conducted on South Front Street. But it was soon learned that the girl who had been with him when he was murdered could not have been his wife.

THE slain man had been suspected of various activities in connection with the bootlegging and hijacking rackets for a number of years, but had never been convicted. His sphere of influence lay chiefly along the Delaware river-front where he had grown up and where he had once worked as a dock laborer.

His heavy fist and fearlessness won him a position of authority among his fellow

(Below) When Francis Peterson (with bandaged face) stealthily crept into a Sansom Street rooming house in Philadelphia, expecting to find two girl friends awaiting him, he received a surprise in the persons of Detectives Faries and Wykoski. Peterson fought the sleuths, but got the worst of it. Among other things, a fully-loaded automatic, together with fourteen clips of dum-dum bullets, were found in his pockets!



(Above) Grace Williams who, with Jenny Brooks, was taken to City Hall by detectives and questioned after the two were found in the room on Sansom Street in which Detectives Faries and Wykoski arrested Peterson

stevedores, and when prohibition came in, he was ready for a new kind of work. This was said to be the selling of "protection" by his own and his brother's strong arm methods to saloon keepers and other illegal establishments along the wharves. This work brought him into direct conflict with the organized gangs of Mickey Duffy and other racket kings.

O'Leary was known as a silent, truculent individual when sober, but he had a weakness for the liquor he helped to sell. When drunk, he was loud, overconfident and partial to pretty girls. And the combination had apparently spelled his doom!

FOR a time it looked as though the girl's clothing was the only trace to the killers of Danny O'Leary, but through a seemingly insignificant clue picked up on the floor, developments came thick and fast.

The clue was nothing more than a penciled scrawl on the blank part of a paper match packet. Lieutenant Belshaw, in a search of the murder room, came across the packet on the floor near the bed, and deciphered the words "1424 Pop."

To anyone familiar with the city, the abbreviation could mean but one thing—Poplar. There are both a street and a telephone exchange with that name in Philadelphia, but it was soon determined that there was no phone number corresponding to the number on the packet.

Lieutenant Belshaw and his aides went to 1424 Poplar Street (directly across the street from the apartment house where Grace Roberts, Philadelphia's most beautiful model was murdered in 1916), and found that it was a rooming house. A close

watch was ordered kept on the occupants of the house, and the next day, Thursday, detectives picked out two of them as the ones to whom the notation on the match box probably referred.

These were two girls, whom the detectives judged to be about twenty years old. One of them was of medium height, with blue eyes and blond hair, while the other—a small, dark-eyed girl, answered closely to the description of the missing Mrs. Burns.

The detectives soon found out that the first of the girls was named Grace Williams, and that she had an apartment in the Poplar Street house. On Thursday, the day after Danny O'Leary was found murdered, she and the other girl made several trips between Poplar Street and another apartment house at Forty-seventh and Sansom Streets, in West Philadelphia. On each trip, they were shadowed by watchful detectives.

LIUTENANT Belshaw threw a close guard around both houses, and ordered those on watch not to let either girl out of their sight. It was hoped they would lead detectives to the hiding place of the gangsters who had killed O'Leary.

Meanwhile the news of the second murder had reached the newspapers and created tremendous excitement. Why, it was asked everywhere, had the gunmen who snuffed out Danny's life been able to find him so readily when the Police Department had been unable to do so?

And why had the names of those suspected in the death of McLoon been kept secret? Popular agitation forced officials of the Detective Bureau to announce the names of other suspects, and on Thursday afternoon they arrested one man—Samuel Grossman, a garage owner on Callowhill Street.

Lieutenant Mike Slavin, who went to Grossman's auto repair shop to make the arrest, swore in Magistrate's Court the next day that three auto-loads of gangsters were waiting outside the place to kill Grossman when he left. The three cars fled when they saw Slavin and other detectives approaching!

The name of a third man, "Shorty" Feldman, a South Philadelphia gangster, was brought into the case, and flyers were sent out asking his arrest on a charge of murder in

connection with the death of McLoon.

Fries, who had recovered from the wounds he received when Hughie was killed, appeared at the Detective Bureau and gave a satisfactory resume of his movements on the night O'Leary was killed. Meister was still under police guard while he was recovering in Jefferson Hospital.

On Friday afternoon, a squad of detectives headed by Lieutenant Slavin went to the apartment on Sansom Street in response to a telephone call that the two girls had been in the house all day.

THEY knocked on the door and told both girls they were under arrest in connection with the McLoon and O'Leary murders.

The Williams girl started to cry, but the other shook her head defiantly. "What have we got to do with that?" she demanded haughtily. "We didn't know either one of them."

"What's your name, sister?" asked one of her captors, unheedingly.

"My name," she replied, "is Jenny Brooks!"

"Not Mrs. Dan Burns?" shot back the detective.

Not a flicker passed across the girl's angry countenance. "Certainly not!" she snapped.

"All right, we'll see about that later," declared Lieutenant

Slavin. "Right now, you're coming back to City Hall with me."

He ordered both girls to pack their clothes, and then directed a hasty search of the apartment.

On a closet shelf was a sawed-off shotgun and several shells containing slugs similar to those which had killed Hughie McLoon and riddled his two companions a week before!

The gun was taken along as evidence when the two girls were loaded into a big automobile and started back to City Hall. All but two of the detectives went with them.

The others, Faries and Wykoski, were ordered to remain behind to guard the apartment and arrest anyone who might return to the room.

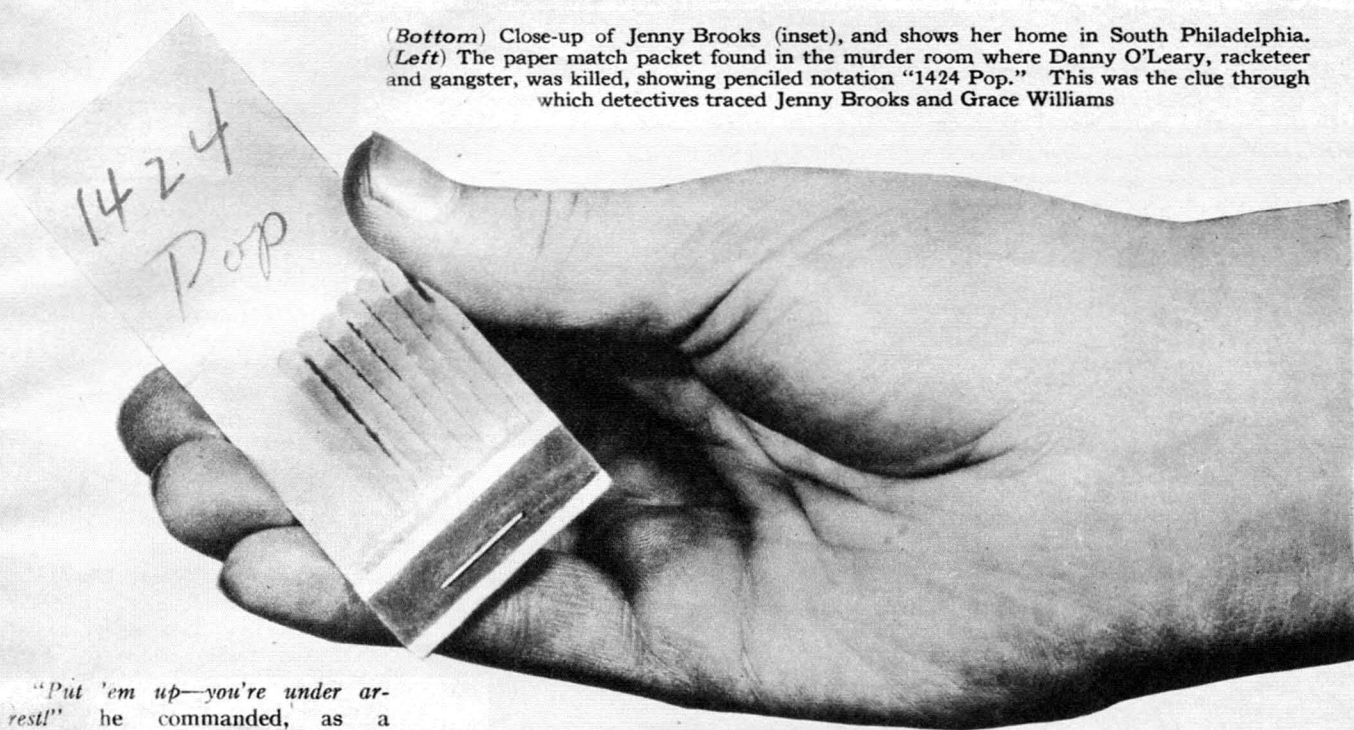
About 7:30, while the two detectives were sitting in the darkened living room of the apartment, they heard cautious footsteps outside the door. Then a key turned in the lock and the door started to open slowly.

Faries jumped to the center of the room and stood facing the doorway, his figure plainly outlined in the yellow glare of a street light just outside the window.



(Top) Joe Fries and (left) William Meister, both of whom were standing by Hughie McLoon when he was killed. Both were wounded, but recovered and later gave testimony in connection with the case. (In circle) Hughie McLoon as he looked in the days of his popularity

(Bottom) Close-up of Jenny Brooks (inset), and shows her home in South Philadelphia. (Left) The paper match packet found in the murder room where Danny O'Leary, racketeer and gangster, was killed, showing penciled notation "1424 Pop." This was the clue through which detectives traced Jenny Brooks and Grace Williams



"Put 'em up—you're under arrest!" he commanded, as a shadowy form glided through the half open door.

Instead of complying, the newcomer plunged his hand into a hip pocket with a swift, menacing gesture. But he was too slow—as his finger tightened around the butt of the pistol in his pocket, Wykoski, who had flattened himself against the wall near the door, brought his blackjack down on his head with stunning force.

Faries leaped forward and swung at the intruder's jaw and the three men grappled and rolled on the floor. After a short struggle one of the detectives jumped up with a big .38 caliber automatic in his hand.

The light was switched on, and revealed a badly battered, but still defiant youth nursing a bruised chin. Silently the two detectives went through his pockets and emerged with fourteen clips of soft-nosed dum-dum bullets all ready to slip into the automatic. With the six in his pistol, their captive had a total of ninety bullets in his pockets.

A pair of handcuffs was snapped about his wrists, and he was asked to tell his name.

"Francis Peterson," he replied sullenly.

"Too bad you won't have a chance to shoot all these off," commented one of the detectives grimly. "But right now you're going to City Hall with us and talk about who killed Hughie McLoon!"

"I don't know a thing about it!" declared Peterson.

"Come along anyway—and no more rough stuff!"

AT City Hall, the two detectives and their captive found a surprise awaiting them. This was Shorty Feldman, who had been recognized and arrested by a policeman at Third and Market Streets as he was driving toward the New Jersey ferries late that afternoon.

Shorty appeared rather relieved at his arrest. "They would have bumped me off anyway," he commented, without explaining who they were.

At first Peterson declared flatly that he did not know Grossman or Feldman, but both men laughingly urged him not to lie about it. Finally he admitted he had known them for a short time.

Grossman, who was most voluble in asserting his innocence, admitted he had occasion to quarrel with both McLoon and Meister over a girl, and had even been accompanied to Hughie's cafe by Feldman, Peterson and O'Leary when one of these arguments arose.

But beyond that he would say nothing, and no additional information could be gleaned from the other two men. The



detectives decided to turn their attention to the two girls, hoping that they would break and reveal facts that would incriminate the men.

Grace Williams was the first questioned, but it soon became apparent that she knew nothing of the murders and had only been brought into the case because of a casual acquaintance with Jenny Brooks.

The latter, from the very beginning, proved an enigma to the police.

While her companion wept and went into hysterics, she sat quiet and confident under the grilling examinations of detectives giving an unswerving negative reply to every question which would link her with the mystery surrounding the deaths of Hughie McLoon and O'Leary.

Although a check-up of the description of the vanished Mrs. Burns, who rented the room where O'Leary was murdered two days later, convinced the investigators that she and Jenny Brooks were one and the same person, she was steadfast in her denial.

Threats, cajolery, jokes and commands could not alter her defiant attitude. She even denied she owned the clothing found in her apartment on Sansom Street!

On Saturday, the day after she was arrested, she was confronted with Kilpatrick, the caretaker of the Park Avenue rooming house.

He took a long look at the girl, shook his head, and told detectives she looked very much like Mrs. Burns, but he could not be positive. Fear of the gangsters who had broken into his house and murdered O'Leary apparently influenced his desire not to make a positive identification.

ON that same day, Jenny and the others under arrest were given preliminary hearings at the 55th and Pine Streets Police Station.

Peterson and Feldman were charged with murder in the death of McLoon; Grossman with suspicion of murder; and the two girls were held as suspicious characters. Three other youths, friends of Feldman, who had loaned him a car to escape from the city, were held as accessories. Their names were David Glass, Louis del Rossi, and William Sachs.

Over Sunday, Jenny rested in her cell, but on Monday, her captors returned to the attack. They located and brought to City Hall Daniel Pettyjohn, counterman at the restaurant from which the mysterious telephone call was made to the Electrical Bureau on the morning Danny O'Leary was murdered.

Pettyjohn did not hesitate a minute after looking at Jenny Brooks.

"She is the girl—no doubt about it," he declared. He then went on to tell how, at twenty minutes after five, Jenny dashed into the restaurant and asked him where the telephone was. He noticed that she was very excited, and her hair and dress were dishevelled.

He said he heard her shout into the receiver: "Hurry up and send an ambulance to 2818 Park Avenue! They shot a man in the jaw and left him dying in bed!"

But when he repeated this story in the presence of Jenny, she only smiled.

"I never saw you before, and I never made any such call!" she declared flatly.

But Pettyjohn's identification was not the only link which detectives succeeded in forging around the demure, defiant Jenny.

The pink dress found lying over the murdered form of Danny O'Leary was matched with a georgette cape found in Jenny's Sansom Street apartment and found to be part of the same ensemble!

Not only that, but the whole outfit fitted perfectly when Jenny obligingly tried it on at the request of Mrs. Margaret Cooper, a police matron.

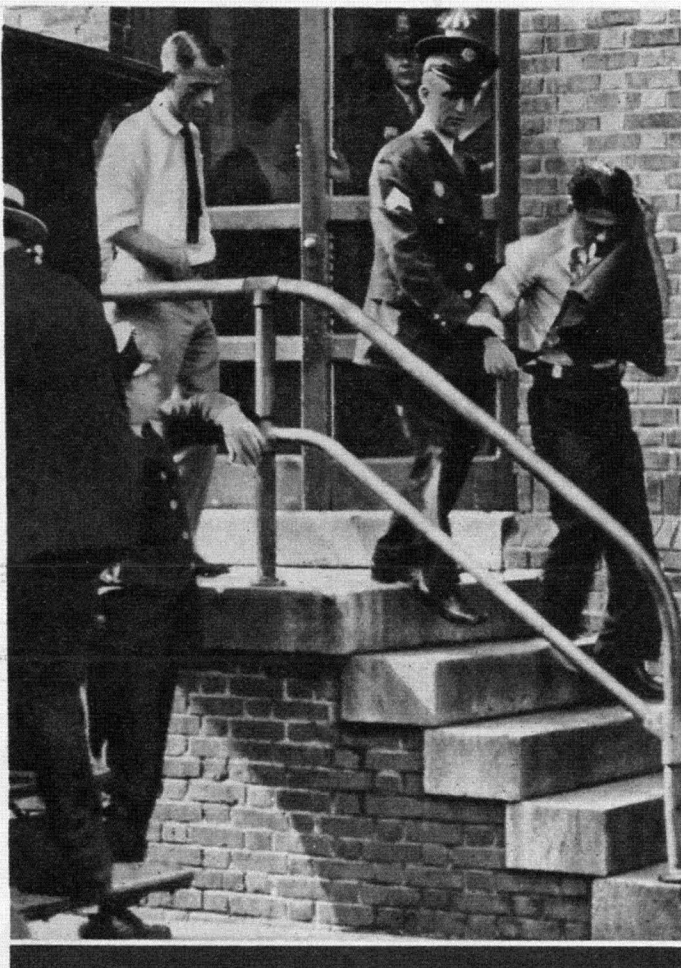
"That doesn't mean anything—it would fit hundreds of girls!" she said, when told that the dress definitely connected her with the murder room where O'Leary was killed.

Detectives also found that one of several keys which Jenny carried in her pocketbook fitted the door of the room on Park Avenue, and the key was identified by Kilpatrick as the same he had given to the vanished Mrs. Burns!

EVERY day during the week Jenny was brought from her cell to District Attorney Monaghan's office and questioned in the presence of various witnesses and officials, but her presence of mind never once deserted her.

She had a way of answering questions with a toss of her head, and a defiant flash from her black eyes, which confused her male interrogators. They had seldom encountered a girl of the underworld moll type who could boast both beauty and wit.

Jenny did change her mind, in typical feminine fashion, about one thing. That was her wardrobe (Continued on page 70)



"Shorty" Feldman (trying to hide face with coat), South Philadelphia gangster, for whom police flyers were sent out asking for his arrest on a charge of murder in connection with the death of Hughie McLoon. Feldman is shown leaving after his court hearing, under escort of detectives. (Top) Samuel Grossman, suspect in the Hughie McLoon murder. He was picked up at his auto repair shop on Callowhill Street by Lieutenant Mike Slavin of the Philadelphia Detective Bureau. Three auto-loads of gangsters were waiting outside the repair shop to bump off Grossman at the time, but fled on the approach of Slavin and his aides

The Great CHAIN GANG ESCAPE!



Robert Elliot Burns (wearing glasses) is shown at work on the chain gang. In an hour of weakness, when broke, he took part in a petty robbery which he referred to later as seeming "like a bad dream"—a single act in an unguarded moment that plunged him into a maelstrom of suffering, bitterness, hope and despair that the years can never erase, and such as falls to the lot of few men

*The astonishing case of Robert Elliot Burns, who helped steal \$5.80—
and for that was sentenced to six to ten years at hard labor on the
Georgia chain gang! He escaped—succeeded in rebuilding his life,
then . . . was CAUGHT. Who GAVE THE TIP that spelled his doom?
WHY was it given? WHAT HAPPENED?*

THE sun was an inescapable, tormenting monster this June day when Robert Elliot

Burns stood among his fellow prisoners on the chain gang and made ready to stake his all in a bold bid for liberty.

He was one of a score of shackled men at work with pick-ax and shovel on a road in Campbell County, Georgia. It was eleven o'clock, the twenty-first day of June, 1922.

Out of the corner of his eye Burns could see his guard, with rifle in hand, at ease under a wide-spreading tree that

By JOHN J. McPHAUL
of the Chicago *HERALD AND EXAMINER*

gave shelter from the relentless sun. The somnolent officer, it would seem, was depending upon the blood-

hounds that were playing about him to give the alarm should any one of his charges be foolish enough to try an escape with twenty-eight pounds of iron attached to his leg.

Burns had heard the old-timers in the camp moan: "You can't run away from the chain gang." They had abandoned all thoughts of escape with that cry; but they, Burns knew, had not had the great treasured ace that he was this moment

holding for what might be his last play. The ace in the hole was his.

THE prisoner was thirty-one years old. Life and freedom and the open world beckoned promisingly, but Burns thought that even if death from the guard's gun should cap his gamble he would still be the winner. For then he would be free of the nightmare of the chain gang.

For three months he had lived the horror that is the life of the chain gang captive. He had known back-breaking toil, heart-rending loneliness and unending black despair. And this bitter life had just begun for him.

The judge had said: "*I sentence you to from six to ten years at hard labor.*"

With the passing of each day of the three months his heart had seemed to shrivel just a little more within him. The thought of the long years ahead was like a knife at his throat. And all for \$5.80—a bargain day price in a department store! That—\$5.80—was the sum total of the crime that had brought him here. It was a bitter, ironical remembrance.

The judge had said: "You are intelligent. I hope there is something better in the future for you."

Burns told himself that the next ten minutes would just about decide his future. A few precious minutes and that all-powerful ace in the hole. They would be the deciding factors. His heart was thumping wildly, but he managed a smile, a thin little mirthless smile, as he looked upon the drowsy guard under the tree.

That complacent watcher of chained men could not know that while the sunrise to sunset labor on the roads had left Burns' body a weak thing, it had not conquered his brain. For three months that brain had been in use. It had been devoted to but one task; the finding of a way to liberty.

He had risked the loss of a leg and the detection of his plot to win the first move.

Three days before, Burns and a giant Negro had been working together on a road alongside the tracks of the Central

Georgia Railroad. They were some distance from their fellows. The Negro was swinging a twelve pound sledge. Years of servitude on the chain gang had made him expert with it. Burns asked his companion if he could shatter a shackle with the sledge. The man thought he could.

Burns thrust his foot against a tie and held the chain so that the shackle was in position to meet the blow. The Negro swung. A miss would have meant a shattered ankle. But the blow was true, and Burns saw the steel ring give slightly. No one, apparently, had seen nor heard.

"Give it another swat," Burns asked.

The Negro did so. Again his aim was perfect. Burns could see that the steel had yielded just a little bit more.

That night the scheming prisoner found that he could slip his foot through the shackle, and be rid of his ball and chain.

NOW everything was in readiness. The civilian shirt for Sunday wear that he had failed to turn in was inside his stiff leather jacket. There was \$5.43 in his pocket—saved from his meager \$1 a week allowance. He knew every move he would make. He had planned it all ahead in long, sleepless nights.

The chain gang system provided that once during the day a weary man might obtain a five-minute rest by calling to the guard. That five-minute period held a mighty important place in his scheme.

His hour had struck. He was nervous, but his voice was clear. Burns possessed the drive to carry through his plan.

"O. K. for rest?" he sang out.

"O. K.," the guard answered after a moment.

(Below) Robert Elliot Burns at work in his Chicago office—with new hope now, a successful real estate man and publisher, his bitter experience on the Georgia chain gang like a bad dream that had passed. He had become acquainted with Mrs. Pacheco (*upper left*), a divorcee. She helped him financially and he was grateful to her. They were married, then—Lillian Salo (*on opposite page*) twenty-two, talented and pretty, came into his life. Here were chains stronger than those that had locked him in the chain gang, but—Burns was married. Suddenly, to the Georgia authorities, came a secret, anonymous tip . . . The tip let it be known that Burns was the man wanted for escape from the Georgia chain gang! In one swift stroke Burns' aircastles began to totter . . . Would they send him back to the tortures he believed he had put behind him forever?



Burns dropped into the thick bushes as if he were going to lie down and rest. Quickly he removed his shoe and slipped off the shackle. Then he began to wriggle across the ground Indian fashion. He had gone thirty feet when the bushes, swaying at his passing, betrayed him.

The guard jumped to his feet.

"Halt!" he shouted.

Burns leaped up, and began to run openly. The confused guard delayed his fire for a moment.

The fugitive had a good lead when the bullets began to pepper the bushes. The shots aroused the bloodhounds and they raced to take up the trail.

Other guards joined the first, and the bullets were whizzing close to the fugitive when the bloodhounds came upon him.

Burns did not slacken his pace at their appearance. He had none of the hill-billies' superstitious fear of bloodhounds. They would cling stubbornly to his heels, he knew, but they would not attack him.

Gently he touched the head of the leader. "Come on, old fellow," he cried.

LIKE a boy frolicking with his pets, Burns raced through the swamps. The pack, leaping and barking playfully, kept close to him. Soon he was out of earshot of the guns, but he continued to run as swiftly as his worn heart and tired limbs would permit. He knew sudden alarm a score of times when strange noises in the tall reeds about him were momentarily interpreted as the footsteps of pursuers. But when he had gone several miles he became confident that the guards had abandoned the chase. The steady slap-slap of his feet on the soft earth and the excited barking of the dogs became a measured accompaniment to his movements.

Through murky pools, brush and tangled weeds he ran for hours. The bloodhounds were ever beside him. They seemed to be enjoying the game. About 4 P. M. the fugitive entered a clearing and saw ahead the Chalahootchi River.

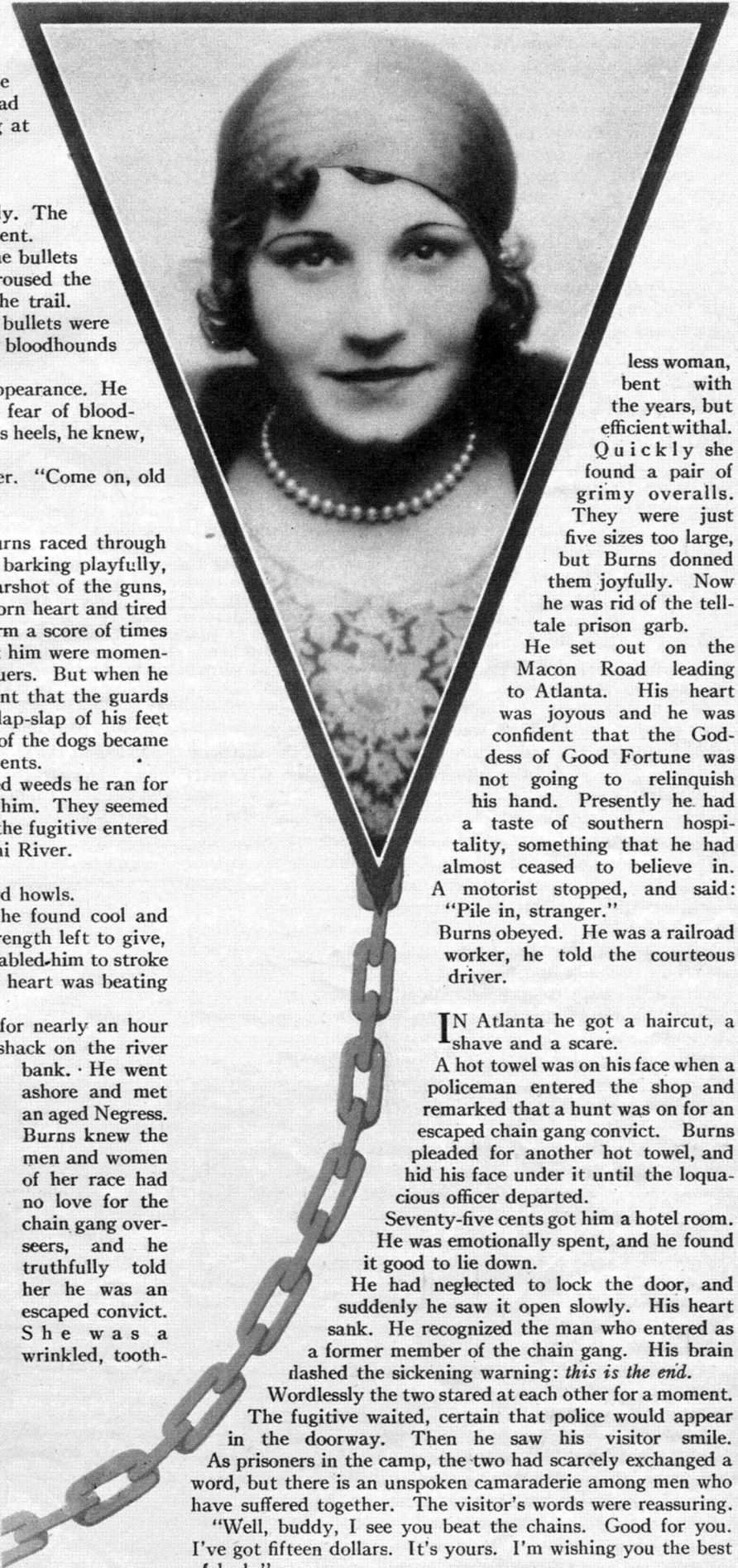
He plunged in without hesitation.

The dogs, left on the bank, set up weird howls.

He was thankful for the water which he found cool and pleasant. Fortunately, for he had little strength left to give, the swift running tide enabled him to stroke downstream easily. His heart was beating like a trip-hammer.

He was in the water for nearly an hour before he came upon a shack on the river bank.

He went ashore and met an aged Negress. Burns knew the men and women of her race had no love for the chain gang overseers, and he truthfully told her he was an escaped convict. She was a wrinkled, tooth-



less woman, bent with the years, but efficient withal.

Quickly she found a pair of grimy overalls. They were just five sizes too large, but Burns donned them joyfully. Now he was rid of the tell-tale prison garb.

He set out on the Macon Road leading to Atlanta. His heart was joyous and he was confident that the Goddess of Good Fortune was not going to relinquish his hand. Presently he had a taste of southern hospitality, something that he had almost ceased to believe in. A motorist stopped, and said: "Pile in, stranger."

Burns obeyed. He was a railroad worker, he told the courteous driver.

IN Atlanta he got a haircut, a shave and a scare.

A hot towel was on his face when a policeman entered the shop and remarked that a hunt was on for an escaped chain gang convict. Burns pleaded for another hot towel, and hid his face under it until the loquacious officer departed.

Seventy-five cents got him a hotel room. He was emotionally spent, and he found it good to lie down.

He had neglected to lock the door, and suddenly he saw it open slowly. His heart sank. He recognized the man who entered as a former member of the chain gang. His brain flashed the sickening warning: *this is the end.*

Wordlessly the two stared at each other for a moment.

The fugitive waited, certain that police would appear in the doorway. Then he saw his visitor smile.

As prisoners in the camp, the two had scarcely exchanged a word, but there is an unspoken camaraderie among men who have suffered together. The visitor's words were reassuring.

"Well, buddy, I see you beat the chains. Good for you. I've got fifteen dollars. It's yours. I'm wishing you the best of luck."

The bit of kindness did what the torturous struggle for freedom and the imminent peril of death had failed to do.

Burns broke. He buried his face in his hands and sobbed. His new friend awkwardly tried to console him. He would not leave until Burns begged him to. He was merely on parole, and it would go hard with him if he were found in the company of a fugitive.

When he had regained his composure, Burns set out and purchased a cheap suit, hat and shoes. Tin Pan Alley may chortle the wisdom of "goin' south," but Burns was not inclined to think that the birds know best. He was not going to breathe easily until he struck the Northland.

POLICE were watching the trains out of Atlanta for him, so Burns took a trolley to a suburb of the capital and boarded a train there. Believing the train would be searched at Chattanooga, he swung off the cars at a suburb just south of the city. He walked to Chattanooga and got a train for Louisville without trouble. Cincinnati was his next stopping place, and then Chicago. He had four pennies when he saw the welcome lights of the great Illinois metropolis in the distance.

Footsore and weak from hunger he tramped the city, alert for "Help Wanted" signs.

A crowd surrounding a street orator at Roosevelt Road and Kedzie Avenue in the heart of Chicago's teeming West Side attracted him. He heard the speaker expounding the virtues of socialism. Afterward the man passed a hat around, and Burns saw that the listeners were generous.

He had a long wait, but eventually the speaker departed, leaving his soap box behind. Burns took his place on the uncertain rostrum, and gathered a new crowd. He had no particular message to give, but aped the clever politicians to speak of matters that flattered and comforted his hearers. He told the crowd that he stood for the full dinner pail, an honest day's pay for an honest day's work, etc. His auditors were both pleased and satisfied. The hat he circulated came back with just exactly \$2.85 in it.

It was no new experience for the late member of the chain gang. In happier days a persuasive tongue had made him a successful salesman. That had been but one role in an extensive repertoire. At various times he had been merchant, able-bodied seaman and newspaper editor. He thought of those eventful days now as he sat in his little room preparing to go out and battle mighty Chicago for a livelihood.

He assured himself that he was as well armed as his neighbor. A high school graduate, he had not forsaken learning after leaving the classroom. He could speak five languages. For his linguistic ability



Judge Joseph B. David, who, while, for technical reasons, he declined to approve the petition which would have enabled Burns to obtain his temporary freedom on bond, said: "The fact that this man (Burns) has lived in Illinois seven years under his own name, and as a dependable citizen, makes it appear that further punishment would seem only revenge, and would not aid the ends of justice." (Below) Robert Elliot Burns (seated, with hands clasped across his knee) as he appeared in court, surrounded by his American Legion friends, in his fight against being sent back to the Georgia chain gang

he thanked his travels in foreign lands as a seaman on both the Atlantic and the Pacific.

But most important to his hope of redemption, he told himself, was his determination to roam no more. He was riddled, he felt sure, of the wanderlust that had taken hold of him after he had come out of the World War, a veteran of four great battles, and that had led him to Atlanta, to poverty, theft and the chain gang.

He remembered from his high school days a quotation from Goethe that had been one of his favorites. The great German poet had written: "Courage has magic, genius, power in it."

Robert Elliot Burns, with \$1 in his pocket, determined to be courageous. He was going to win to a high place! The chain gang was 600 miles behind him. The links that had been shattered, he swore, would never be joined together again to hold him fast.

The very next day he found a job. It was only that of a

laborer in the stockyards, paying \$10 a week, but to one who had known the chain gang it was a king's existence. In the months that followed, Burns progressed rapidly. It was as if fate had decided that she had given him sufficient blows and was now eagerly extending a helping hand.

In the stockyards organization he advanced to the post of beef average clerk at a \$35 a week increase, and with his wide experience it was a simple step to a \$60 a week job as slag analyst for a great steel company.

EARLY in his days of freedom he had a fear of every footstep behind him and of every knock on his door, but with the passage of time untroubled peace came to him to drive away the "bugaboo" of detection and return to the prison camp. His peace of mind had returned to him.

Burns was familiar with the works of Kipling. He knew the line: "He travels the fastest who travels alone." But there was no reason why he should recall it or find a warning in it when he read a

placard: "Lodgers Taken" on the door of a home at 6444 Ingleside Avenue. The house looked pleasant and well cared for.

And that was all that Burns was interested in. He was tired of hotels, and with his new prosperity sought a more homelike atmosphere.

He took a room there. And then he met Mrs. Emily Del Pino Pacheco, a divorcee, who occupied the house with her mother. Mrs. Pacheco was several years older than Burns. They became close friends. The



man was always willing to do small jobs about the house, and within a very short time both Mrs. Pacheco and her mother came to look upon him as one of the family.

The secret of his past was his own. His Georgia experience slipped further from his mind as his savings mounted and he turned an eye to the possibility of establishing himself in business. He began to take an interest in real estate. He saw large subdivisions springing up overnight in Chicago, and saw the huge profits that were being made. Mrs. Pacheco had some savings, and the two joined to furnish an apartment which they then sub-leased.

The two were partners for several years. They were pleasant and prosperous years for Burns. The chain gang memory was buried amid dead things, and there was nothing to indicate that it would ever be revived—so Burns thought.

IN 1926 Burns and

Mrs. Pacheco were the owners of eighteen apartments, all of which they had furnished and rented out.

They were dividing a satisfying income when Burns, ever eager to go higher, decided to risk all that he had made in a new venture. He thought that the Chicago real estate business was such that it could support a magazine devoted solely to its activities, and with characteristic promptness founded a monthly publication.

He called it the "Greater Chicago Magazine." Offices were opened at 205 West Wacker Drive. Burns' capital was small and so Mrs. Pacheco generously advanced a part of her savings, but even so the magazine was founded on a "shoestring."

Burns knew that he had to "sell" himself and his publication to the Chicago business men if he hoped to get out very many issues. He plunged into the task with the same determination and daring that had marked his plunge into



Governor L. L. Emmerson, of Illinois, who, after a hearing and study of Burns' case, felt he could not deny Georgia's right to return Burns as a prisoner within her borders, to serve out the fate he had so desperately tried to escape. (Below) With all hope gone, and the black prospect ahead of years of toil in the chain gang, Robert Elliot Burns, his long fight ended, is here shown on car steps, in Chicago, about to entrain for Georgia as a prisoner of the state. On the right (without hat) is Vivian Stanley, Georgia Prison Commissioner



the Georgia swampland when life and liberty were at stake.

He has said of himself:

"I would walk into a strange office and say: 'My name is Burns; I have a magazine that will help you.' When I was kicked out, I came back again. I refused to take 'no' for an answer. I believe that every man gets the things in life that he is strong enough and game enough to get. You can't get anything in this world without courage."

Courage in staking the chance of life as a cripple upon the blow of a sledge carried him free from the chains; courage in risking all that freedom had brought him, upon an idea, brought him success as a magazine publisher.

Real estate men came to regard the publication as an important factor in their business. Burns became a member of the Chicago Real Estate Board and the Chicago Association of Commerce, two of the most influential business organizations in the city. He was looked upon as a brainy, comparatively youthful executive whose career was only beginning.

Whose eyes were sharp enough to see lurking behind the natty, poised and prosperous publisher the specter of the bowed, unkempt Georgia convict?

AND yet it was Burns who with his own hands brought the skeleton from out of his closet. Riding high on the crest of a wave, he stayed his oars for a moment, as it were, and began to think of his past. The torturing fear that he might yet be discovered assailed him anew. Before, when he had been fighting his way up, he hadn't much time to give to fear, but now that he had reached a certain prominence and saw only an open road ahead, he was troubled at the thought that he could not walk unafraid before all men. (Continued on page 99)

Solving SAN DIEGO'S

WHY should George Schick, a successful business man with no entanglements, disappear completely—without explanation, and leave a wife and two children? That is what Schick's brother wanted to know. There was no one who could tell him, so—he decided he would FIND OUT!

ON February 12th, 1923, a smartly dressed, prosperous-looking man of middle age appeared at the office of Chester C. Kempley, District Attorney of San Diego County and asked to see Mr. Kempley in private. The man was obviously excited and attaches of the office lost no time in summoning the District Attorney, who granted an immediate interview.

"My name is T. K. Buchanan," the caller began, "and I am a real estate broker. I have come to tell you of a circumstance which I consider very strange. My business partner, George E. Schick, has disappeared and I feel that something terrible has happened to him."

"On what do you base your fears, Mr. Buchanan?" Kempley asked.

"SEVERAL things have happened, Mr. Kempley, during the past few days, which have aroused my suspicions. First of all, my partner Schick is a man of regular habits. During the entire time that we have been in business together, he has confided in me very closely in practically all matters. Unusually regular about his office hours, he has rarely left the office without telling me where he was going and when he would return.

"On last Wednesday, February 7th, he left the office between two and four o'clock, without leaving any word as to where he was going and I have not seen him since."

"Perhaps he has gone away on a short business trip," Mr. Kempley suggested,



(Above) Was the body of George E. Schick burned in the cauldron shown at the right of this picture? The reader will be informed in the story of more details in regard to this possibility which engaged the detectives' attention



(Left) Mrs. Schick. She wrote a letter to the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., Milwaukee, Wis., repeating a story to the effect that her missing husband had been killed while "on a mining expedition in Mexico with a Russian." It didn't sound right

adding, "have you communicated with his family?"

"I have," Buchanan replied, "and I am still somewhat dissatisfied with the explanation offered by his wife."

"Perhaps you could tell me something of his history," Kempley prompted.

"I FIRST met Schick," Buchanan began, "last October, shortly after he moved to San Diego. He had formerly lived in the East and at one time was employed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. He married in Cleveland in nineteen thirteen and has a wife and two

small sons. After leaving Cleveland, he moved to Bellaire, Ohio, where he engaged in the coal business and was very successful. He made quite a lot of money and in 1922 decided to move to California. Last summer he drove out here in his car, looking over several cities and the opportunities they offered, finally deciding to settle here in San Diego. While on this trip, Schick wrote or telegraphed his wife every day, for he is exceptionally fond of his family, is happily married, I believe, and is what I would call a fine family man.

"After definitely deciding on San Diego as his future home, Schick returned to Bellaire, disposed of his holdings and brought his wife and two sons to San Diego, arriving here in October of last year. The Schicks stopped at a hotel for a short while, but soon found a delightful little home at four-

six - three - eight Terrace Drive, Kensington Park, which they purchased. They then set forth on a shopping tour to purchase furniture for their new home.

"At a local furniture company they

By E. L. JOHNSON
Former Deputy District Attorney
San Diego, California
As told to TOD BATES
of the *Pacific Coast News Service*

Most Baffling CRIME

met Everett Drew Clark, a furniture salesman, who apparently made a most favorable impression on Schick and his wife, for they bought their furniture from him. Clark mentioned his wife frequently, saying that she was a fine musician and the Schicks expressed a desire to meet her. In a short time the two families became close friends. Mrs. Clark, who had studied with Oscar Sanger and other leading instructors in New York, was an accomplished musician and, as the Schicks are fond of music, the friendship between the two families ripened. You know how it is here in Southern California Mr. Kempley—people come here from other sections of the country, are strangers in a strange city and seem anxious to strike up acquaintances with almost anybody. They are not nearly as slow about making new friends as they would be in the states where they made their homes back East or in the Middle West.

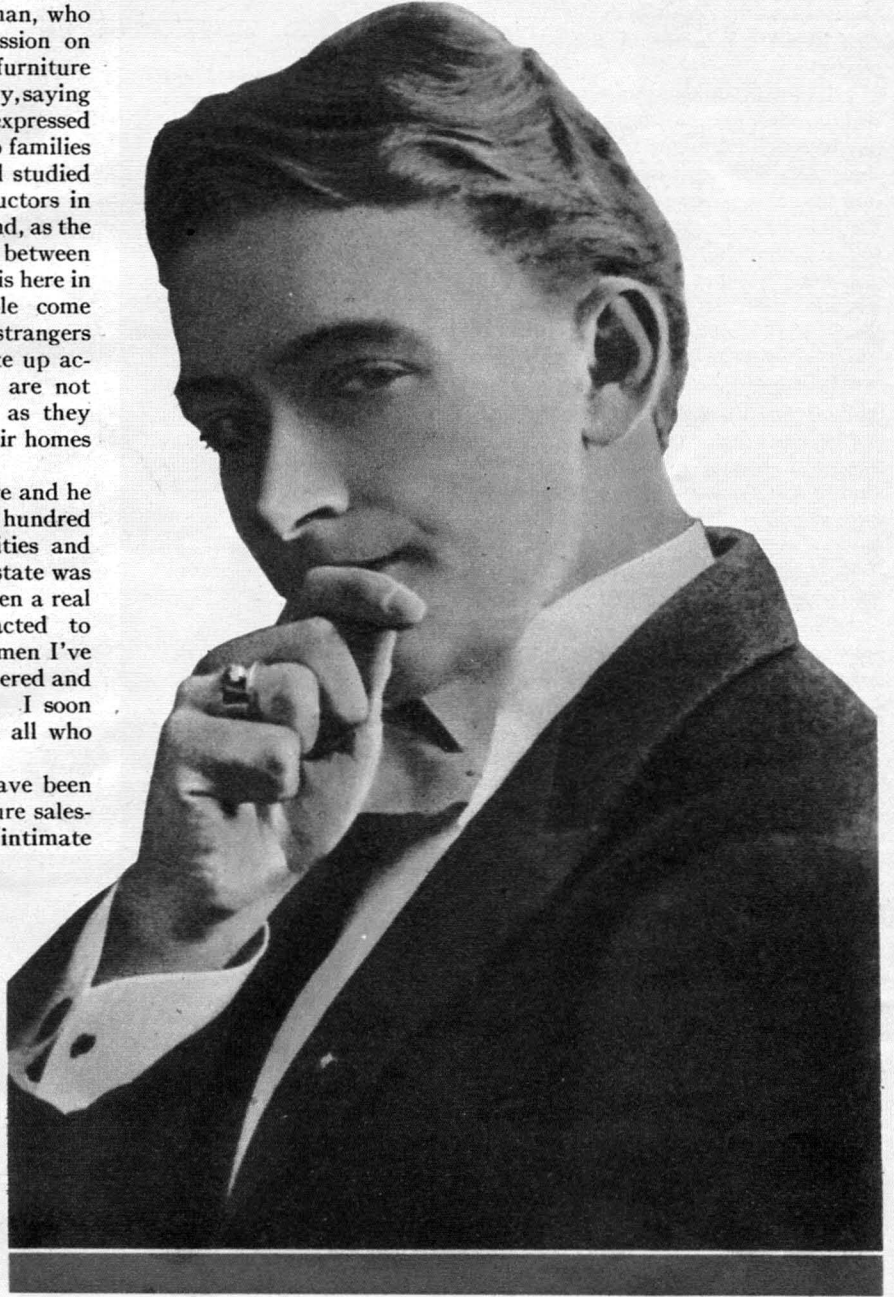
"I met Schick shortly after he arrived here and he told me very frankly that he had about one hundred thousand dollars in cash and other securities and that he wanted to go into business. Real estate was good here at the time and we decided to open a real estate office. I was immediately attracted to Schick, for he is one of the most charming men I've ever met. He is slight in stature, mild mannered and soft spoken and hasn't a single bad habit. I soon found that he was extremely popular with all who knew him in San Diego.

"Our business started off well and we have been getting along fine. I met Clark, the furniture salesman, several times, as he seems to be quite intimate with Schick, and often he would come to the office. I knew that both Clark and his wife saw a great deal of the Schicks and the two families constantly exchanged visits.

"**S**HORTLY after we opened our office, Schick bought another house and lot at three-four-two-four Mission Drive, near his own home on Terrace Drive. This was purchased as an investment, but soon after obtaining the property, Schick allowed Clark and his wife to move into the house on Mission Drive. Schick did not tell me so directly, but I heard that things were not breaking very well for Clark and that Schick was allowing him to occupy the Mission Drive house without paying any rent. I thought nothing of this, as the two men appeared to be such close friends.

"Last Tuesday, February sixth, my wife gave birth to a baby and, to celebrate the event, I asked Schick to have dinner with me at the Y.M.C.A. During dinner, we talked of various topics. Schick told me that he had recently backed Mrs. Joan Curtiss in a millinery and gift shop which she had opened at one-one-four-one Fifth Avenue. I knew of the acquaintance between Schick and Mrs. Curtiss and had heard that he helped her finance the shop.

"Schick seemed to be somewhat worried about this place, and told me it was being badly mismanaged. He also stated that he had made a trip to Los Angeles with Mrs. Curtiss to purchase stock for the shop and was worried about that, as his good friend Drew Clark had told him that Mrs. Curtiss intended to blackmail him. For this reason, Schick said, he had recently transferred all his property to his wife's name. I told him not to worry about Mrs. Curtiss or the shop, that



George E. Schick, central figure in this baffling mystery case. Had he gone to Mexico? Was he somewhere in the United States, in hiding? If so, would he not have communicated with his wife, or some of his friends? Had he been *murdered*?

I was sure everything would be all right and we then turned our talk to a business deal which we expected to consummate in a couple of days.

"As a matter of fact, we had a deal scheduled for the following Thursday, February eighth, which meant quite a bit of money to both of us and we discussed the various angles of this proposition, as our client was due at our office on Thursday. After going over all the details of this proposition, we each went home.

"**T**HE following morning, which was last Wednesday, February seventh, we were both at the office as usual. We again discussed the deal which was scheduled for the next morning and followed our usual office routine. Some time during this day, I've forgotten just what time, I heard Schick talking to someone on the telephone. I was not

paying much attention to what was being said, but I could not help overhearing Schick say, 'Well, I'm sick of the whole business. I'm willing to turn over everything I have to you and wash my hands of the entire affair.'

"I thought nothing of the conversation at the time, although I speculated on who Schick might be talking to. I naturally thought that he would tell me about it sooner or later, but when he left the office between two and four o'clock that day and did not mention anything to me, I came to the conclusion that he had been talking to Mrs. Joan Curtiss or to his wife. I thought of Mrs. Curtiss, as he had told me the night before that Clark had said she intended blackmailing him.

"Schick left the office that day, Wednesday February seventh, between two and four o'clock and did not say where he was going. This was rather unusual, but I assumed that he was going home. I have not seen him since he left the office on Wednesday."

"Did you communicate with his wife the following day?" Kempley asked.

"To be sure," Buchanan replied. "When he did not show up the next morning, I began to worry as our client was due that day and I knew that Schick would have to be present or we could not close our deal. As the morning wore on and he still did not show up, I telephoned his house. I talked to Mrs. Schick and she stated that her husband had left for the office at his usual time and that Mr. Clark was with him when he left home. The day passed, I held the business deal over until the following day, and still Schick did not come to the office. On Friday, February ninth, I again called Mrs. Schick on the telephone and she informed me that Schick had gone to San Francisco on a business deal."

"Had Schick spoken to you of leaving the city?" Kempley asked.

"NO, but I then began to check back on my conversations of the past few days and I could not remember a single occasion when he had mentioned going to San Francisco or anywhere else. As he had always been so careful to tell me of his plans, I thought this was very unusual. I then recalled the telephone conversation which he had on Wednesday, in which he said that he was tired of the whole business, was willing to sign over everything he had and wash his hands thoroughly of the entire matter.

"Schick has not shown up at the office this morning. This is Monday, and I have not seen or heard from him since last Wednesday afternoon when he left the office. Mrs. Schick and Clark came to the office this morning, telling me that Schick had written them to sell out his half of our business. They tell me that he will be away for several weeks. Now, I don't know, Mr. Kempley, whether everything is as it should be or not. I can't believe that Schick would leave without telling me and it seems odd that he would want to



(Above) Everett Drew Clark, friend of the missing man, George Schick. Clark declared he believed Buchanan, Schick's business associate, was "unduly alarmed." "I know that Schick has gone to San Francisco on a business trip. I expect to join him there in a few days," said Clark

(Right) Under-sheriff Oliver Sexton, who made the arrest of the person thought to be guilty of the murder of George E. Schick. WHO was that person?



sell out his half of our business without consulting me about it. Still, he had that telephone conversation and he might be leaving because Clark told him Mrs. Curtiss was going to blackmail him, or it may be that he is having trouble with his wife. At any rate, I thought you should know about this case, because it just doesn't seem right to me."

WHEN Buchanan had finished his story, District Attorney Kempley thoughtfully turned the various facts over in his mind. Had Schick really departed hurriedly thinking that Mrs. Curtiss was about to blackmail him, because he had made a trip to Los Angeles with her? Was there trouble in the Schick household? Was Mrs. Schick aware of her husband's trip to Los Angeles with the other woman? Had she taken him to task for his indiscretion? Was there some clandestine affair between Schick and Mrs. Mae Clark, or between Everett Drew Clark and Mrs. Schick?

These were some of the questions which passed back and forth in the District Attorney's mind. Perhaps it was a family affair after all, and Buchanan might be unduly alarmed.

"I am glad you came in to see me, Mr. Buchanan," Kempley said, rising as he terminated the interview. "We will ask Mrs. Schick and Mr. Clark to come in and we will see if they can shed any light on Schick's sudden departure.

You will probably hear from Schick direct in a few days and, in the meantime, I would not worry too much about it if I were you. There are several good reasons why Schick might want to get away, as you realize yourself. At any rate, we will see what Clark and Mrs. Schick have to say about it. Thanks again, for coming in."

Buchanan left the District Attorney's office and Mr. Kempley asked one of his deputies to get in touch with Clark and Mrs. Schick and ask them to call at the office.

Clark appeared forthwith, alone. He was suave, polished and well dressed. Rather above average height, he was heavily built, had a frank and open expression, was blandly genial and possessed the appearance of any successful business man. He was about fifty years of age. In his private office, Kempley questioned Clark.

"I am grateful to you for coming in so promptly, Mr. Clark," Kempley began. "Mr. Buchanan, George E. Schick's business associate, tells us that Schick has not appeared at his office for several days, and as he is reputed to be a man of considerable wealth and regular habits, Buchanan seems to think that something unusual has befallen him. From Buchanan's story, it does appear that Schick has departed rather suddenly and as Buchanan states that you are an intimate friend of the Schick family, we thought perhaps you might be able to shed some light on his disappearance."

"I am indeed a close friend of Schick's," Clark replied. "Buchanan is unduly alarmed, I'm sure, for both Mrs. Schick and myself know that Schick has gone to San Francisco on a business trip. I expect to join him there in a few days myself. There is absolutely no cause for alarm. Schick has other matters besides his real estate business which claim his attention, and it is possible that he does not care to divulge all his business dealings to his partner—especially those in which his partner has no interest."

"MY wife and I are much closer to the Schicks I believe than Mr. Buchanan and ours is purely a social

sincerity and felt somewhat concerned that he had caused Clark the annoyance of a visit to his office.

When Clark had departed, Mr. Kempley gave the matter little thought. A family disagreement perhaps, or Schick, fearing that Mrs. Curtiss would expose his trip to Los Angeles with her, had decided to go away for a few weeks until that affair had blown over. It was incredible that anything sinister could happen to a man so universally liked as Schick. Thus the District Attorney reasoned. Best to let the matter drop.

On September 25th, 1923, some seven months after T. K.

Buchanan had reported the disappearance of George E. Schick to the District Attorney, Martin J. Schick, brother of the missing George E. Schick, arrived in San Diego. Accompanying him were George P. Pross and H. A. Graves of the William J. Burns Detective Agency. These detectives had been retained by Martin J. Schick to assist in the search for George, his brother. When Martin J. Schick engaged the detectives, he told them that his mother, who lived in the East, had always heard from George by mail regularly once a week, over a period of many years.

These letters suddenly ceased arriving the first week in February and when several weeks had elapsed and no word had been received from George, the elder Mrs. Schick wrote to Sarah Margaret, George's wife, asking why he had not written. To this letter George Schick's wife replied that he was away on an extended business trip and that doubtless the elder Mrs. Schick would hear from him in a short while. When the weeks passed into months and the senior Mrs. Schick still did not hear from her son, she again wrote to Sarah Margaret Schick, asking for further information. To this second letter, Schick's wife replied, stating that George had departed in February for Mexico on a mining venture. That he would be in an isolated section of the country, and that his family had been told not to worry about him if they did not hear from him until June.

In this letter, Sarah Margaret told her mother-in-law that she herself was beginning to worry about George and could not understand why she had not heard from him. Several letters passed between Schick's wife and his mother and finally the mother became so alarmed that she sent Martin J. Schick, another son, to San Diego to personally investigate.

PROSS and Graves, the detectives, now took up the trail which was more than seven months old and began a systematic check on George Schick's

activities prior to his disappearance. His wife, Sarah Margaret, could shed no light on his sudden departure and protracted absence. She simply stated that he had departed early in February for Mexico, that he had returned for one day on April 23rd, had left again and she had not heard from him since. She gave such additional information as she possessed regarding her husband's friends and business associates in San Diego, as well as his business affairs.

The detectives learned that Schick had kept his bank accounts at the Southern Trust & (Continued on page 105)



(Above) Mrs. Everett Drew Clark, who became involved in the notoriety surrounding the Schick case, due to her husband's close connection with it

(Left) Deputy District Attorney E. L. Johnson, who investigated Schick's strange disappearance, and who here gives the inside story to this magazine



friendship. You may believe me, Mr. Kempley, when I tell you that I am positive Schick is away on a business trip and that he may not return for several weeks. Mrs. Schick is not well today and was unable to come with me, but I am sure that she will be glad to come in as soon as she is feeling better."

"That will not be necessary, Mr. Clark," Kempley replied. "As you say, Buchanan is probably unduly alarmed and will possibly hear from Schick in the near future."

District Attorney Kempley was impressed with Clark's

The Smashing of

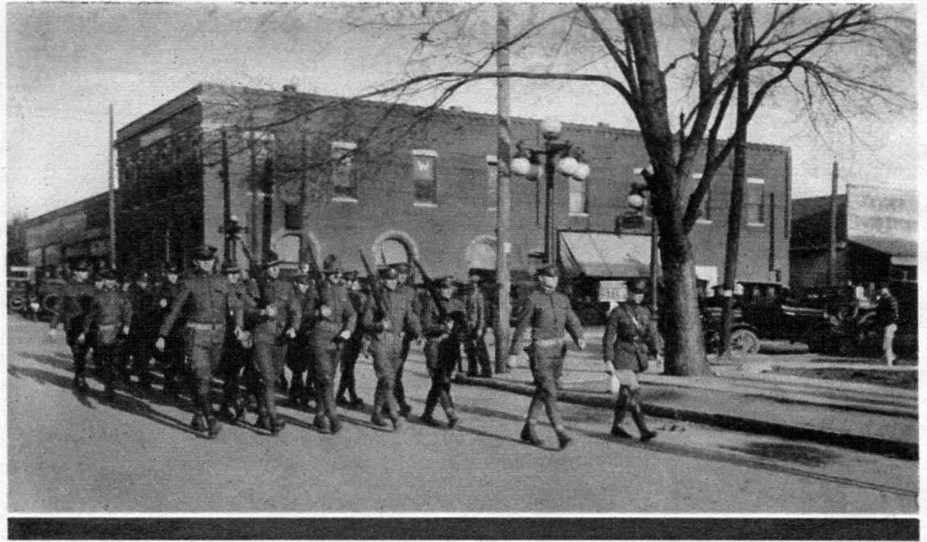
This is the inside story of Charles Birger, the world's toughest gang leader—a story that shows to what extremes it has been possible for a gang leader to go in the United States who has sufficient daring to stop at nothing—and a pack of killers to back him up!



(Left) Chief of Police John Ford, of Herrin, Illinois, who was kidnapped by the Pro-Klan forces and his office usurped by the Klan's strong-arm man S. Glenn Young, following which came the terrific battle of August 30th, 1924 between the two warring factions which resulted in the calling out of the State troops

It was a gang that sent no less than two score men to their graves, including two mayors; that brought into its activities the use of machine guns, bombs, airplanes and armored cars before they became common adjuncts of gangland; that sent some of its own members up in a dynamite explosion because they "knew too much," that defied the officers of the law to their faces and showed its contempt for the law itself by riding through the streets of a county seat, pumping bullets at the courthouse and the statue of Justice atop it.

To understand how such an era could come about in a settled and prosperous state one must know the events that made it possible. They date back to the early nineteen hun-



Soldiers of the National Guard patrolling the streets of Herrin, following the Ku Klux Klan and Anti-Klan clash in which seven men were killed

AN undersized man, who a few moments before in the presence of his cut-throat crew had pumped three bullets from a machine gun into the body of a man he suspected of having played double with his enemies, sat on the body of his moaning victim in an automobile.

His fingers still caressed the trigger of the machine gun as he listened to the muttered disapproving remarks of his henchmen.

"Shut up!" he told them in a hard, cold voice. They lapsed into silence.

Several miles farther along the dying man, wrapped in a piece of canvas, began to speak in a muffled voice. "I'm an innocent man. Why have you done this to me?"

"Shut up!" snapped the little fellow once more. "Shut up or I'll turn this gun on you again."

Then he ordered the car stopped and got down.

"Every damn time I kill a man it makes me sick at the stomach," he complained. "It ain't my nerves; it's my stomach."

He indicated one of his subordinates.

"You sit on him awhile," he ordered.

The designated man protested. "Aw, now——" he began.

"Sit on him!"

The machine gun's muzzle pointed at the protesting one's heart. He took his leader's vacated place upon the wounded man's body and the car got under way again.

JUST a leaf, the above, torn from the record of a twentieth century gang, operating in that portion of Southern Illinois that goes by the name of "Little Egypt," turning it into the super-center of lawlessness in the United States—a throwback to the wild and woolly days of the old West.

dred and twenties, to a strike of miners in the bituminous coal fields of Southern Illinois and the decision of the operators to fight the strikers with strike-breakers.

The strike-breakers arrived under heavy guard and thereafter lived and worked and played under heavy guard. Sporadic outbreaks of violence against them occurred, but in the main the thing developed into a stalemate. The longer it continued, the more the miners who were out became convinced that they were losing. That not only would they fail to get the pay raises for which they had asked, but would not even get back their jobs.

Hence, the decision, reached in secret council by their leaders, to shoot it out with "the damn scabs." The shooting, however, would have to be done by outsiders lest the striking miners involve themselves too deeply.

Those not in on the secret presently noticed that there

"LITTLE EGYPT'S" GANGSTER KING

By

MERLIN MOORE
TAYLOR

were an unusually large number of new faces in Williamson County where the trouble centered—faces of men whose hips bulged and who talked out of the sides of their mouths in an argot mostly Greek to the townspeople.

Those in on the secret knew these strangers for what they were—gunmen from Chicago and St. Louis, who had come when the miners opened their treasure chests and told them what was wanted.

Whether the operators learned what was brewing and imported gunmen of their own never has been established. It is only suspected because of the ferocity with which the strike-breakers fought back when they were attacked.

On the night of June 21st, 1922, a mob marched upon the power house of the Herrin mine. The power house was surrounded by a barbed wire fence, making it virtually impregnable.

Which side began the slaughter was never established. In any event someone opened fire, and from then on until late the following night when troops arrived, Herrin was a shambles. When it was over some twenty-one were dead, nineteen of them strike-breakers, the other two Union men.

HOSTILITY, even leading to the use of lethal weapons, between strikers and strike-breakers is understandable enough. But what succeeded the Herrin massacre is one of those strange sequences which even the expert criminologist finds difficulty in treating with reason.

Many of the professional gunmen and killers which one side or the other in the strike had imported found Williamson County an attractive field, and decided to stay after the strike was settled.

Then began the tragic few years which earned the county its nation-wide sobriquet of "Bloody Williamson."

Gradually, the left-over gunmen divided into two distinct gangs. One was headed by the Shelton brothers—Carl, Earl and Bernard. They were country-bred boys, born to parents of respectability and long American ancestry on a prosperous farm near Fairfield, Illinois. Early in life, however, they had migrated to the big city, in this case East St. Louis, and there sharpened their wits on the sidewalks of the underworld.

Eventually, in the wake of the World War, they went into Williamson County and for a time engaged in mining. Then the lure of rum-running and other "rackets" claimed them and presently they were the leaders of a band of other lawless spirits who for a time contented themselves in this wise, but later turned to robbery of banks and trains as requiring less work.

Even before the Shelton gang was formed, however, other lawless spirits had banded together under Charles Birger,



Charles Birger, one of the coldest-blooded killers in criminal history, leader of the notorious Birger Gang. Birger's face in this picture, does not show his real character. Even his own men, themselves killers and reckless of death, stood in fear of him

an undersized little chap of Russian-Jewish parentage who had come to Williamson County and opened a restaurant and later graduated into the roadhouse business with liquor running as a side line.

Birger, peculiarly, had educated his already nimble mind still further upon the same sidewalks of East St. Louis that had been the school of the Shelton brothers. Raised in the

slums, Birger had pity hammered out of him and brutality hammered in early in his adolescence. In his youth he served three years in the Army. Then as he became a man and a civilian and his size made him the victim of other larger men, he put a "rod" in his pocket, became adept in its use and so was developed into a gunman who was useful to others because of his ruthlessness when he was out to "get" a man.

Like the Sheltons, Birger went into liquor running when he came into Williamson County. This mutuality of interest threw Birger and the Sheltons together. Eventually they went into partnership with each other in a large scale bootlegging business.

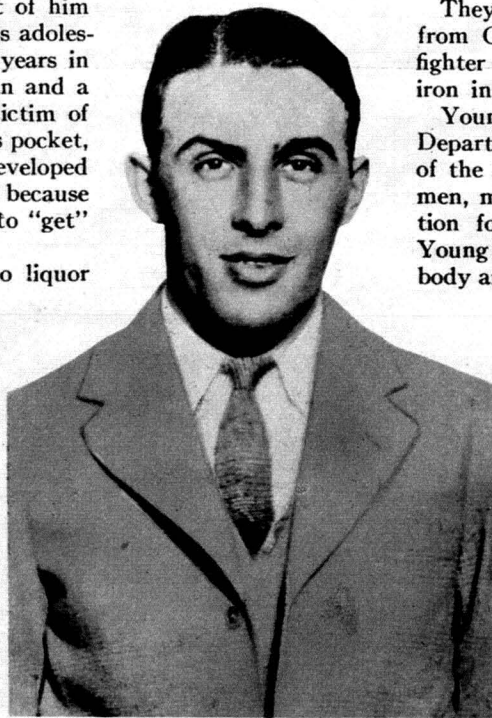
They purchased a fleet of motor trucks and soon were running rum from Florida into Illinois. By hijacking and otherwise smothering all competition the four won a monopoly on liquor selling in Williamson, Saline and Franklin Counties and no saloonkeeper could buy liquor except from them.

NATURALLY, to maintain such a monopoly required a large personnel, and soon every hoodlum and gunman in the three counties was enlisted in the Birger-Shelton combine.

Roadhouses, gambling houses and other illicit resorts sprang up and were running openly, supported by the syndicate which grew more and more powerful as its prosperity increased. The authorities seemed paralyzed—either through graft or terror inspired by the merciless character of those who defied them.

Then in the midst of this orgy of lawlessness and corruption, the Ku Klux Klan began to come into importance in Williamson County.

In accordance with the traditions of this organization, the members decided that, prohibition enforcement by the constituted authorities being lacking, they would enforce their favorite law themselves.



Handsome Connie Ritter, who, with Art Newman, another gangster, "interviewed" Oren Coleman, the new sheriff of "Bloody Williamson" County. Both came away from the meeting puzzled. Newman's pithy comment was, "He's smart; he doesn't say much."

They brought S. Glenn Young to Herrin from Georgia. Young was a hair-trigger gun fighter with a reputation for putting blood and iron into "law enforcement."

Young had been a special agent for the Department of Justice among the mountaineers of the South, had brought in several hundred men, mostly single-handed, and had a reputation for his shooting. In his early forties, Young was not overly tall, but compact of body and he had gray eyes, cold as steel, set in a face that customarily was sad and almost mournful. When he went abroad he was a veritable walking arsenal. One 45-caliber pistol was strapped to his right leg, another to his left; a rifle rested in the crook of his right elbow. Aided by various Klansmen, Young staged a series of raids, several of which seriously affected the Birger-Shelton coalition financially. Then began Williamson County's real reign of terror.

The usurpation of power by the Klan had aroused resentment in several quarters—chiefly among those sworn to uphold the law.

The element of religious intolerance also was unpalatable to most of the better-minded of the County, and the Birger-Shelton organization found, to its surprise, that hundreds of normally law-abiding citizens and most of the peace officers of the County, including Sheriff George Galligan, were on their side,

as opposed to the Ku Klux Klan.

Hatreds between the clashing pro-Klan and anti-Klan elements became intense. Every other issue was forgotten.

Backed by Sheriff Galligan, the anti-Klan forces fought Young's activities and caused his indictment on thirty-one counts of robbery, assault and other forms of violence and also indicted sixty of his associates.

THE climax of Young's activities came when he usurped the office of Chief of Police of Herrin after the Chief, John Ford, had been kidnapped and removed from the county. It was followed by a battle at Herrin between Klan

and anti-Klan forces on August 30th, 1924, that caused the death of seven men.

As a result state troops were sent to the scene, Young was disarmed and a truce effected upon the condition that he be exiled from the county.

He did not leave Southern Illinois, however, and presently he and his wife, driving along a country road, were ambushed by gangsters in a sedan. Mrs. Young was blinded for life and Young crippled in the leg.

When his wounds had healed he returned to Williamson County, bent on revenge, and soon was leading his cohorts again. As a result his most bitter



(Left) A man's life depended on how well he could protect it, at Herrin—even at a funeral. Above shows Sheriff George Galligan, of Williamson County (in light coat and felt hat) flanked by two deputies while he attends the last rites for Deputy Sheriff Ora Thomas, shot to death in a Herrin hotel by S. Glenn Young, former Department of Justice agent, imported from Georgia by the Klan

personal enemy, a deputy sheriff named Ora Thomas, engaged in a battle with him in a Herrin hotel. Both were killed, as were two other men.

Then for fifteen months the partisan feeling smoldered, only to burst suddenly into flame again at Herrin in April, 1926, at a cost of six lives.

In this street battle Alderman Mack Sizemore, his brother Ben, and Harland Ford, all Herrin Klansmen, together with Charles Briggs and Orb Treadway, Birger-Shelton henchmen, and Noble Weaver of West Frankfort, were the six who perished.

By this time, however, the good sense of the better citizens began to prevail and it asserted itself.

They recognized at last that the town, which had become anathema throughout the nation as the fountain-head of bigotry, could not go on forever slaying for any such cause. It was Herrin's last Klan battle—although the bloodshed was by no means to cease. "Bloody Williamson" was not yet to forego its country-wide reputation.

It was the county's ill luck that Birger and the Sheltons chose this time to disagree and go separate ways.

What caused the break in this amazing gang? The stories differ. Birger himself once said that it began in the first place over the fact that the Sheltons were not satisfied with the huge profits they were making in rum-running, but insisted upon going in for bank and mail robbing on the side.

"After the Klan was done away with we got along just as well as we had before when we had to stand together against the Klansmen," he said. "The Sheltons had made good money in the whiskey game but they went in for stick-ups. I told them my men wouldn't take part in robberies and a coolness sprang up between the Sheltons and me. Then something happened that made the break complete.

"I HAD a friend in Harrisburg who had a swell diamond. One night when I was in the town this friend telephoned me to come right away and bring a thousand dollars. I knew something was wrong and, sure enough, when I got to his garage there were three birds with automatics in their hands.

"I tossed the thousand dollars on the

The hair-trigger gun fighter, who has the reputation of putting blood and iron into "law enforcement" — S. Glenn Young. When he stalked abroad he was like a walking arsenal. He always carried a 45 automatic strapped to each leg (note the straps around his legs in the photo). In his last gun fight, which was with Deputy Sheriff Ora Thomas, each killed the other



The Ku Klux Klan parades the streets of Herrin, following the slaying of its leader, S. Glenn Young

table, but when one of the men reached for it, I grabbed it back and pulled my gun. Then I asked what it was all about.

"My friend said that they had stuck him up and taken his diamond and were demanding a thousand dollars to get it back. When he told them he didn't have a thousand dollars, they said he'd better get it pronto or they would bump him off.

"Which one of them has it?" I asked him and when he told me I made that bird give it back, then I kicked all three of them out of the place.

"LATER on one of the big noises in the Shelton gang came to me and said I had played them a dirty trick, that I had got the diamond back and then kept the thousand dollars. He wanted the money and I chased him out.

"Right after that I heard the Sheltons were out to get me. I began to believe it when I saw that an oil tank with a removable upper half which they used for running whiskey had been turned into an armored tank and that the Sheltons rode in it when they came into my neck of the woods."

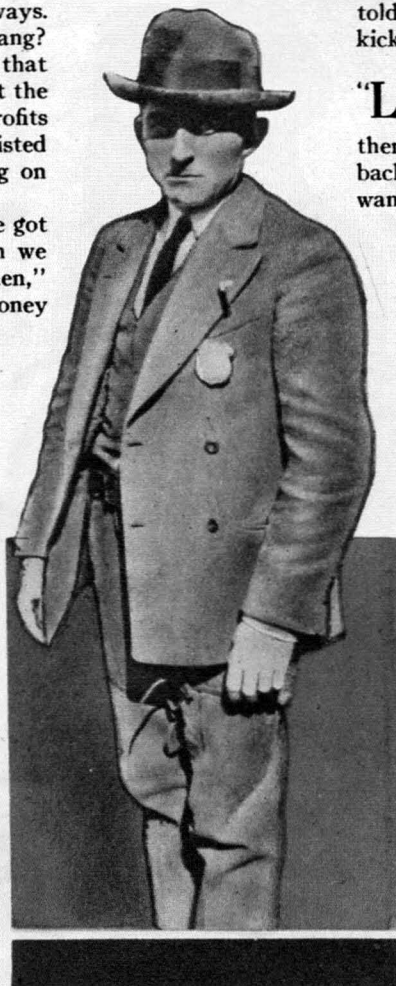
Carl Shelton gave this version:

"When some of the boys pulled that diamond robbery in Harrisburg the fellow that lost the ring offered a thousand dollars for its return. Birger came to me and I helped him locate the man who had it. Then Birger returned the diamond and collected the thousand dollars reward. And he wouldn't split a penny of it with me."

Earl Shelton told quite another story.

"The break between Birger and us Shelton boys came when I refused to smuggle some of Birger's relatives into this country through Florida. I told him I wasn't that sort of a lawbreaker. This caused a slight strain in our relations.

"Later, we bought some slot machines and located them in good spots in Williamson County. My brothers and I were to get half and Birger the other half of the profits. Birger col-



lected more than three thousand dollars from those machines and then refused to divvy. He tried to stall us by saying he'd paid all the profits out for protection."

Whatever the cause of the break, it was violent and complete. Scores of the gangsters and hoodlums threw in their lot with Birger, as many joined up on the Shelton side and warfare to the bitter death was decreed.

The split between Birger and the Sheltons sucked in town and county officials on one side or the other. Among them were Mayor W. J. "Jeff" Stone of Colp City and the City Marshal, John Freeman. Stone aligned himself with Birger and Freeman openly proselyted in behalf of the Sheltons.

COLP CITY is a town of about 300 population, yet when its city election rolled around the rival gangs found it desirable to take a hand. Stone, backed by Birger, was re-elected and his first act was to fire Freeman and appoint Charles Lawson as Marshal. Freeman gave up his star, but not his pistols; and Stone issued

a warrant for him, charging carrying of concealed weapons, and on May 6th, 1926, went with Lawson to serve it.

Freeman had his guns out even before the warrant was drawn. He pumped five bullets into the body of Lawson and then he toppled over himself, dead also, when Mayor Stone's pistol blazed and a bullet severed his spinal column.

The Birger-Shelton feud was on in earnest and first blood had been spilled with honors even.

This first battle was to have a sequel some months later—months during which the three counties over which the feud raged was to be kept in a state of terror by both sides.

Birger established his headquarters in a roadhouse, just over the Saline County line in Williamson County, and converted it into a veritable fortress which he called *Shady Rest*.

It was built of twelve-inch logs and stood upon a rolling hill. Loopholes on all sides commanded every approach and at them machine guns were mounted. Behind the roadhouse was Birger's private electric lighting plant. At night it ran throughout the hours of darkness, keeping burning a string

of incandescent lamps which encircled the entire clearing.

Outposts of Birger gunmen were established along the roads and in the woods in every direction from *Shady Rest* and inside the combination resort and fortress armed men always were on duty as reserves.

To match the oil wagon which the Sheltons had turned into a tank, Birger had one built for himself in Harrisburg, then went a step farther by armor-plating the automobiles

of his men and setting up two machine guns in each, with their bipods fastened solidly to the boards.

"The Sheltons can't touch us now," Birger boasted, a boast which was conveyed to his enemies and was accepted by them as a challenge.

Promptly both sides began to wage a campaign of destruction against each other's property. Sheltonites raided, ransacked and burned Birger's roadhouses; Birgerites promptly did the same to the Shelton resorts.

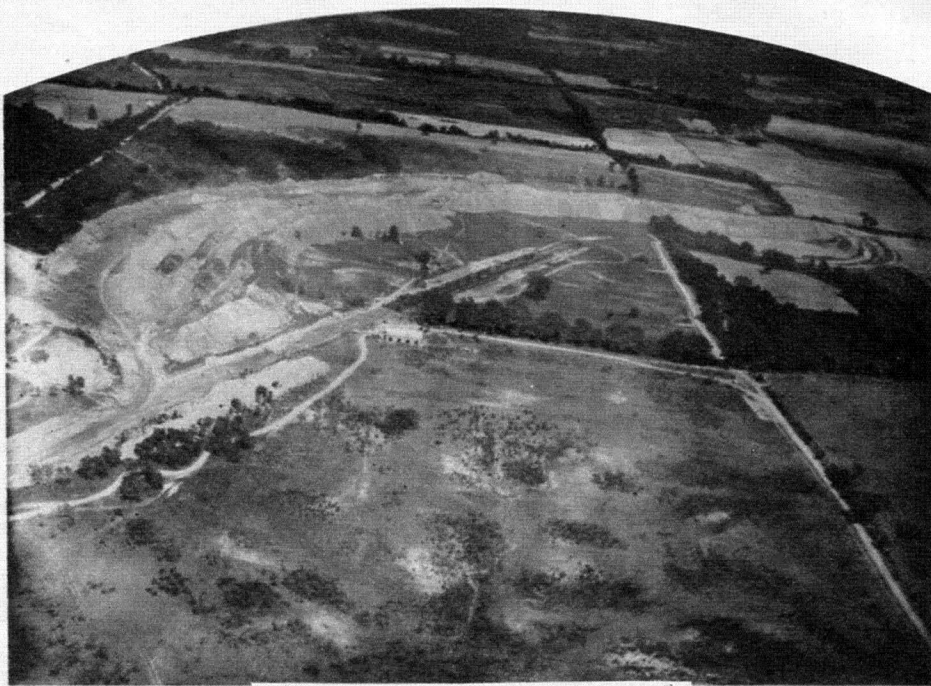
ASSASSINATIONS of minor members of the opposing forces became frequent, some of them marked by extreme brutality. Officials of the law were impotent or, as later seemed to have been proven, were in the pay of one

side or the other, so that no action was taken.

Panic took possession of the citizens of Saline, Franklin and Williamson Counties. They began to talk of appealing to the Governor to send troops to disarm both sides and establish martial law until the gangsters were run out.

Troops were just what Birger and the Sheltons did not want. They had seen the power of armed, uniformed forces demonstrated when the National Guardsmen had been sent to Herrin on previous occasions and had smashed the reign of the Klan.

Both leaders promptly gave out interviews in which they said that no one not aligned with one faction or the other need fear. Birger even obtained a minute on the air through



(Above) Bird's eye view of the mine at Herrin, Ill., where a battle raged on June 21st and 22nd, 1922, between striking miners and strike-breakers, which cost 21 lives



(Left) Oren Coleman, whom Birger's gangsters could not scare. He announced his candidacy for Sheriff of "Bloody Williamson" County, because, as he stated, "I want to continue living in Williamson County, and if things keep on as they are, I won't be able to do so with any feeling of safety." Coleman, who was a former school teacher, and had served in the World War, was a crack shot with the pistol, a huge-muscled man standing six feet, weighing 200 pounds, and feared no one

side or the other, so that no action was taken.

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a Southern Illinois broadcasting station to make the following announcement:

"My fellow citizens, you need have no fear for your lives. We know whom we are after. No innocent person will be bothered. I thank you."

Earl Shelton issued a similarly reassuring message to neutrals:

"No citizen who attends to his own business need fear reprisals from the Shelton brothers because of the depredations committed by Charlie Birger and his gang. Also I should like to remark that Birger is full of hot air. I think he is crazy."

Shortly after that the Shelton tank went on its first foray. Conveyed by armored automobiles—for the Sheltons had not been slow to follow Birger's example and armor-plate their cars and equip them with machine guns—it headed for the roads leading to *Shady Rest*.

At the time the intention apparently was to bombard the Birger stronghold, but not far from it the raiders spotted Art Newman, Birger's right hand man, and Mrs. Newman driving along the road.

Newman, unsuspecting that enemies were so close to the roadhouse, drove into an ambush. The machine guns of the Sheltons opened up and poured a murderous fire in the direction of Newman's car. The gangsters were still unfamiliar with the guns, however, and Newman escaped injury while his wife suffered only a bullet in the leg.

Aroused by the rattle of the guns, the Birger cohorts poured out of *Shady Rest* and came on the run. The Sheltons drove away.

THE very next day, however, the armored caravan came back over the line into Williamson County and boldly drove into Marion, the county seat. It paraded around the courthouse square several times, then halted for a quarter of an



This shows the spot, in Herrin, where six men were shot to death at a fight occurring in April, 1926, between the Klan and Anti-Klan forces

(Below) Masonic Temple at Herrin, in front of which seven men lost their lives on August 30th, 1924, in Klan battle



hour with its armed men deployed in the street.

When the residents had been sufficiently impressed, the cavalcade drove out of town—*meticulously halting momentarily at a "Boulevard-Stop" signal displayed on a street corner!*

Birger regarded the parade into his stamping grounds as an insult and calculated to weaken his boast that he was boss of Williamson County. His men had been getting the worst of it in the matter of "pay-back" killings and he set out to even up the score.

HE chose to make it somewhat spectacular. The

setting chosen was a roadhouse known as Lester Theford's Place. Harry Walker and Everett Smith just chanced to be the victims because a raiding party of Birgerites were able to catch them alone and make them prisoners.

The pair were taken outside of the Theford Place. Inside gayety reigned. A ukulele sextette twanged giddily away at the jazz tunes to which the patrons whirled upon the dance floor, glasses and bottles were on the tables and laughter and conversation were general.

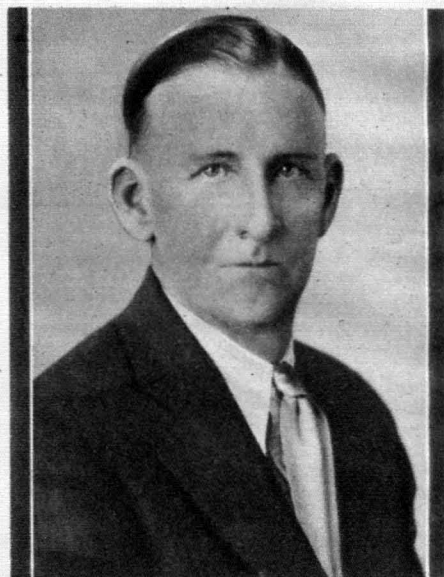
Suddenly the place went dark. In the road outside there was a burst of gunfire and a near-panic ensued as the merry-makers dashed for the door. The first one to get out of it stumbled over the body of a man lying upon the threshold. A few feet away lay another dead man.

Art Newman and two other Birger men were taken into custody but were later released when a coroner's jury at

the double inquest solemnly reached the verdict that Walker and Smith had come to their deaths at each other's hands in a duel—*quite ignoring the fact that both were shot in the back!*

Apparently the Sheltons struck back almost immediately, for on October 26, 1926, William B. "High-pockets" McQuay, a machine gunner for Birger, was found slumped over the wheel of his automobile on a dirt road between Herrin and Johnston City. His body
(Continued on page 96)

The CLUE of the RUBBER HEEL



Charley Bybee disappeared on Christmas Eve—while in the act of delivering Christmas presents to his friends! Who would have the callousness to murder a man under such circumstances? It would seem INCONCEIVABLE, yet—



(Above) Joe P. Bybee (brother of the missing man, Charley Bybee), who took an active part in the investigation. (Left) E. H. Smith, a country lawyer of Kentucky, who writes this story. He makes no pretense at knowing detective work, but nevertheless, he and those associated with him, were untiring in their efforts to solve this strange case

IN the fall of 1923, Charley Bybee, a man in his early thirties was a student in Bowling Green, Kentucky. He was a World War

veteran and was taking vocational training at the expense of the Federal Government. His wife and two children were living with him while he attended the school. He was a resident of Glasgow, in Barren County, Kentucky, and his father, James H. Bybee, and mother, as well as his wife, were living at that time, on their farm about four miles south of Glasgow on the Jackson Highway now officially known as U. S. 31.

On December 22nd, 1923, Charley Bybee with his wife and children left Bowling Green for the purpose of spending the Christmas holidays with Charley's parents at the family home south of Glasgow.

They drove a 1923 model Ford touring car.

After reaching the home of James H. Bybee they spent the remainder of that day and the next in visiting with relatives and doing Christmas shopping in Glasgow. They purchased, to be used as Christmas presents for other members of the family, a set of three yellow stone kitchen mixing bowls, with three white stripes around the outside of the top of each bowl, two dress patterns, a table cloth, a string of blue glass beads and a set of china cups and saucers. These were taken to the Bybee home south of Glasgow to be kept and delivered at Christmas time. The remainder of the 23rd and the morning of the 24th of December the family spent at home.

In the early afternoon of December 24th, Christmas Eve, 1923, Charley left the family home, alone, in the same car he had driven from Bowling Green, for the purpose of de-

livering the presents purchased the day before, to relatives living in Glasgow. It had been raining and the storm curtains of the automobile were up and in place. He bade his wife and babies goodbye and told them that he would be back in an hour or two.

BUT Charley Bybee did not return that day, nor the next. His wife and family be-

came uneasy about him. When the third and fourth days passed without any information about him the situation became alarming. Inquiry among those to whom the presents were to be delivered disclosed that he had not been to any of their homes, and that the presents had not been left for them. They were all without information about him. Inquiry among his friends in Glasgow and at his usual haunts failed to show any trace of him. No one had seen him. His wife and babies had told him goodbye, he had started toward Glasgow and then had as completely disappeared as a fog before the sun.

At this time Mr. Joe P. Bybee, a brother of Charley, consulted the writer and related the facts as above stated. Inquiry revealed that the best of family relations existed. That Charley and his wife were happy together, that there was no known reason why he would want to leave home or abandon his wife and children.

THE first thought of the writer was that Charley had had some trouble with his wife and had decided to leave. But after learning of the pleasant and happy relations between them, and the further fact that Charley and his wife had never had a cross word, this idea was soon abandoned. The next idea was that he was away on a Christmas spree.

Investigation proved that he was a moral young man, that he did not drink, that he had no questionable associates and that he had never been away from his wife for a single night without a full understanding of his whereabouts.

With these facts in mind, the theory that he was away on a spree had of necessity to be abandoned, although the members of the family and those of us who were working on the case hoped that one or the other of these theories would prove correct in spite of the facts which apparently disproved it.

THE next theory suggested was kidnapping. However, we could learn of no motive any one would have for kidnapping Bybee. Neither he nor his family were wealthy people, although they were in moderate circumstances. If he had been kidnapped, certainly the motive was not for ransom. We could learn of no enemies he had. We knew that

when he left home on Christmas Eve, he had very little money with him. In fact he had only a little change in his pocket. We could hardly believe that robbery could be a motive for the crime, yet we were now almost convinced that some harm had befallen him, although we still had hopes that we would find him somewhere.

We had a good and complete description of Charley and knew the clothes he wore when he left home. We knew that he had worn a checked golf cap. These are the facts we started to work with. We knew only that he had left home about two o'clock in the afternoon of December 24th to make a four mile trip and had completely disappeared. No trace of either Charley or the car could be found.

THE section of Barren County from the city limits of Glasgow to the Bybee farm to the south is well populated with well-to-do farmers and well-kept farms are found everywhere.

The Jackson Highway is asphalted and there is almost a constant stream of traffic over it. It was hard to believe that harm had overtaken Charley on this highway without someone, somewhere knowing about it. Our problem was to find that person. The community is almost one hundred percent American. There are scarcely a dozen foreigners in Barren County. There are a great many Negroes. These are mostly tenant farmers and are considered law abiding. We had no suspect and we had no reason to suspect anyone.

There was no "scene of the crime"—unless a four mile strip of asphalt road can be called such a scene. We were not sure that any crime had been committed, only our suspicions brought about by the process of elimination guided us to believe that a crime had been committed. We had no clue, unless our conviction that no harm could have befallen Charley Bybee on a well-traveled four mile strip of asphalt road without somebody somewhere knowing something about it was a clue. We had searched every inch of that four mile strip of roadway seeking anything that might throw some light on the case, but without result.

Because of our desire to save the Bybee family unnecessary publicity we had worked alone with the aid of a few local officers. The newspapers at our request had remained



Investigators had a theory that Charley Bybee (shown above with his wife) may have been kidnapped. But—where was the motive, since he was not wealthy? He had no questionable associates—no known enemies. Having very little money on him when he disappeared, and being a kindly, friendly man, and engaged right then on an errand of good will, who could wish him harm?

silent for several days. The officers of adjoining counties had been advised and requested to be on the lookout, but we had made and were making no headway.

AT this point we held a consultation in the writer's law office in Glasgow to determine a course of action. There were present at this consultation Mr. J. H. Bybee, Charley's father, a farmer; Mr. Joe P. Bybee, Charley's brother, a saw-mill man; Mr. E. C. Shaw, Sheriff of Barren County, and before his election a farmer; Mr. L. B. Doyle and Mr. E. M. Matthews, Deputy Sheriffs of Barren County, each of whom, before his appointment as a Deputy Sheriff, was a farmer; Mr. Pate Walkup, Chief of Police of Glasgow, a small town policeman, a man with a good deductive mind, but totally lacking in detective experience; and the writer, a country lawyer. We were all vitally interested in this strange case.

There was not a trained detective at the meeting. No one there would know a fingerprint if they saw one. I doubt if anyone

there could tell why it is necessary to powder an object to bring out possible fingerprints, and certainly no one there could possibly classify one. We were just a bunch of small town folks trying to solve a mystery which had us all stumped.

We discussed what we knew, which was mighty little. We did have the license number and the motor number of Charley's car.

AS a result of this meeting and acting on the belief that nothing could have happened on that four mile strip of asphalt without someone knowing something to throw light on it, we decided to take the matter to the public and await results.

We told the Glasgow *Republican* and the Glasgow *Times*, two weekly newspapers published at Glasgow, what we knew and also told a reporter for the daily papers of Louisville the same. Each of these newspapers published a news story of Charley's disappearance including the time and place, a description of him, his motor car license number and such other facts as we thought might help to locate him or give us some information about him.

After the publication of these news stories the public

By E. H. SMITH

became very much interested in the case. The sheriffs of all the adjoining counties and the police of all nearby towns were made familiar with the facts of his disappearance. The matter now became the principle topic of conversation on the streets and in the homes and most everybody was doing what they could to solve the mystery.

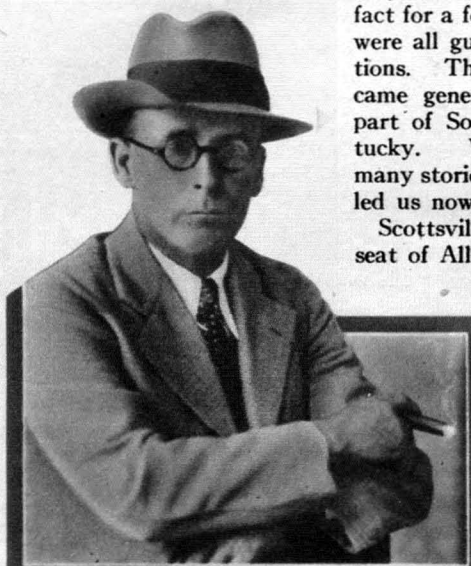
Many theories were advanced, some of which were plausible. One was just as good as another, because all were alike in that they did not have any basic fact for a foundation. They were all guesses or suppositions. The discussion became general over a large part of Southwestern Kentucky. We investigated many stories—each of which led us nowhere.

Scottsville is the County seat of Allen County, Ken-

About four miles out the Oil Well Road there is a large stream of water known as Skaggs' Creek and the Oil Well Road crosses Skaggs' Creek by means of a single span steel bridge. The water under the bridge is several feet deep and just below the bridge twenty or thirty yards there is a deep pool of water.

IN discussing the mysterious disappearance of Charley Bybee, and in general conversation trying to fix the four mile strip of asphalt which was being generally talked about, these young men, Herschel Young and John Stephens, recalled that on Christmas Eve they were in Barren County and that they had walked on the Oil Well Road that afternoon on their way to Scottsville to spend the Christmas, and that they had helped a yellow Negro to get a Ford touring car, with the curtains up, out of the mud not far from the Jackson Highway. Without knowing whether this information was of value they told the Sheriff of Allen County of this experience and he in turn informed Sheriff Shaw of Barren County about it. This was our first real step.

At our request these two young men came from Scottsville to Glasgow to give what information they could. They said that they were on their way to Scottsville and that they had started to leave the Oil Well Road before it intersects with and joins the Jackson Highway, and follow a path between the two roads to the Jackson Highway, thus saving them considerable distance, when they noticed a man who seemed to be having trouble with his automobile on the Oil Well Road between where they had started to leave the road and the Jackson



This shows Oil Well Road, just after it leaves the Jackson Highway. Charley Bybee's car was stalled at the spot marked with a cross. (Top) Deputy Sheriff E. M. Matthews, who arrested a suspect in the Bybee case on what seemed like convincing evidence. These same suspicious circumstances against the man later served to show the dangers of circumstantial evidence. Notwithstanding the fact that the suspect was innocent, developments showed that he might, had chance offered, have been lynched, although Matthews did no more than was his duty under the circumstances, in arresting him

tucky, and is twenty-five miles South of Glasgow on the Jackson Highway. The discussion there, as elsewhere, was widespread.

Herschel Young and John Stephens are two young men residents of Scottsville. They are oil well drillers. The nature of their employment carries them over a large portion of Southwestern Kentucky. They, with most everyone else, took part in the general discussion about the Bybee case without knowing or realizing that they were the very people we were seeking and that they would furnish the first and at that time the only clue of any value and the one which would prove to be the key which would unlock the whole mystery.

About half way between the Bybee farm and the City of Glasgow there is a road leading to the southeast and known locally as the Oil Well Road. This road intersects with the Jackson Highway. It is a dirt road only partly graveled and graded. This road is not a main highway and, in comparison with the Jackson Highway, traffic on it is very light.

Highway. They watched the Negro for a while.

Herschel Young proposed that they go down there and see if they could help him.

JOHNS STEPHENS objected to this, saying that the fellow could get his car out all right and that they would be delayed. But Young insisted that he did not like to walk off and leave a fellow in trouble and that he was going down to see what the matter was.

They both went to where the man was with the car. They were unable to give us the license number of the car, but they did remember that the license tags were both bent and covered with mud and that they had for this reason been unable to read the tag numbers. They told us that the man was a yellow Negro about twenty-five or twenty-six years old and weighed about 180 or 190 pounds. They told us that the curtains of the car were up and that the car had skidded off of the graveled road into a ditch and was leaning very much to one side. They observed some red substance

leaking from the tonneau of the car. When they asked the Negro what he had in the car he told them "fresh meat." They helped him get the car out of the ditch and the negro drove away to the Southeast on the Oil Well Road and they proceeded to Scottsville.

WITH this information we commenced to feel that we were making some progress. We wanted to find this Negro and we wanted to know what it was he had in the tonneau of the car, and we wanted to see the car.

We were now working on the theory that Charley Bybee had been murdered, that the car Young and Stephens had helped out of the mud was Charley's car and that the yellow Negro was either the murderer or an accessory to it. Inasmuch as the Negro had driven Southeast on the Oil Well Road we believed that somewhere out that road we would find the body or the car or some other evidence that would aid us in a solution.

We therefore asked for and obtained about one hundred volunteers to make this search.

We formed a line, each man about four yards from the next, stretching on both sides of the Oil Well Road, and advanced with this line slowly for a distance of about seven miles, combing the country as with a fine-tooth comb. Every gully and every bush was searched. We dug down into the loose earth of a newly-made grave in a country graveyard. I do not believe that so much as a lead pencil could have escaped us.

When we had reached the Skaggs' Creek bridge we had found nothing to which we were able to add any importance. We reasoned that if Charley Bybee had been murdered and his body disposed of along the Oil Well Road, the most obvious place of hiding it was in the creek. A searching party to drag the creek was at once formed and its members went to work, our line proceeding with its search as before.

About two miles beyond the bridge a member of our

searching line found, in some grass, under an oak tree, a bent and muddy automobile license tag. This license tag was just about as far from the road as it could have been conveniently thrown from the road. Comparison of the numbers on the tag with the numbers on Charley's car proved it to have been taken from the car in which the missing man was last seen.

The finding of this license tag gave us hope, and convinced us that we were on a warm trail. We found nothing more and the searching party returned to Glasgow. The whole public soon learned of the finding of the license tag and also of what Young and Stephens had told us.

That same afternoon someone, I have now forgotten who,



Chambers' old log cabin, where some of the Christmas presents Charley Bybee was expecting to deliver to his friends were later found, including the three kitchen mixing bowls. Note the mongrel dogs in the yard, typical of the Negro cabin; the tobacco patch and corn field. (Top-Inset) Deputy Sheriff L. B. Doyle who, with Joe Bybee, searched the Chambers cabin and secured damning evidence against the occupant. (Left) Pate Walkup, Chief of Police of Glasgow, Kentucky, who took part in the conference in E. H. Smith's office, on ways and means to locate the missing Charley Bybee

told us that a yellow Negro named Will Chambers had been married Christmas day. That he had married a negress who had said that she would marry no man unless he had an automobile, and that Will Chambers had recently bought a second-hand automobile and had it at his home in the Southeastern part of Barren County.

IT took only a few minutes' inquiry to determine exactly where Will Chambers lived, and Deputy Sheriff Doyle and Joe P. Bybee at once started for his home. The Chambers cabin is located about nine miles from the Jackson Highway on the Oil Well Road. It is a one-room log cabin with a boarded lean-to kitchen and a loft or upper room above the main and only living room. The small barn is located across the Oil Well Road from the cabin. When the deputy and Mr. Joe Bybee reached there there was apparently no one at

home. They at once went to the barn and in a shed of the barn they found a Ford automobile which Mr. Joe P. Bybee at once identified as being Charley's car. He verified his identification by a comparison of the motor number with the known number of Charley's car.

While they were yet in the barn, Will Chambers and his father Burl Chambers came to the barn. Mr. Bybee asked Young Chambers where he got the car and Chambers told him that he had purchased it from a man in Glasgow on Christmas Eve. The Negro was not nervous.

Deputy Sheriff Doyle at once placed Chambers under arrest and he and the Ford car were taken to Glasgow forthwith. When the car reached Glasgow, Chambers was taken to the Sheriff's office and the car was carefully examined. It had the appearance of having been washed out. It looked as if he had been scrubbed out with a scrubbing brush and lye or some other cleansing substance. On the rear edge of the cushion to the rear seat we found some dark brown spots which looked like and which we believed to be blood spots. On the bottom of the tool box under the rear seat we found the same kind of dark spots and in the tool box we found a wooden measuring rule used to gauge the gasoline in the tank and this was liberally spotted with these brown spots. We were satisfied that these spots were blood spots and there was little doubt in our minds as to Charley's fate. As so often happens when criminals try to clean up blood spots some places had been over-looked.

WE then went to the Sheriff's office where Chambers was put through an hour's grilling. His explanation of how he came into possession of the car was that he had purchased it from a man on the streets of Glasgow the afternoon of Christmas Eve. He said that he did not know Charley Bybee, but from the description he gave of the man he purchased the car from it could have been Charley.

However we were informed that he did know Charley and that he had worked at a saw-mill with him, and therefore what he told us as to how he had obtained the car was not believed. When asked to explain the blood spots on the car, he said that he did not know that there were any blood spots there, but that he had purchased some fresh killed meat on Christmas Eve from a

man named Reed and had taken it home in the car.

When asked where he got the money to purchase the automobile and the meat he said that he had just sold his tobacco crop. We were unable to locate anyone named Reed who had sold him any meat, and for that matter we were unable to find anyone at all who had sold him any meat.

When we finished the grilling it was about dark. Chambers was taken to the Barren County Jail and placed in a cell charged with the murder of Charley Bybee. We knew very well that while circumstances were strong, with what we had we would be unable to obtain a conviction unless we could find the body, and it was our aim to build the case so strong that there would be no question as to the outcome.

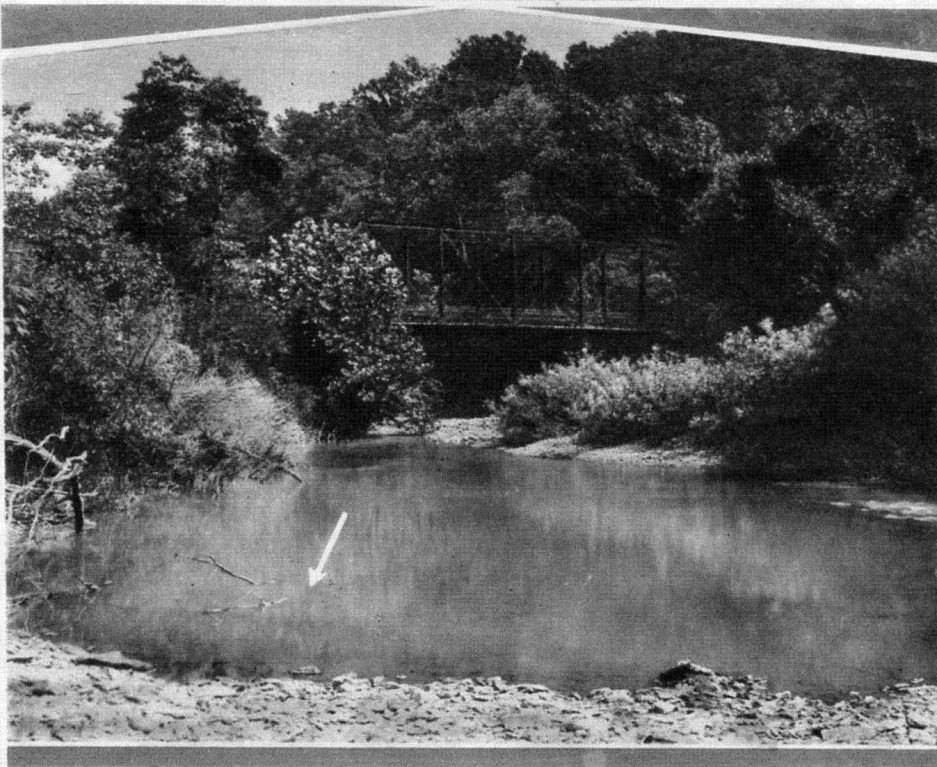


THE public was obtaining every scrap of information and every bit of evidence as fast as it was unfolded. The fact of Chambers' arrest, the finding of the automobile with the blood spots on it served to excite the public and the knowledge that Chambers denied his guilt and refused to disclose the hiding place of the body increased the fury of the public.

The streets of Glasgow were crowded. Threats of lynching were common.

Chambers, while at the jail, was subjected to further examination. Young and Stephens identified him as being the Negro they had helped out of the mud with his car and this incident Chambers readily admitted without any hesitation.

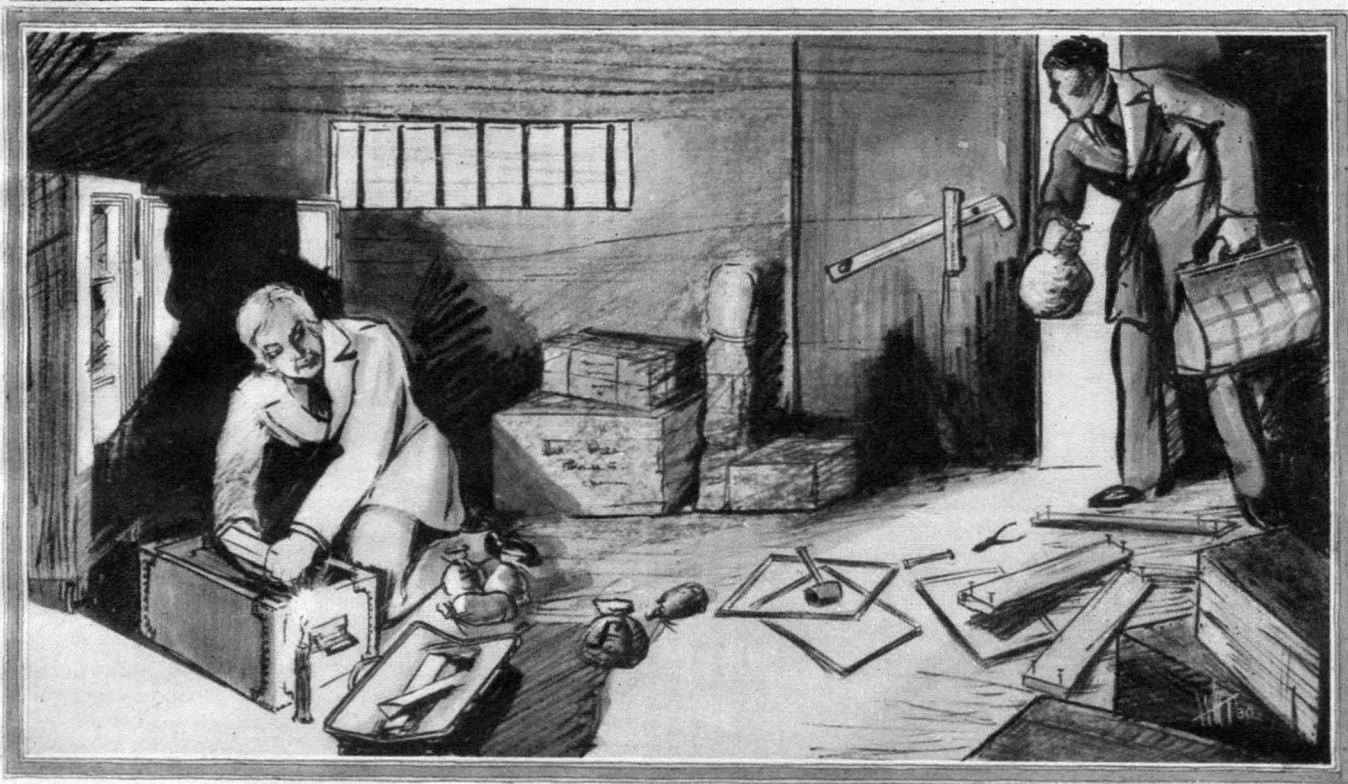
While Chambers was being questioned at the jail Mr. Joe P. Bybee accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Doyle returned to the Chambers place in search of further evidence. They found the table cloth on the dining table, the mixing bowls were on the table in use, and the dress materials were found in a paste-board box in the upper room or attic. These were at once returned to Glasgow where they were identified as being the same Charley had with him



Skaggs' Creek, where the Oil Well Road crosses it. Charley Bybee's body was found submerged in the pool of water at the spot marked by arrow, only the rubber heel of his shoe showing above the smooth surface. (Top) Asa Young, the man who found Charley Bybee's body through a chance clue that caught his eye

when he left home on that fatal December day.

While Chambers was being questioned at the jail, and the search was being made at Chambers' home, the indignation of the public was growing. The only thing to prevent a lynching was the want of a leader. (Continued on page 95)



Agar . . . took out the gold bars

A Fact Story

By

HORACE J. ANDREWS

Vanishing Gold!

It is doubtful if this case has ever been equalled in criminal annals, for careful planning and daring execution! Was there a single flaw in the plot? If so—WHAT WAS IT?

ON the night of the 15th of May, 1855, three boxes, containing gold in bars and American coin to the value of £20,000, were sent from London to Paris, and on arrival it was found that £12,000 in ingots and the specie had been abstracted and lead shot substituted, although none of the boxes bore any mark of violence.

The three boxes were bound with iron hoops, and had been sealed and weighed at the premises of Messrs. Chaplin & Co., carriers, London, on delivery there by the owners and senders. Messrs. Chaplin & Co. had handed over the boxes to the officials of the South-Eastern Railway at London Bridge, and the railway officials at that station weighed the boxes again and found the weights correct.

The boxes were then placed, as in the ordinary course of business, by the South-Eastern Company in iron safes, secured by Chubb's patent locks, keys of which were in possession only of confidential servants of the railway company. The iron safes had been put in the guard's van of the boat train to Folkestone, the guard, James Burgess, having charge of them but not possessing the keys to them.

When the train reached Folkestone, the safes were opened, the boxes examined, but not weighed, and locked up again in the safes, which were then passed on to the care of the captain of the Boulogne packet steamer.

On arrival at Boulogne, the boxes were taken out of the safes for further inspection and weighed.

Two of the boxes were then found to weigh rather more than they had weighed before, and the third box to weigh forty pounds less than it should have done.

The discrepancies were noted, but the Boulogne authorities had no power to interfere with the boxes, which were sent on to Paris. There they were found to weigh the same as they had done at Boulogne, and on being opened, to contain, as already stated, lead shot in place of ingots and coin to the value of £12,000. The shot was in little check-cloth bags, which prevented it rattling.

GREAT was the consternation and sensation, and the most searching inquiries were promptly instituted. From these it was soon evident that the theft must have been effected either while the boxes were reposing at London Bridge Station or in the train on the journey to Folkestone.

James Burgess, the guard of the boat train, and other persons were arrested on suspicion, but only to be released as nothing could be proved against any one of them.

Each safe had three sets of double keys. One set was kept by the traffic manager in London, another by the superintendent at Folkestone, and the third by the captain of the Channel steamer, and apparently none of these sets of double keys had been out of rightful hands.

Moreover, Burgess, the guard, had been in the railway service for thirteen years and bore (Continued on page 81)

How I TRAPPED the



The famous Newbridge Inn, which De Martini had under surveillance for some time

THE story so far:

During the robbery of the First National Bank of Bellmore, Long Island, New York, Ernest L. Whitman, an ex-soldier and Wall Street bond salesman, was murdered. Evidence points to an inside job—the cashier is under suspicion.

De Martini discovers that the murderers transferred from the murder car, a Buick, to a Hudson, which he has found to be owned by Jack Slattery, owner of the Old Homestead Roadhouse on Long Island.

The license plates found on the murder car belong to Julius Presses who admits that he arranged to have his car stolen in order to collect the insurance. On Presses' tip, De Martini arrests "Jake" and "Fosco" who disposed of the car for him. They name "Benny" Thalrose as the next link to the occupants of the murder car. Benny is about to talk—

Detective De Martini continues his story:

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

FOR several minutes we drove along the highway in silence.

It was a dangerous ride. If the men we suspected of the crime were the actual murderers, they might at any moment pass us and, experienced crooks as they were, figure out very easily what was taking place.

News flies through the underworld like a flash of lightning. We had no means of knowing whether or not the news of the pitched battle which had taken place when Thalrose was arrested had leaked out. It would be a miracle if it hadn't, for we had picked the man up in the very heart of his district. While the District Attorney had been questioning the tight-lipped Thalrose, I had taken a run over to see Vanderloef, the cashier, on the pretext of asking him if he had heard anything new.

Though he received me as effusively as before, I noticed that he had grown haggard. In one month he had aged surprisingly.

Was it the faked alibi he was worrying about? Or was there something more serious?

"Well, I did—I mean," Thalrose

De Martini's web of evidence relentlessly immeshes the Bellmore Bank bandits. With their backs to the wall as the net closes, desperate efforts are made to save the killers, now facing the dreaded electric chair. WHAT IS THE RESULT?

interrupted my thoughts, "I received the car—the Ford car that had the license plates found on the Buick. I figured I was buying a car brought to me to beat the insurance, but I didn't ask any questions," cagily he slipped out of the stolen car angle. "I never met Presses. I met Fosco in a pool room. There was another man I know only as Art who lives somewhere in Harlem. He had a buyer for the car. I paid the two men, Jake and Fosco, thirty-five dollars for it."

"What became of the Ford then?"

"Art and I drove it to a fellow's place in Long Island City. It's just a gin mill, but they call it a hotel—pretty old place, likely they named it in the time the Raines Law went into effect. I don't remember the name."

"Well," I said as he paused, "who did you see there?"

"We met a man named Jack and one named Joe, and there was another fellow named Arm. My friend Art did the bargaining. He insisted that he had been offered a hundred dollars to get the car, and they wanted to give us only seventy-five. The man, Jack, said the Ford was for a sod man and he wouldn't pay much."

"What is a sod man?" I asked.

"A MAN who takes sods to different houses to be put on lawns, I guess. Anyway, Jack wouldn't give us any more than seventy-five dollars, and this was given to us by the man named Joe. One of them said, 'We're going to get some money' or 'we're going to do a job' or something like that, 'then you'll get your money.'"

"But he had paid you for it," I interposed quietly.

Thalrose grinned uncomfortably. "I'm going to give you a surprise. We sold them the Buick, too. That's the one they promised to pay us for later on."

"Then what happened," I prompted, suppressing the jolt this good bit of information had given me.

"One of them gave us the license plates of the Ford car and asked us to drive the Buick to a dump on the outskirts of Woodside and substitute the Ford plates for the Buick plates. Someone jumped in the car with us and directed us to a lonely section where a dump was. We took off the Buick plates and broke them in two and threw them in the dump." He hesitated a moment to collect his thoughts.

"Where is this place—on Long Island City?" I asked him.

"I don't know the name of the street—it stands on a corner, near a vacant lot. We drove on to the vacant lot. But I could drive you there easy. You follow the elevated subway where it turns off from the Queensboro Plaza."

*By Detective
FELIX DE MARTINI
As told to
ISABEL STEPHEN*

BELLMORE BANK BANDITS

I took Thalrose back to jail. In the doorway, we encountered the reporter who had interrupted our luncheon by his unwelcome attention.

"Listen," I said to him, "give us a break, won't you. If you write anything now you'll do our investigation an awful lot of harm. The minute we can safely give it out, you boys will have it. I know something has been published already but whatever it is, it's away off the truth. Nobody knows exactly what we have but me, and I haven't told anybody."

"Expect to make important arrests within the next twenty-four hours, Mr. De Martini?" he asked seriously, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"We really do," I told him, "but you might keep even that out. Though that's been printed so often I don't think it would scare even the fly birds we're after. But for Heaven's sake don't put that in."

After turning Thalrose over to the warden, I drove out to Mineola and had a talk with District Attorney Weeks.

"ALL the leads, outside of the wild ones suggested to me by the cashier, I have investigated in connection with the Buick seem to point to Slattery," I said to him. "While I was waiting to see you I called up Captain Gallagher. He tells me that Slattery's bartender is known as Joe, and that his partner, Ambrose Ross is nicknamed 'Arm.' Do you think we had better wait until we see if we can find this chum of Thalrose's—Art—or go after the men in the Old Homestead right away?"

"That's entirely in your hands," the District Attorney said. "Do whatever you think best."

"Then I think I'll get an order to take Thalrose out of jail and have him show me the route he took when he and this Art delivered the two cars. That'll check up and put the acid test to the truth of his story if he leads us to the Old Homestead."

And that is what I did. Obtaining the necessary court order, signed by a judge, I took Thalrose out, and accompanied by a County man, we drove to the Queensboro Plaza.

I had told Thalrose nothing of what we had linked to Slattery, as I didn't want to give him an opportunity to build on what I knew. There was no possibility of his having learned that we suspected this man, and according to the reports of the officers who were shadowing his place, he certainly wasn't acting like a man who knew he was under suspicion.

A week before I had backed out of the Old Homestead angle because I could go no further with it. Now we seemed to be backing in again.



Ambrose Ross (center) handcuffed to detective, shortly after his arrest. He treated the arrest more or less as a joke at the time. Later his smile withered in the death house at Sing Sing, where De Martini talked with him. Twice he escaped the electric chair "by inches," and at last broke under the terrific strain and confessed. Detective John Fogarty, De Martini's partner in the Bellmore Bank murder investigation, is on the left.

"Where to now?" I asked Thalrose as we reached the Plaza.

"Turn to the right," he directed, and for a few blocks we drove under the thundering elevated subway tracks. "To the right again . . . and there," he said the next second, "is the place."

"Keep on driving," I ordered our chauffeur. "Let's get away from here."

Thalrose, as I had expected, had pointed to the Old Homestead.

AFTER I returned Thalrose to the jail again, I took the next train to the city. It was getting late, and I had a lot to do before we would be ready for the final coup.

To forge the links still firmer, I called at the Secretary of State's office and got copies of the photographs of Slattery and his bartender, "Joe" Stanley Klvana, had presented when they applied for a license. Ambrose Ross owned no car.

These were shown to Thalrose who identified them.

Now, after weeks of monotonous pecking away, things began to come fast.



land City Station House and Captain Gallagher and myself completely surrounded the "hotel."

AROUND five o'clock a Packard drove up and three rather boisterous, well dressed men leaped out and, laughing and talking, entered the place.

Within a minute we had closed in. Six of us, with drawn guns tore through the door.

Slaterry and Klvana were at the bar and Ross was just about to enter the back room.

"You're under arrest," one of the precinct detectives said. "Don't move, anybody."

Everyone, customers as well as suspects, obeyed the command literally.

As we spoke, men who had been covering the back of the house came in and filled the rear room.

"It's a raid," someone gasped.

"No, we just want you three men," the detective said, as he and two other officers snapped the cufflinks on Slaterry, Klvana and Ross.

"What are you going to do with us? Where are you taking us?" Slaterry asked with an amused smile.

"We're taking you to Mineola," I informed him, while he and his two companions were being frisked for arms.

"So," he said quietly. "It's you again, and I have to go to Mineola after all."

All three appeared to take the arrest as a joke. They had cleaned up out at the races and were in the best of spirits. On our journey out to the Nassau County Court House, where the District Attorney's office is located, they ridiculed the idea that we should have any chance in the world of pinning the Bellmore job on them.

Nor were they fazed in the least when confronted by Thalrose.

"Why, he's a cokey. You got him in a tight corner and he's lying his head off," Slaterry said scornfully after listening to the man's story. "I've never had anything to do with that

All three men were kept under twenty-four hour surveillance, so that if they tried to take it on the lam, they could be picked up immediately.

No matter how carefully shadow men may work, however, accidents occur. For that reason, we wanted to get all three men at one time and when they were together.

All three met at the races on Saturday afternoon. To attempt to arrest them there would be dangerous to bystanders, for Slaterry and Ross had the reputation of being quick on the trigger.

We took a chance that they would return to the Old Homestead, as was their custom according to reports of Captain Gallagher's men, before Ross left them to go to his own resort.

Consequently, Fogarty, one of the Nassau County men, a squad from the Long Is-

(Left) "Ice Wagon" Crowley and (right) "Killer" Cuniffe, considered two of the most ruthless criminals who have ever operated in this country. Both were implicated through confessions of associates, in the Bellmore Bank robbery and murder. During a quarrel in a Detroit apartment house, Crowley killed Cuniffe and the former, a few hours later, was killed by a police officer

unnerved type of fellow."

Now, if only we could get Art, I felt that we would have the case pretty well broken.

From a dozen men who were lined up, Miss Umhauer, the assistant cashier, unhesitatingly walked up to Ross and said:

"That's the man who asked me to change the ten-dollar bill!" She was positively sure.

That night I drove Thalrose to the locality in the Bronx where he said Art lived. We took a plant where we covered the house entrance, but were carefully concealed ourselves.

It was raining pitchforks. As the hours rolled on, it seemed as if the clammy wet atmosphere that filled our limousine

was seeping not only through our clothes, but through our flesh. Several persons came out and went in to the pretty three-family house we were watching, but Thalrose identified none of them as either Art or any of his family.

To have made an inquiry at the house, would have given the show away. The story of the arrest of the Old Homestead gang had appeared in a special early morning edition of the newspapers which appeared on the street by ten o'clock that night.

"Has Art got a sweetheart?" I asked Thalrose.

"I don't believe he has," he said. "He didn't run 'round much with any special girl. Once in a while he went to cabarets and got friendly with entertainers, but never since I knew him did he speak about any skirt in particular."

Around noon Sunday we were relieved by a man who took up the surveillance. All he had to go by was a very thorough description.

Thalrose looked pretty weary, but he had been a good sport, and hadn't once complained while we sat and shivered there for over fourteen hours. He had given me every scrap of information he could about Art, and I felt as if I knew the man.

I DROVE him back to Mineola, where even his little cramped cell must have seemed cosey, and the hard cot comfortable, after that long damp vigil.

Now that the case was breaking I was anxious to get it all cleaned up. There were several loose ends still remaining untied, and that night I wanted to spend talking with a cabaret entertainer named "Fuzzy" Jackson, whom Thalrose had mentioned as one of Art's latest acquaintances.

After a hot bath, a cold shower and dry clothes, I went over to Long Island City to see Captain Gallagher again. To have detailed all the aid that the Captain, now Inspector, gave us on this case would have turned the story into a novel.

Together we went over the story told by Thalrose, point by point.

"It sounds true enough," was the Captain's opinion. "That about changing the license plates and throwing away



the Buick plates in the dump between Astoria and Woodside is corroborated by that half license plate that I turned into the Deputy Sheriff's office in Nassau County about a month ago. That, you know, had three of the numbers belonging to the Smallwood license number."

"No, this is the first I've heard about that," I told him, keeping to myself the exasperation I felt.

(Sometimes many hands make light work, but it is equally true that there are times when too many cooks spoil the broth—and this was one of them.)

"Well, a man named Fiore, of Astoria, saw a Buick drawing up near a dump on March 31st. Fiore was going along with a team of horses and saw them stop when he was about a block away. He said they got out and did something to the back of the car. The teamster said that when they saw him they threw something into the dump, got into their car and drove off very fast going towards Seventeenth Avenue. Out of curiosity he looked to see what they had thrown away and found it was half of a nineteen-twenty-four license plate. He guessed they were automobile thieves, so he telephoned to the station house here and one of our men, DiGillis, called for it the next day. The dump is about two or three miles away from the Slattery place."

(To clean this end up, I might say here that Fogarty and I made several trips to that dump whenever we had some spare time. Finally our perseverance was rewarded when we found the other half—thus completing the Smallwood license plate.)

TO get back to Sunday.

That night I visited the hideaway cabaret in the basement of a drab-looking "brownstone front" mansion in Harlem where Fuzzy scintillated between 10 P.M. and any time after 5 A.M. that guests found pleasure enough to remain.

It was one of those places where your ring is answered by the sliding back of a square shutter which discloses a heavy wire-netted opening. through this a pair of eyes peer to inspect you before granting admission.

The case Fogarty and I had been working on prior to the Bellmore affair had taken us through that neighborhood. I had not visited this particular dive during that investigation, but I owned a card of introduction to a chain of those sordid resorts that have sprung up like fungus since prohibition. This card I was confident would let me in.

It did.

The man behind the door, however, did not greet me with the genial smile and greeting we were accustomed to receive from the gay Broadway headwaiters. He gave me the grudging admittance peculiar to those places.

The interior of this "night club" is duplicated in scores of basements. Sound proof walls; small intimate tables illuminated dimly with rose shaded electric candles; a small oval dance floor; a grand piano; a narrow platform, edged with imitation green shrubbery; dark walls that suggest concealed grime.

A large junoesque lady, in effusive hostess manner, came forward to meet me. Two Negroes were making deafening musical noises which quite drowned out whatever the girl at the piano was trying to play. A dancer, in that degree of nudity which got so much horrified publicity that year, was going through fantastic contortions on the dance floor; her performance would have interested only a reformer, however, for the blasé patrons had evidently seen too much of that sort of entertainment to pay much attention to it. In fact no one appeared to be watching her at all.

In the fetid atmosphere there seemed to be no ventilation and the faces of most of the men and women were as expressionless as masks. The only ones that appeared to have any life were the hostesses whom I could pick out in a flash.

AS soon as the music ceased and I could make myself heard, I asked the hostess if Fuzzy was there that evening.

"Why, that was Fuzzy who was just dancing," she said, looking at me suspiciously. "See, she's coming back for an encore."

But the applause was too feeble to encourage even Fuzzy, who made a few mechanically sprightly bows and disappeared into the rear.

"I never met her," I explained to the hostess, "but I promised a friend of hers that I'd look her up when I came here. No, I won't order until I find out what the young lady wants."

I suppose I looked affluent, for instead of stopping at the table of one or two substantial looking sugar daddies who tried to detain her, Fuzzy joined me.

It would have been easier if I could have brought Thalrose with me, but it is a risky business carting a prisoner around and you can't relax vigilance for a second.

Fuzzy ordered brandy and I diluted ginger ale with some cold tea I had brought in a flask for the sake of the masquerade. We started to drink.

Ensued, as the movie titles would put it, the usual "line" of cabaret conversation into which I managed to introduce the name of Art.

Fuzzy was a very young girl. Even her metallic gold bob that was plastered to her head like a right fitting helmet, didn't succeed in hardening her face.

"I heard that Art got into trouble and he's

skipped," she said simply, as she consulted the small mirror in her vanity case. "Boys are so stupid to come to a place like this and spend a lot of money . . . and honest, did you ever see such a graveyard bunch in your life?"

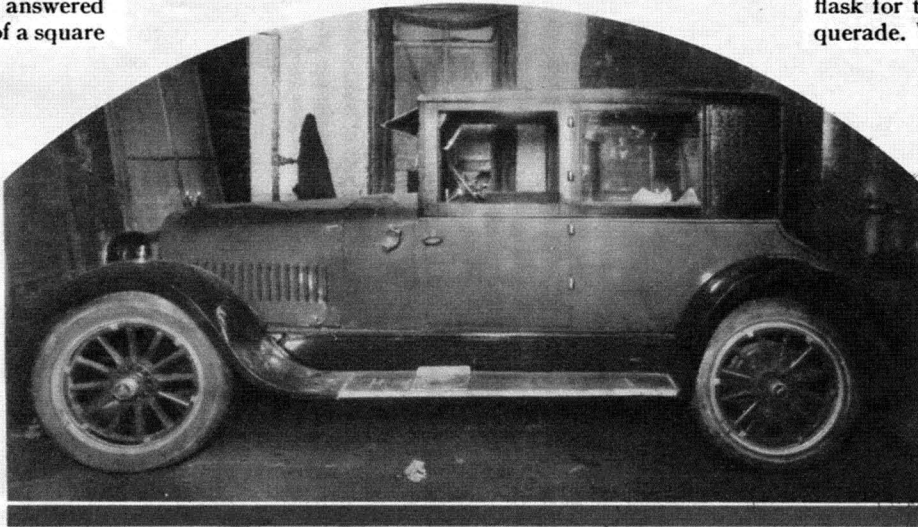
"Then why do you dance here?" I asked, in order not to seem too keen on the subject of Art. "I should think you'd have no trouble in getting into a Broadway show."

"I've got to have a lot of practice before I can become a really good acrobatic dancer," she said solemnly, "and I can't get the practice in a chorus. Art was a swell dancer," reminiscently. "Most men that's been in the Navy are."

"Was Art in the Navy?"

She nodded. "During the war."

Cautious inquiries brought out the fact that she did not



Jack Slattery's Hudson car in which the three hold-up men fled, after the murder car had been abandoned. It was through this car that De Martini finally traced the gang

know his last name. He had told her just to call him Art . . . and Art was enough for her. She had her own boy friend . . . Art was a good spender, but moody.

I got from Fuzzy the name of the chauffeur who lived in her boarding house and had informed her of Art's trouble and when I left her to repeat her dance the conversation had strayed some distance from Art. I was convinced that I succeeded in making the subject of Art seem so minor to my interest in her career that no suspicion could have been aroused in the girl's mind.

Whether I did succeed, I can't tell. But when I reached the boarding house, I found the chauffeur had made a hurried departure. We never found him, neither did we find Art.

Photographs of every man of questionable character known to have visited the Old Homestead were picked out of the Rogues Gallery and shown to all the eye-witnesses, but none were identified.

An alarm was sent out for "Chink" Kiekert, James Cunniffe, "Jocko" O'Moore and "Ice Wagon" Crowley.

Slattery, Ross and Klvana were arraigned in court and held without bail pending trial. They were later indicted by the Grand Jury for murder in the first degree, on knowledge and belief that they had killed a man while committing a felony. (I might explain that any one who takes part in a crime or advises its commission, or is present when it is discussed and does not relay the information to the Police, and any one is killed while that crime is being committed, is held equally guilty of murder in the first degree.)

The three men took the attitude that they knew nothing about the crime and therefore had nothing to say. Slattery replied sarcastically to all questions put to him, Klvana was indignant at the charge, and Ross remained stubbornly mute.

THREE days after their arrest the First National Bank of Bellmore closed its doors. Charles M. Vanderoef, its cashier, had gone out to lunch and failed to return. That morning bank examiners had arrived to go over the books and by late afternoon were very anxious to question him concerning a shortage of \$30,000.

I had nothing to do with that angle. The Bankers' Association detectives were on the trail, and before a warrant was sworn out for his arrest the cashier telephoned the investigators that he was waiting for them to come for him in a room at the McAlpin Hotel in New York City.

"I was a good sport," he was quoted as saying. "I never gambled or played the market, but I was a good sport."

Later, when he was in jail, I questioned him about his faked alibi. It was given, he explained, on the spur of the moment. To have given the true answer as to his whereabouts during that noon hour would, he thought, have proved embarrassing.

Now, everything was getting cleared up nicely. Vanderoef was in no way ever linked to the hold-up from that time on. His was a separate trial, the result of which was a sentence of several years in Atlanta Penitentiary.

We had three of the six hold-up men.

Who and where were the other three?

Immunity was offered by the District Attorney to any

one of the prisoners who would turn State's evidence. This offer was received with a sneer.

We had a card still up our sleeve against them, but so far it was a blank. This was the pistol found under the body of the dead man.

Captain Jones had traced this so far as a pawnbroker's shop in Philadelphia, but there he came up against a blank wall. The purchasers had called and asked specifically for a .45 Smith & Wesson, 1917 model on the morning of July 14th, 1923. Having none of that make in stock, the pawnbroker offered to get them one and promised to have it within an hour.

The gun was brand new, having been purchased from a first class sporting goods house, and they paid the full price for it. The address they gave was found to be in a colored section, and of course no one of the name given had ever lived there.

Photographs of the prisoners were shown to the pawnbroker, but he claimed to be unable to identify any one of them. With equal results he looked at the pictures, supplied by the Philadelphia Police Department, of the men who had frequented Slattery's saloon.

One morning in August I was looking over my notes preparatory to getting them in order for a formal report to the District Attorney, when Jack Fogarty entered the office with a copy of the *Evening World* under his arm.

"There goes one of our witnesses," he remarked, pointing to a double column headline on the front page.

I took the newspaper and glanced over the story:

CHAUFFEUR KILLS WOMAN AND SELF BECAUSE SHE WISHED TO WED HIM

Two Bodies Found in Parked Sedan at Great Neck
Letter Tells Story

A chauffeur who had become convinced that he did not wish to wed a young married woman who insisted on divorcing her husband in order to clear away all legal barriers to their marriage ended the romance late yesterday afternoon when he shot the woman to death in a parked sedan in the Lakeville section of Great Neck, L. I., and then killed himself.

THE man was Frank Fayard of No. 601 West 135th Street, New York. The woman was Mrs. Dorothy Wood of No. 3 Butt Street, South Norfolk, Va., who had been living in Elmhurst.

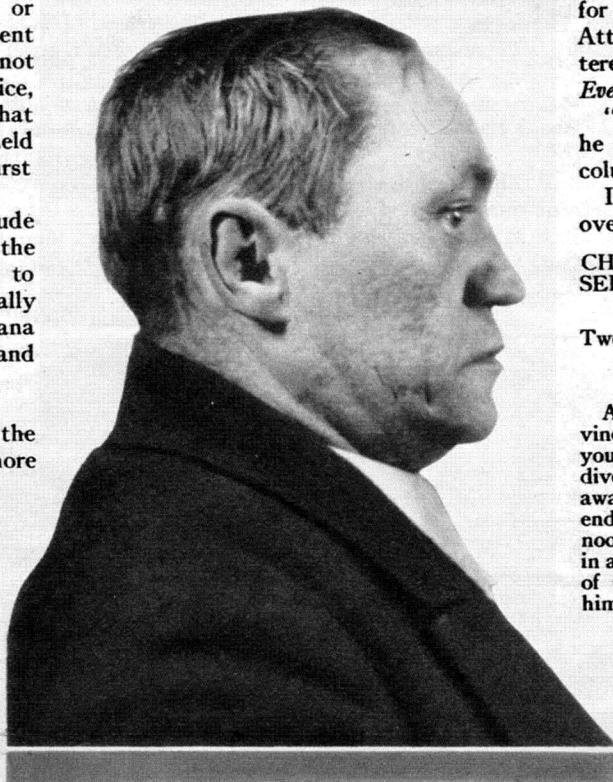
A letter in Fayard's pocket addressed to the woman's husband and stamped but not sealed told the story.

Coroner L'Ecluse discovered Fayard's identity from a chauffeur's license. Mrs. Julia Small-

wood of No. 713 Madison Avenue, for whom Fayard worked, said he had driven her home at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and then left under orders to take the car to the garage. Instead he evidently drove out to Queens and picked up Mrs. Wood.

"Yet they say lightning never strikes twice in the same place," I said as I laid down the newspaper. "Mrs. Smallwood is the last person you would ever imagine coming into contact with crime—and here is one of her cars—the Buick—used twice within six months as a murder car. We didn't really need Fayard as a witness, but if that rifle ever turned up, he might have been used in identifying it."

A blow much more severe and grotesque was dealt the Defense a week before the trial. William Slattery, chief supporter of Jack Slattery's alibi, was found strangled to death shortly before dawn one morning. He was seated in a



Frank Kiekert, arrested in Baltimore as a suspect in the Elizabeth, (N. J.) mail robbery and who confessed participation in the Bellmore Bank hold-up, implicating Cunniffe, Crowley, Ross and others

motor truck, parked in a lot on Third Street near East End Avenue, Long Island City, with his head wedged between the handle of the emergency brake and the gear handles. How it got in this position was never learned, but the medical examiner found a verdict of "accidental death" and no further inquiry was made.

At the first trial Ross and Slattery were both found guilty of murder in the first degree. Klvana's first trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury, but a second jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree.

After the trial was over, an appeal was taken by each one of the men as is always done in cases where a verdict of first degree murder is brought in.

ON the heels of the Bellmore case, our firm went to work on another which was equally complicated, but did not obtain so much newspaper publicity.

I had had no vacation for a couple of years, and as I was pretty well fagged out I decided in January, 1926, to take a few weeks off and spend it in Florida where I could vegetate for awhile among the palms and poinsettias of that semi-tropical state.

For the time being I was all fed up on criminal investigations and, as I said to my wife when I left our house on the noon before my departure:

"If anybody offered me a million dollars to touch a case—no matter what it is—I'd turn it down. I'm not going to do a stroke of work for the next six weeks."


There were, however, one or two matters I had to talk over with my partners, so it was necessary to drop into the office.

Thalrose called up and is very anxious to speak to you,
W. A. J.

I found this memorandum on my desk when I arrived. There was nothing that Jones and Fogarty couldn't handle just as well as I could and I was determined to pay no attention personally to this demand.

But it distracted me. I wondered what the devil he wanted to see me about. After throwing it out of my mind half a dozen times, I called the man up to inform him that I was going away.

Since the trial Thalrose, of course, had been at liberty. He was doing well in a legitimate way, having seen the folly of trying to pick up easy money in paths that had possible jail terminals. The telephone number he had left was that of his home, and one reason I was worried about this was not altogether for his sake but if he had lost his job and



(Left)
Klvana (smiling, with hand raised to hat) on his way to jail at time of trial, and shortly before he was acquitted on appeal. He was tried three times, the last time Ambrose Ross being brought from the death house at Sing Sing to testify for the State

again was in trouble he would make a bad witness if the appeals went through. When you are tired out you can imagine every blamed thing going wrong, and as a rule your apprehensions seldom come to pass.

THALROSE, he informed me, was doing very well, thank you. An effort, however, he said, was being made by Ambrose Ross's family to get him to change his testimony. Both the sister and sweetheart of Arm were convinced of the boy's innocence and were haunting him to "tell the truth."

"I've told them until I'm black in the face that I did tell the truth," he finished despairingly. "What am I going to do?"

Well, I thought, if they are trying to get at Thalrose, they're probably trying to get at the other witnesses. Eighteen months had passed since the crime was committed. Indignation had died down—and the witnesses might fall victims to the suggestions made them; not for the sake of money, nor with any idea of committing perjury, but out of sympathy for the family.

Then, all our house of cards would "faw down and go boom," as the current slang phrase has it.

"Can you get both girls to come over to your apartment this evening about eight o'clock?" I asked him.

"I'm sure I can," he said.

"Then do that. Captain Jones and I'll arrive there some time before that. Don't let them know we're coming whatever you do. If by any chance they're there before we arrive, come out and warn us and we'll have to try again. I'll give two short rings so you'll know who it is."

This plan was agreed upon.

I ARRIVED at the Thalrose home at ten minutes to eight and found Jones ahead of me. We both took positions behind a pair of portieres that separated the living room from the dining room which gave us a good opportunity of observing the girls without being seen.

The sister and Christine O'Brien, the fiancée of Ross, were both very attractive young girls—and both very earnest and very honest in their faith in Arm.

Seeing this, Jones and I stepped forward.

"It's a trap!" Miss O'Brien snapped, jumping to her feet. "I thought there was something wrong . . ."

"There is something wrong," I told (Continued on page 103)

Confessions of Frank Silsby

FOREWORD

BEATING the law has become a national game. No citizen, no bank, factory or armored truck is safe from the savage raids of bandits who swoop out from the underworld, strike and disappear. How do they do it? How do the gangsters get away with robbery and murder?

"I have committed approximately one hundred and fifty major crimes and have been arrested more than two hundred times," says Silsby, "but in only one instance did I 'do time'—and then on a plea of guilty. What's wrong with the system of dealing with crime?"

It is a question that national and state commissions are studying in detail.

Something is radically wrong.

Silsby here tells the readers of this magazine, in full detail, the story of his crimes and the system he used to escape punishment.

The story so far:

Frank Silsby born into a good home turns criminal at sixteen. Criminal "success" followed, but he is finally caught and sentenced to Minnesota State Prison. Paroled on good behavior, he violates parole and is returned to prison. After two years he is unconditionally released.

Bitter against society he becomes a master criminal, the head of his own gang—in league with a bank president. More success follows and then a friend of the banker—a "stool"—almost causes Silsby's ruin. The banker commits suicide and Silsby continues his outrages against society.

St. Louis is now his headquarters but he is beginning to see that crime does not pay. He is being arrested with regularity and paying huge sums for his release. This time he has been arrested and identified. He has been released on bond and has found the man who identified him. They are taking this innocent citizen for a ride—

Silsby continues his story:

—MASTER CRIMINAL

As told by HIMSELF

"Will you ever come back to St. Louis?"

"I'll swear before God I won't."

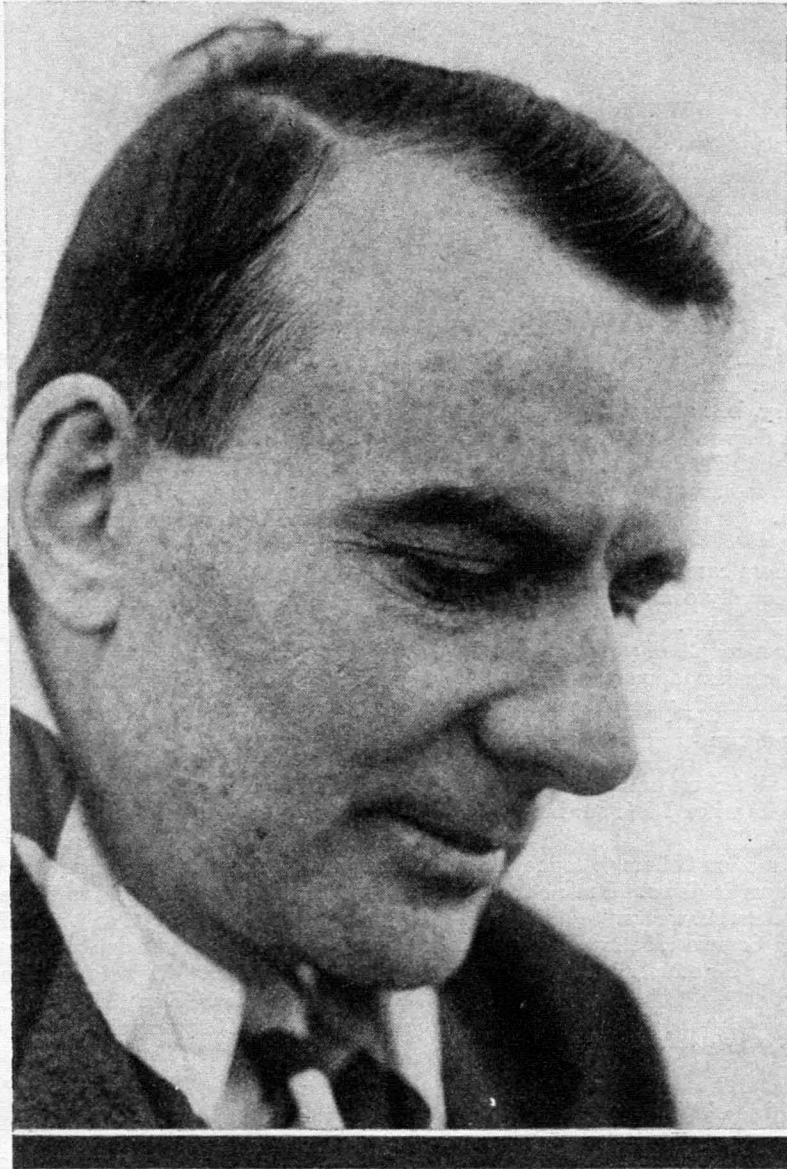
Promising to kill him if he ever told a single person—even his wife—of what had happened, we drove him back to the city. I watched the house, and he left town that night.

The indictment still stood against me, but, with the witness gone, the case was never called for trial and in the course of time was dismissed.

My funds were low, as usual, and I was on the lookout for a good job. I still had thoughts about the failure of crime as a business, but like all other criminals I was looking for that one big haul before quitting. While seeking a line on such a robbery, a man came to me with a letter.

"This will introduce ———," it stated. "He is a crackerjack and a hundred percent. Trust him on anything. I give him my very highest recommendation." It was signed by a "contact man" in an eastern city, whom I had known for many years. The man informed me that he had an inside line on a bank in St. Louis County and that four or five men could stage the robbery and divide about \$85,000. It looked good to me and, coming highly recommended, I trusted him.

I called in some of my Cuckoo associates, outlined the plan and worked out the details.



PART SIX

DON'T do it," he cried. "For God's sake, don't do it. Think of my poor wife and my family. Have mercy on me, please have mercy! I'll deny that I identified Silsby. I'll swear he is not the man. I'll say that the police framed him—anything you want me to say. Give me a chance. I'll leave town and never come back again. Please give me a chance."

"Will you get out of town before midnight?"

"I'll swear it."

THE bank was robbed and we escaped with considerable money. But the next day every one of us with the exception of the strange bandit, was arrested and charged with the crime.

I got out on bond and began pulling all the wires I knew to ascertain the whereabouts of the stranger. Then I learned the truth. The strange bandit was, in reality, a detective employed by a high-class agency which had been retained by a big insurance company to make an effort to clean up the bank robbers operating (Continued on page 74)



Vivacious, beautiful—Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical underglow that makes brilliancy natural!

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to ordinary rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color Is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color showing through the skin from beneath.

Now then! All ordinary rouge blots out glow. On the contrary Princess Pat rouge imparts glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to come from within the skin. It is sparkling, as youth

is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only beauty is seen—"painty" effects never.

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Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical underglow to harmonize with the skin, and an overtone to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to your individual need.

Every Princess Pat Shade Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, any shade of Princess Pat you select will harmonize with your skin. The duo-tone secret



gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are unlimited. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights. So thrillingly beautiful is this fashionable use of just the right shade for the occasion, that you will undoubtedly want to possess at least a shade for day—and wonderful NITE for evening use. The cost? No more—because each shade lasts its accustomed time.

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Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you try Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you can be.

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THE *Green Bicycle* MYSTERY

One of the strangest criminal cases that ever confronted the English police. Read this—and see if you can figure out WHO KILLED BELLA WRIGHT?

By EDGAR JEPSON

ON the night of the 5th of July, 1919, about twenty minutes past nine, Mr. Powell, a farmer of Middle Stretton, in England, was walking along a rather lonely road between Middle Stretton and Gaulby. The summer twilight was bright; but owing to the hedges, eight feet high, on either side of it, the road was in shadow. Dimly he saw ahead of him a heap on the edge of the turf that bordered the road. Then he realized that the heap was a man or woman, and quickened his steps to find that it was a pretty girl, with a good figure and a clear, velvety skin, of about twenty.

She was lying, half on her back, half on her left side, on the edge of the turf not far from a gate in the hedge. Her bicycle lay beside her. The blood was flowing from her nose, and her head lay in a pool of blood. He found that she was dead.

She had been dead but a little while; her body was still quite warm. Dumbfounded, he sought for the cause of her death. There were no traces of a struggle, no signs of an accident. Her bicycle, undamaged, lay close beside her. He doubted that she had been on it when she fell. He came to the conclusion that she had died from collapse or exhaustion.

He hurried away to find helpers to remove her. They came; and she was recognised as Annie Bella Wright, a worker in a rubber factory, the daughter of a labourer at Stoughton. She was taken to her home, and Doctor Edward Williams was called in. He formed the opinion that her death was the result of an accident. Everyone accepted his verdict.

Everyone except a police constable of the name of Hall. He was not satisfied that the girl's death was the result of an accident, and next morning he went back to the place where her body had been lying and made a careful search. A red patch on the top rail of the gate in the hedge caught his eye. He found that was the red print of a raven's claws. In the meadow he found the body of the bird, dead of the blood with which it had gorged itself. He went on with his search on the road. Seventeen feet from the spot where the body had lain, trodden into the roadway by a horse's hoof, he found a bullet.

He hurried back to Stoughton and found that the bullet fitted into a wound above the dead girl's left cheek bone.

DOCTOR WILLIAMS was called in again to make another examination. He found a punctured wound in the girl's left cheek and a larger one on the top of the right side of her head. There were no signs of anything in the nature of an attempt at outrage.

At once the police got to work vigorously. They learnt that at about 7:30 the evening before, Annie Belle Wright had ridden into the village of Gaulby in the company of a man on a green bicycle.

She had gone into the cottage of her uncle, George Measures, a roadman, and stayed there for about an hour. The man on the green bicycle had waited for her. Her uncle saw him walking up and down about fifty yards away. She told her uncle that he was a perfect stranger. When Bella Wright came out of the cottage, the man was near the gate. Her uncle said that he had called out to her:

"You were a long time, Bella. I thought you had gone the other way."

They stopped outside the cottage talking, then at a quarter to nine rode off together.

Thirty-five minutes later Mr. Powell found the girl lying dead, from a bullet wound in the head, on the road at Middle Stretton.

The police began to hunt hard for the man on the green bicycle. Next day they learnt that two little girls, Muriel Nunney, aged fourteen, and Valeria Caven, aged twelve, attending Leicester High School, had been cycling along a road, leading from Leicester, at about 5:30 p. m. on the day of the tragedy, and met a man cycling in the opposite direction. As he passed he smiled and spoke to them. Then he turned, followed, and overtook them. He asked them several questions: where were they going, and so forth? Becoming alarmed, the two children turned and rode back toward Leicester, leaving the man standing by his bicycle near a farm gate. They declared that the man was riding a green bicycle and that he carried a raincoat.

That was all the police could discover at the time.

THEY could find nothing in Annie Bella Wright's life to lead them to the man on the green bicycle. Her family had lived in Leicester, and on leaving school she had been in domestic service till 1917. Then she began to work in a factory. When her family moved to Stoughton she rode to her work and returned on a bicycle. She was keeping company with a fireman in the navy who should be demobilised in August. Her employers were questioned; her relations and friends were questioned; the young men she had attracted were questioned. None of them could throw any light on the mysterious rider of the green bicycle.

High and low and far and wide the police hunted. They could not find the rider of the green bicycle; they could not find the green bicycle. Both had vanished. Days passed into weeks, weeks into months.

Then, on the 23rd of February, 1920, seven months and eighteen days after Mr. Powell had found Bella Wright lying dead on the road at Middle Stretton, the towing-rope of a barge on the Leicester Canal, dipping into the water, brought up the frame of a green bicycle with the back

wheel missing.

The police had found the green bicycle. It led them to Mr. Ronald Vivian Light, assistant mathematical master at Dean Close School, Cheltenham.

THE bicycle had been made by the Birmingham Small Arms Company, of that the police were sure. Some of the identification marks had been filed off it; but when it was taken to pieces, they found on it the maker's number, 103,648. They learned that the Birmingham Small Arms Company had sold it to a dealer of the name of Orton. He had sold it to Mr. Light in 1910.

On the 4th of March, Detective-Superintendent Taylor, accompanied by Detective-Sergeant Iles, of the Gloucester Police, called on Mr. Light at the Dean Close School, Cheltenham. They found themselves confronted by a good-looking man of thirty-four, with clean-cut features, clear brown eyes, clear-skinned, with dark, wiry hair growing slightly grey, and an air of confidence in himself.

Detective-Superintendent Taylor told him that he was a police officer making inquiries about a green bicycle in connection with a case of the shooting of a young girl, then said to him:

"You had a green bicycle. What became of it?"

"I never had a green bicycle," said Mr. Light.

"What about the green bicycle you bought from Orton?" said the detective.

Mr. Light again denied ever having had a green bicycle; but afterwards he said:

"Yes, I had one, but sold it years ago. I don't know who I sold it to. I've had so many bicycles."

The detective then told him that his answers were not satisfactory and he would detain him.

At the police station he said: "What is this stunt? I sold the machine before I left Derby. I'm not sure whether it was a B.S.A. I sold an Allweather to an ex-officer I met in Leicester in 1919."

On being charged with murdering Bella Wright, Mr. Light said: "It's absurd!"

BROUGHT before the magistrate, Mr. Light denied the accusation, and reserved his defence. He was remanded, and finally committed for trial.

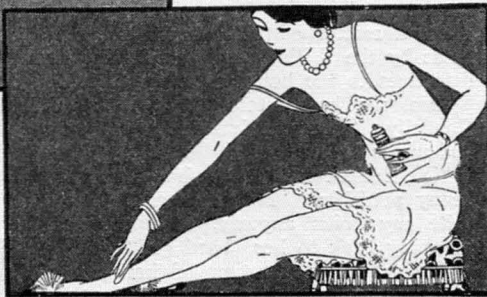
The police learnt that Mr. Light was the son of a citizen of Leicester, who had been killed by falling out of a window; that he had been educated at Leicester. For some years he had been a draughtsman in the employ of the Midland Railway. In 1915 he had joined up; and at the end of that year he had obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers. Later he had joined the H.A.C. In 1918 he had been invalided home, suffering from shell-shock. He had been living in Leicester for five months

(Continued on page 116)



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The Strange Fate of Hughie McLoon—Famous Baseball Mascot

(Continued from page 38)

from the Sansom Street apartment, which, at first, she denied owning. The dress which she wore when she was arrested began to look a little shabby after a few days in her cell, however, and one time while she was coming down the stairway from the cell-room, she tripped and broke a heel from one of her dainty slippers. So she decided to accept a supply of clean clothes and another pair of shoes from among those which the detectives had packed up and carried out of her apartment.

"I guess I might as well wear them—they're mine anyway," she said nonchalantly.

ON Thursday following her arrest, detectives acting on a tip from underworld informants, went to Atlantic City and arrested a tall, slender youth who answered closely to Kilpatrick's description of Burns, No. 1—the youth who had rented the room on Park Avenue two days before Danny O'Leary was killed.

This suspect declared readily that his name really was Burns—Joe Burns. And he admitted that he had gone to the house at 1828 Park Avenue with Jenny Brooks and rented the murder room!

His explanation was that he was a friend of Grace Williams, and that on the afternoon of Monday, August 13th, he met her and Jenny outside a hotel on Chestnut Street. Grace told him she was moving to rooms on Poplar Street, and he and a friend, Peter Bolitzer, offered to give the two girls a lift in Burns' car.

Later Jenny explained that she was renting a room for herself, and asked Burns if he would go with her and let her use his name. He agreed, and that, he declared, was his only knowledge of the whole affair! Bolitzer, who was also arrested, confirmed all his statements.

BURNS was brought face to face with Jenny, and repeated his story word for word, but the encounter led to nothing.

The girl, whom detectives were beginning to call an "iceberg," declared she did not know Burns and had never seen him before. And she denied every detail of his story.

It began to look as though Jenny Brooks would never talk. But that was because detectives had not yet found the one weak spot in her armor of self control! Nearly a whole week more passed before they did find it.

And then one day they located a little brick house in South Philadelphia which had been the starting point of the wild and adventurous career which had led Jenny into their hands.

Previously she had refused to talk about her family or her home. But in the house on South Napa Street, a grizzled old man named Albert Pechler readily declared that Jenny Brooks was really his daughter, Anna, and that she had run away from home two years before, when she was only fourteen!

Jenny had insisted that she was twenty-five, and the revelation that she was only sixteen added to the amazement of the detectives who had been unable to break

down her attitude of defiant assurance! Pechler, a Hungarian laborer who could scarcely speak English, said he had recognized his daughter's picture in the papers when she was first arrested, but had not gone to see her because of fear of the gangsters with whom she had associated.

He told the investigators of Jenny's runaway marriage with Antonio Marcello, a young Italian, and how he later learned she left her husband after a few weeks. Mrs. Pechler had died since her daughter left home, and he did not believe Jenny knew about her mother's death.

These revelations put into the detectives' hands a weapon which they resolved to make the best possible use of. It was practically their last chance, as all other attempts to make their pretty captive talk had failed.

AT 2 o'clock one morning, Jenny was awakened from a sound sleep by Captain Beckman and Inspector Connelly, and led in silence to the roll room on the fifth floor of City Hall.

"Don't you ever intend to let me sleep?" she demanded crossly, after they were seated.

"Yes, when you tell the truth—*Anna Pechler*," replied Beckman, watching her closely.

The girl started from her chair at the mention of her real name, for the first time showing a sign of suppressed emotion.

"You know—" she said breathlessly.

"Yes, we know who you are, and your family knows what has happened to you, too," replied Beckman.

"Is my mother—out there?" she asked, pointing to the corridor.

The detective did not have the heart to break the news of her mother's death, but answered: "You're worried, now, aren't you?"

"Oh—you can't fool me," retorted the girl sullenly. "I guess Grace Williams has been talking."

As a matter of fact it was a remark made by the Williams girl which first led detectives to the house on Napa Street.

"No, she hasn't told on you," replied Connelly. "But your husband is out there, and wants to help you."

"Oh, I don't want to see him," answered Jenny pettishly. "I only married him to spite my folks anyway," she continued, dropping back to her "hard girl" role.

Before, when mention of her parents had been made, there was something pathetic and appealing in her tone, but her underworld moll self was again coming to the front.

"I never could go out to the movies or anything when I wanted to—so I got married just to get away from home," she added.

"Well, go ahead and tell us what you know about O'Leary and his gang," continued the Inspector.

"Do you really know about my family?" countered the girl, still skeptical.

THE two officials assured her they had indeed located her home, and gave some details about the address, names, etc., which reassured her.

"Well, all right, I might as well tell

you what I know," Jenny began, a calculating light creeping into her eyes. "But don't expect too much," she added, holding up a warning hand, as the detectives bent forward eagerly.

"It is true I knew Danny. In fact, we were really in love, and planning to set up a home together when poor Danny was killed." In spite of these words, there were no tears in the girl's eyes as she spoke.

"I met Danny and Grace Williams both in Atlantic City this summer," she went on. "Danny appealed to me a lot—much more than any of the other fellows I knew. I'm pretty sure we were in love."

The sixteen year old girl paused as though she was trying to decide for herself just what love actually was—or could be—to a girl of her type.

"About two weeks ago—I guess it was on Sunday, Danny came to see me and said he was tired of staying at the shore, and wanted to get an apartment in Philly. Grace was already back in the city, living in a hotel on Chestnut Street.

"The next day, Monday, I came back on the train and went to see Grace. I found her just packing up to move to another place, and I helped her. Then we started out, carrying her bags.

"On the street we met Joe Burns—yes, I knew him all right when he was here—and that Bolitzer fellow, and they offered to give us a lift to Grace's new place on Poplar Street, just like Joe said. I didn't like it there for myself, so Joe suggested I go and look at the place where he was living, on Thirteenth Street near Montgomery Avenue.

"We went there, and I looked at a room, but it wasn't so good either. The man said to go around and try Mr. Kilpatrick on Park Avenue, a few doors away.

"When we went in, I didn't want to give my real name, so I asked Joe if it would be all right to say I was Mrs. Burns, and he was my husband. He said O. K., and that is why there was all that mixup about the man who rented the room.

"Then we went back to Grace's room, and she went out. I waited around awhile, expecting to hear from Danny, but he didn't call. That night I stayed in the room on Park Avenue alone.

"Next day, while I was at Grace's place, I got a call from Danny, and he came right up and met me. We walked from Fifteenth and Poplar Streets to the new room, and he said he thought it was a fine location. Then we both got dressed to go out, because he said he wanted to take me over to Jersey that night and have a good time.

"About eight o'clock he sent me out to look for a cab, but I couldn't find one. He came out to help me, and we ran into Shorty Feldman and Peterson at the corner. They told Danny they were looking for him to tell him he was in danger, and they didn't want him to go out to any place in Jersey.

"They said: 'Those guys will bump you off if you go over there!'

"Danny, you know, didn't have any fear.

(Continued on page 72)

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(Continued from page 70)

I can hear him now, the way he said: 'If anybody gets gay with me, he'd better watch out. I ain't afraid of any of them.'

THE girl paused for a moment with a curious expression on her face, but still there was no sign of tears in her dark eyes. Then she went on:

"We got a cab, and in about an hour we reached the Ringside Inn, near Blackwood. Danny started right in to drink heavy as soon as we sat down. After awhile he left me and went over to the bar.

"I noticed that there were four or five fellows following him around all the time, and trying to pick a fight. But Danny was so drunk, the other fellows at the bar always stopped them.

"Finally I figured I'd better take him home, and called a taxicab. The driver had to help me carry him out and put him in the seat. Then four or five fellows—I couldn't see their faces—came running out and called the driver to one side.

"He came back and said to me: 'We'll have to wait awhile, Miss, one of the tires is flat!' I got out and looked but the tires seemed all right. After waiting about twenty minutes the driver came running out of the place and said: 'Now we're all set—let's go!'

"Danny was in a half doze on my shoulder as we started up the Black Horse Pike at a pretty good clip, but I turned around and looked out the back window.

"There was a big touring car following us up the pike! I could see the headlights only a few hundred feet behind us all the way!"

"The car stayed behind until we came to a lonely stretch of road, with no other cars in sight, and then it suddenly shot up in front of us and forced the cab to the side of the road! I was scared to death—I knew they were getting ready to kill Danny then and there. But just then two State cops on motorcycles came along and stopped to see what was happening.

"What's this all about?" one of the cops said to the driver of the touring car. "Oh, we thought we had some tire trouble, but I guess it's all right," the man said.

"The cops were suspicious, though, and told us to keep on going. They followed our cab almost all the way to the bridge, and I lost sight of the touring car, but I'm sure it trailed us!

"The taxi driver had to help me get Danny up to the room, and put him on the bed. He said something to Danny about the fellows in the car, but Danny was talking to himself in a loud drunken babble and didn't seem to know where he was. By the time I got him undressed and in bed, he was dead to the world. I locked the door, turned out the light, and fell asleep. That must have been about twenty.

"A couple of hours later I was awakened—I don't know how! I must have sensed something was happening, or maybe somebody touched my arm! Anyway, as I opened my eyes, I became aware of a powerful searchlight playing across my face and Danny's sleeping form!

"I couldn't scream—my voice seemed to stick in my throat. I just stared at that flashlight and the blackness behind it. And then I realized that a man's eyes beneath a light-colored cap were staring at me.

"Before I could pull myself together I heard a voice mutter something, and then came the strangest noise I ever heard. *Sist—sist—sist*, no louder than that!" (The excited girl made a noise as though she was calling a kitten.) "Each time there was a spurt of blue flame jabbing out into the darkness!

"I didn't know it then—but that was the hiss of death! They were pumping bullets into poor Danny with that devilish silent gun!"

THE girl stopped and buried her face in her arms, and for the first time since she had been arrested appeared almost overcome by emotion. But when she lifted her head she was still dry-eyed.

"Go on," urged one of her listeners.

"There were five shots altogether. Whoever was in the room ignored me completely. I waited until I was sure they were gone, and then I jumped up and switched on the light.

"Danny looked just the same as he had when he first went to sleep! But when I rushed over and shook his shoulder, the blood started to flow from his chest and arms. I screamed for the first time when I looked down and saw my hands covered with blood!

"You see, I really loved Danny, and I think he loved me—I didn't know about his wife, but then, he didn't know about me being married either, and so we were both in the same boat," she went on, jerking out the phrases with a twisted smile.

"I put on some clothing as fast as I could and hurried out to call the police. While I was running to a phone I started to think about it all. I figured that probably if I went back to the apartment, I would be arrested and held for murder, or something, so I decided not to.

"After the call, I went to Grace Williams' room, and the next day I went out and rented the room in West Philly. You know all about that of course."

HER audience of two each drew a long breath after she indicated she had finished her dramatic narrative.

"Are you sure you couldn't describe any of those fellows you saw following Danny around at the inn, or later when he was shot?" asked Captain Beckman incredulously.

"I didn't know any of them, and anyway I couldn't see them well enough to describe them," retorted the girl. "It was dark in both places."

"Don't you know even if they were tall, or dark haired, or peculiar looking in any way?" insisted the detective.

"No, I don't"—the animation which had marked Jenny's face as she recounted her amazing story of Danny's murder had disappeared, and in its place was the sullen, defiant expression which showed she was once more herself and that she was more on her guard.

"I've told you everything I know. If you want to find out more about it, why don't you try to find that taxi driver. He seemed to know those fellows at the inn pretty well!"

The two officials agreed that would be a good idea, and proceeded to act upon it. They also attempted to locate the two State policemen mentioned by Jenny in her account of the incident on the Black

Horse Pike the night of the tragedy.

During the week preceding the little underworld moll's belated confession, the repercussions of the murders of Hughie McLoon and O'Leary were echoing loudly in two widely separated divisions of the life of the city.

From the underworld seeped rumors to the Detective Bureau and the more enterprising of the newspapers which purported to be the low-down on the two murders.

The substance of these rumors was that Danny O'Leary had not been slain by gunmen bent on avenging the death of McLoon, but by members of his own gang who feared he was going to squeal to police.

In this strange story Jenny Brooks, who was known to have been friendly with Peterson, figured as the decoy who led the grim-faced O'Leary to his doom.

According to those who professed to know all about the two murders, they arose from a quarrel between Grossman and his friends with McLoon and Meister over a girl for whom the garage owner had furnished a luxurious apartment in North Philadelphia.

On the night of the murder, both groups met in Hughie's cafe, and threats were voiced on both sides. Then Grossman and his followers left, and a few hours later when the others ventured out of the cafe, the death car swept by the doorway.

After the murder, O'Leary was known to have started drinking heavily, and rumors reached the Detective Bureau that he had been heard to say frequently: "If I take a fall, I won't take the rap alone."

In other words, he professed to be ready to name his companions in the murder, and thereby, according to the same rumors, sealed his death warrant.

Direct confirmation of this theory was next to impossible to obtain, however.

MEISTER, from his hospital cot surrounded by flowers sent by his racket friends, pooh-poohed the idea.

"They were after Fries and me—not Hughie," he declared flatly. "And it wasn't about girls—it was the racket."

He then went on to tell about his hijacking activities in the past few years, but failed to name those whom he thought might want to kill him.

From another source, a girl who appeared at City Hall a few days after Peterson was arrested, detectives obtained what they believed was a more valuable statement.

The girl, whose name was Mary Kelly, said she had known Peterson for several years, after he had scraped up an acquaintance with her on the sidewalk during a parade.

During that time, she said, she had been practically a slave to the cruel whims of the youth who was accused as a gang killer. She showed scars on her head and face where he had beaten her, and told of a narrow escape from death which he threatened because he thought she knew too much about his activities.

On that occasion he drove her in his car to Gallows Lane, in the "Bandits' Burying Ground" in southwest Philadelphia, and told her he was going to kill her. She begged for mercy, so he only beat her over the head with a rock, threat-

(Continued on page 74)



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Bay City, Mich.
Roanoke, Va.
Glendale, Calif.
Joplin, Mo.
Drumright, Okla.
Lima, Ohio
Victoria, B. C.

(Continued from page 72)

ening to do worse if she ever squealed.

But her most important statement concerned Peterson's strange actions on August 16th, the day after O'Leary was shot in the Park Avenue apartment.

On that day, the girl said, Peterson came to her home and called her out on the porch. "Pack up your things, we're going to California," he told her. "I've killed a man and I've got to get out of town."

She had never seen him so frightened before, but before he could say any more her father came out and dragged her back into the house. She had not seen him since that day.

Although she made a dramatic identification of Peterson during the morning lineup, the accused man refused to recognize her. And he made a complete denial of her story.

THROUGHOUT the two weeks that detectives were matching wits with Jenny Brooks and her companions in a frantic endeavor to learn the truth about the McLoon and O'Leary murders, events were being set on foot in the courts and the District Attorney's office which were to temporarily obscure interest in the mur-

ders that had once been most important.

Aroused by the daring of the gunmen who successfully killed the little hunchback and the grim-faced O'Leary, Judge Edwin O. Lewis instructed the August Grand Jury to make a special study of the city's gangs, and their possible connections with police and other officials.

During his speech, a masterly summing up of the situation from a legal point of view, Judge Lewis startled the city by revealing that Magistrate Carney, friend and protector of Hughie McLoon, had been marked for death by underworld enemies who were angered by the Magistrate's efforts to bring Hughie's slayers to justice.

It was revealed that a note, written in a crude scrawl and signed "*The Machine Gun Men*," had been received by the friendly judge telling him that he "talked too much."

The result of this agitation in official circles was to bring about one of the most complete shake-ups any city in the country ever experienced.

More than 100 police officials, including two of the detective heads, who had been active in the investigation of the two murders, eventually lost their jobs, and several

captains and ward leaders were sent to jail for accepting graft from saloon keepers.

The police force, for a time, was demoralized, and while evidences of corruption were being uncovered every day by District Attorney Monaghan and his aides, the case against Jenny Brooks and her friends slipped through their fingers. Attempts to question the suspects and check up their statements ceased abruptly.

FOR several months they stayed in their cells in City Hall, and then, shortly before Christmas, they were released.

Whether Jenny Brooks told the truth on that morning when thoughts of her family caused her to lay aside her underworld moll mask for the first and only time, may never be known.

But one incident which happened is still puzzling the detectives who questioned her.

After she had finished her dramatic narrative of Danny O'Leary's death, she raised her arm and pointed to a long scar on her left arm.

"Do you see this?" she asked. "I told you before it was a cigarette burn. *But it wasn't—it came from one of the bullets that killed poor Danny!*"

Confessions of Frank Silsby—Master Criminal

(Continued from page 66)

in St. Louis and St. Louis County.

That night I went out to find and kill the detective.

He had come to me highly recommended as an eastern bandit, had given me a tip on the St. Louis County bank robbery, participated in the execution of the crime and then given all the information to the county authorities.

Now that I had learned his identity, I recalled how he had complained of feeling ill on the morning of the robbery, and had accompanied us only when we talked about giving up the job if he backed out. I recalled, too, that he did but little while we were in the bank, and left me entirely unprotected at the time I was scooping up the currency. I had attributed this to nervousness—the result of his first job with strange crooks. Now I knew the truth.

He was sipping a highball in a downtown St. Louis speakeasy when I found him. He had not heard that I was free. I saw that he was visibly nervous as I walked to his table, and that he was trying hard to make the best of a bad situation. He arose and pretended to be glad to see me.

"Rotten break we got," he said. "How many of the boys were picked up?"

"All but you," I answered.

"It's a good thing I'm not known to the police or I'd have been juggled with you."

"You're known to the police all right."

"How am I known?"

"Because you're a — dirty little stool pigeon."

"Me? Why should I squeal?"

"Because you're a private detective."

"You've got me wrong."

"I've got you right, and I'm going to kill you. Say your prayers!"

I drew an automatic, which was in a holster under my left arm, and fired at

his head, but just as I pulled the trigger the owner of the place knocked my arm upwards and the bullet tore the plaster from the ceiling. Then the owner and his bartender rushed me.

"Frank," they pleaded, "don't kill that guy in here. If you do the joint will be closed up tight."

The detective raced for the door during the struggle and I got no second opportunity to shoot him.

There were three witnesses who had identified four of us in the robbery. Two of them were employees of the bank and one was a customer who was making a deposit at the time. All were young men and none earned more than twenty dollars a week. I learned the name and address of one of them and went to see him. I told him we would pay him \$1,000 if he would talk the other two into denying their identification, and that he could promise them \$500 each for their co-operation.

"And if you don't put this over we're going to take you for a ride," I told him.

There were two other conferences. The witnesses wanted \$1,000 each. I finally paid them off, giving the first chap \$1,500 after all three had signed affidavits denying they had ever identified us. The State had one way out—it could put us on trial and use the detective, at whom I had shot, as a witness. But his employers wouldn't listen to any such proposition, asserting it would ruin the reputation of the agency if one of their men took the stand and admitted arranging a trap for bank robbers and then participating in the crime himself. That was the last of that case.

THE detective finally got his. He eventually lost his job with the agency and became an undercover man for an Illinois bankers' association of some sort. He led

another group of bandits into a trap, but he and another fellow were caught leaving the scene of the robbery. The detective was unable to prove that it was a trap, or that he had employment to do that particular kind of work. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.

Soon after this I was shot and almost fatally wounded without the St. Louis Police knowing about it. They heard about a shooting scrape in a gambling house, then located near Sixth and Market Streets, but so far as I know, never learned the details.

I had a friend, a business man, who, on occasions, kept my bankroll for me. One night he called me at my apartment and said he wanted to see me at once. I met him and he told me that he and a doctor from Chicago had been drinking and had stopped in a gambling house where, occasionally, he played poker for small stakes. They had been swindled out of \$2,700, most of the money belonging to the Chicago doctor. He asked me if I could do anything to help them get the money back, and I promised to try.

I went to the place and demanded the money. The proprietor told me the men who had won it had gone home. It was then past mid-night.

"Have that money here by daylight," I ordered.

Just as day was breaking I returned to the gambling joint with a friend. The proprietor gave me \$2,000 of the \$2,700.

"Give me the other seven hundred dollars," I demanded.

It took some shooting to get that \$700, but I finally got it. After a real gun battle my friend and I departed on the run. We left two men on the floor with bullet wounds, and I stumbled down the steps

(Continued on page 76)

Minister's 9-Year Old Boy Runs \$3 into "Fortune"

Former Poor Country Preacher Now Reveals Small Son's Secret That Saved Family Home and Brought Prosperity and Happiness. Tells Easy Way for Any Man or Woman to End Money Worries. A Remarkable Story of Dramatic Facts More Thrilling Than Fiction Because It Is Actually True. A Life Drama With a New Kind of Happy Ending That Will Probably Amaze You Because It Shows How You, Too, Can Find the End of the Rainbow and Get Paid Actual Cash For Just Saying 20 Magic Words to Ladies. No Need to Sell Anything.

As Related

By REV. C. McMURPHY



I Now Have No Fear of Financial Problems

WITH a sigh of despair Rev. McMurphy thought of the hopelessness of his present situation. Would the home he had just built for his little family be snatched away, he thought.

How could he ever meet the builder's notes that would soon be due? How could he even earn a living, now that their little car had given out and they were no longer able to travel their district to carry on their ministerial work. The outlook was surely despairing.

Then as swiftly as misfortune had darkened his home, the darkness vanished. And it was his little boy who lifted the shadow. "Daddy," he exclaimed, "I have a secret—a surprise. You don't need to worry any more. I have a way out of our troubles." Excitedly he told his astonished father of an article he had read about the president of a million dollar institution in Ohio who had founded a plan to help worthy men and women out of their financial troubles. Breathlessly he told that he had written this man and showed his father the reply.

Eagerly Rev. McMurphy read every word of the great deeds this remarkable man is doing for other men and women. He read of the vast business of this big institution—scattered all over America, in every city, town and village—business so wide-spread that it is possible to help local men and women in a pleasant, dignified way to end their money troubles for just looking after this business in full or spare time. "What a generous offer for anyone to make. And how easy and simple, too. The end of my financial worries," exclaimed Rev. McMurphy!

The possibilities seemed too good to be true. But he became convinced as he read letter after letter from other men and women, some saying that they made as high as \$35 and \$40 in a single day. And it must be true—this man surely must be sincere. For he won't even let anyone risk one penny buying anything. He just wants you to follow his simple plan.

"Why, daddy," said the boy, "even I can do this easy work. Let me try—please—just loan me a few dollars to pay my expenses, daddy." Awakened by the courage and enthusiasm of this 9-year-old child, he accepted this man's generous offer of help. But he also determined to allow this child to complete his wonderful lesson in courage and

faith, so he let him go out alone on the first trip. And the child ran \$3 into a fortune. Their money worries were over. The results of this courageous little fellow's experiment was so amazing that his father wrote as follows:

"My little boy came back in about an hour with profits of nearly \$3.00. I said to myself: 'If this child can make that much in an hour, I can make twice that amount.' And I took up the work. I assure you I now have no fear of financial problems. The notes on the house have been burned and we have a nice car to ride around in and attend to our church affairs. I am deeply obligated to you for what you have done for me and my home. Last Saturday afternoon I went out after 2 o'clock, made \$30.00 and was back home before sunset. If all the underpaid country preachers could learn what a great opportunity awaits them with you there would be fewer long faces from financial problems and more good cheer in preaching the gospel. I thank God for the day my little boy wrote you, and I thank you, Mr. Van, for the light that led to my home and family."

* * * * *

This thrilling true story of Rev. McMurphy is but an example of the many letters Mr. Van De Mark has received from people he has helped toward ending their money worries. Now "Van" has openings for more women and men and actually offers to pay them cash for just saying 20 magic words to ladies. No need to sell anything to get this cash pay. This is the revolutionary new plan of this famous business genius who has already put over 25,000 women and men on the road to prosperity. "Conservative" business leaders called "Van" crazy for making this radical cash pay agreement. They said it would ruin "conservative" traditions. Cooler heads called it a master stroke and applauded "Van" for his great generosity. But now "Van" himself reveals the sensational truth. "Countless housewives have learned that they can make great savings on our amazing bargain offers. So in almost no time the sale of our products has expanded almost to the bursting point. Now we must hurry and engage 1100 more local women and men to take care of regular customers. Big money for our representatives means nothing to us from now on. I will not only pay you an actual cash penalty if your first

10 calls do not get you big money, but I allow you to make a handsome profit on every order my customers give you. To show you that I do things in a big way I will even send you \$13.00 worth (retail value) of my products to start you. Don't send a cent for this daring offer—just the application below. If you are a married woman you can easily devote a few spare hours a day. My plan is a funny one. Some of my women 'partners' make more money in spare time alone than their husbands. If \$15.00 in a day will end your money worries, then rush the application below. This generous new cash pay offer will bring thousands of applications. If you delay it may be too late. This whole plan is so generous and easy that people ask me how in the world I can afford to do it. But I believe in live and let live. We can't take our money with us when we go, so let there be happiness and prosperity spread all over this earth. Just be honest and fair with me, and I will tell you how to end your money worries. Send no money. Just the application. Get my cash pay agreement. Tell me how much you want—\$15.00 in a day for full time? \$3.00 in an hour for spare time? I will gladly send you my written cash pay agreement, legal and binding upon me." **Curtis W. Van De Mark, Dept. 2004-GG, Ninth and Sycamore Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

**Curtis W. Van De Mark,
Dept. 2004-GG, Ninth and Sycamore Sts.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.**

I hereby apply for the opening in my town to start on your new cash pay plan. Send your generous offer of \$13.00 worth (retail value) of your goods to start me. I risk nothing. This is not an order—send nothing C. O. D.

I want \$.....per hour.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Continued from page 74)

to our automobile with a bullet hole through me. The ball had shattered my breast bone, missed my spine by a fraction of an inch, and passed out. We hurried to the home of a friendly doctor, who treated me, then I was driven to a cottage on the Meramec River near Valley Park, where I recovered.

The business man never forgot what I had done for him. He paid my doctor bills and loaned me money on several later occasions.

STILL bent on trying to beat the law that constantly was wearing me down, I went out soon after my recovery and had an interesting experience with the authorities of an Illinois county. Five of us robbed a factory of a pay-roll.

We expected to get \$25,000, but got less than \$10,000. Our automobile was wrecked in the getaway and we had to take to the woods. We buried the money and separated. Two of us were caught and taken to the county jail. I asked for a bondsman, and an attorney, who also signed bonds, came to see me. He wanted \$5,000 to get us out. We had not been identified.

"How much will it cost to get out for good?" I asked him.

Then this honest and upright lawyer asked: "How much did you get?"

"I'm not certain," I replied.

"Wait a minute," he said.

He was gone about an hour. I don't know who he conferred with, but when he returned he asked me how far I would have to go after the loot. I told him it was buried about an hour's ride from the jail. He told me that if I turned it all over to him—less ten dollars for expenses back home—my friend and I could beat it.

The lawyer, with a deputy sheriff, myself and the other robber, went out of the jail building, got into an automobile, and, at my direction, drove to the spot where we had taken to the woods. I went into the woods with the deputy, got the money, returned to the car and gave it to the lawyer. They drove us to a station on the Illinois Traction system and that was the last I ever saw of them.

I GOT a tip on the prospective transfer of a pay-roll in September of 1925, and was told that Johnny Gray, who owned the Eagle Park Roadhouse near Brooklyn, Illinois, could give me all the information I needed concerning the job. I went over to his place to talk it over with him. Gray said he knew about the money transfer and would drive me to the town and give me an opportunity to look the job over. He also offered to let us run to his place after the robbery.

I had a date to meet him the next night and went over to Eagle Park, but neither he nor his wife was there. I waited for an hour, but they failed to appear.

The reason was that both had been murdered!

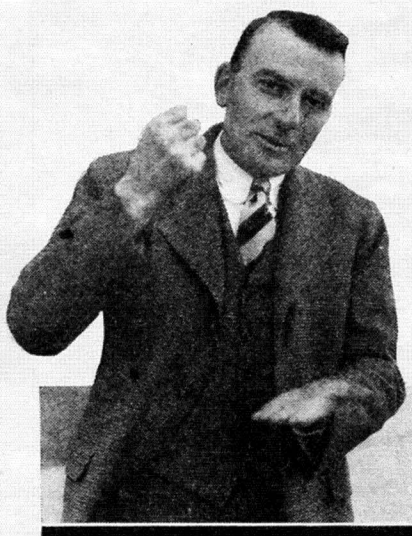
I know why they were murdered, because Gray told me what was likely to happen.

For the first time, here are the real facts:

In April of 1925 Gray and his wife were in Los Angeles. So was Barney Castle, a fugitive from justice. He had

been indicted along with William P. (Dint) Colbeck, Steve Ryan, Oliver Dougherty, Chippy Robinson and the rest of them for the \$2,400,000 mail truck robbery. When Ray Renard, believing that his pals had double-crossed him, tired of his routine in the Federal Prison at Leavenworth, he called Horace L. Dyer, St. Louis attorney, and spilled the beans.

The crowd was indicted, and most of them were arrested at once, but Barney fled. Postoffice inspectors were searching the nation for him. Barney and Johnny



I'll say this for the bootleggers and rum-runners: they have made it easy for criminals of every classification to escape prosecution and punishment. They are the gnomes who played the "Railbery Trail." If a public official will "take it" from a bootlegger, he'll "take it" from a bandit or a murderer. — Frank Silsby

Frank Silsby, shown above, gives his views on "bootleggers and bribery"

met in Los Angeles. There were a couple of Barney's close friends with him. One was one of those even-until-death-do-us-part pals, and Barney and this pal had sworn that if either met a violent death, the other would avenge it.

Barney and his friends were planning a bank robbery, and they invited Johnny to participate. Johnny listened to all the details and declined. Then he quietly told the Los Angeles Police.

A few days later, Barney, with a fire-spitting pistol in each hand, battled the police in the little town of El Segundo near Long Beach, in an effort to escape from the police trap, and died the death of a rat, with his insides shot out.

Barney's pal knew what had happened and swore vengeance.

In the four months that separated April from September, Barney's pal worked his way eastward. Through the Sierra Madres, across the Mojave Desert, across the Great Divide, on through the Kansas wheat fields, he moved eastward.

The whispers in the underworld are

that the avenger walked, rode freight trains, cadged rides from motorists, starved, stole and begged, to get back to St. Louis.

The underworld whispers also are that on the night the avenger dropped off a freight train in the St. Louis yards, he spent his last nickel to call the East Side—to say to Johnny: "I'm coming for you."

Gray's last day on earth was September 13th, 1925. That night the avenger struck.

Gray and his wife were caught in a new, high-powered motor car on the Collinsville Road.

I don't know exactly what happened—I wasn't there, of course—but the whispers in the underworld are that the killer made Johnny get out of the automobile and with a pistol pressed against his heart, commanded: "Say, 'Barney Castle,' you dirty stool."

"Barney Castle," whispered Johnny, and the shot was fired.

No man likes to shoot a woman, but Johnny's wife had to go with him. She knew the name of her husband's killer and had seen him.

More shooting, and the bodies were drenched in gasoline, placed in the car, and a match applied. The charred remains were found next day.

ABOUT a month after this tragedy one of my friends, about to go to trial on a robbery charge, appealed to me. He had paid his lawyer in advance, but managed to still keep \$1,500. There was but one way out for my friend, and that was to reach one of the "twelve good men and true" on the jury.

I set out to find that man.

Those unholy, double-crossing cheaters known as professional bondsmen, are the real master minds of the underworld. They are the men who liberate the crooks so they may continue to enrich the bondsmen by preying upon Society.

Professional bondsmen are parasites who live on criminals and fatten upon criminal activity. They are the big fixers and go-betweens who treat with representatives of law violators. Eliminate the professional bondsmen and, automatically, organized crime is eliminated for, without the bondsmen, crooks cannot continue to operate.

When my friend, whom I mentioned before, found himself in the toils of the Law, and, realizing it was too late to put the fix on his case in the usual methods, he appealed to me to find a means of reaching the jury.

I appealed to a professional bondsman. I told him my friend had \$1,500, all that was left after payment of his lawyer's fee, and that he could use that sum as he saw fit, providing he would guarantee that one of the "twelve good men and true" was fixed, thereby, guaranteeing, at the worst, a hung jury.

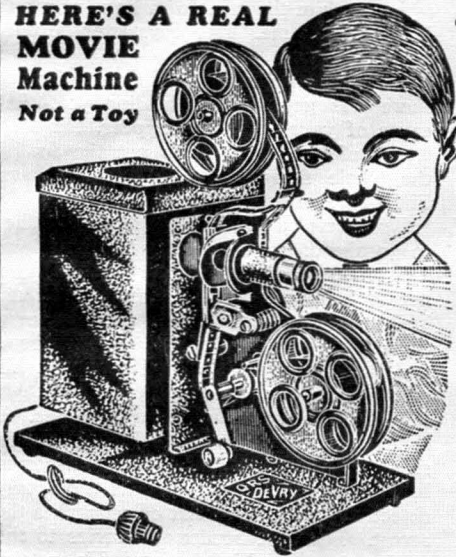
That would give my friend an opportunity to execute another crime, and thereby obtain the funds necessary to beat the case, as I had previously done, out of court.

The bondsman, with \$1,500 cash in hand, succeeded in his unlawful mission. I do not know how he used the money, but I do know there are many ways of getting

(Continued on page 78)

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Film Sources Unlimited The film used is 16MM. (Narrow Gauge) — one foot of which is equal to 2½ feet of standard film. This film being the same as that used in Home Movie Projectors, we direct you to free movie sources of film; or you can rent, buy or borrow your favorite releases.

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and
Close

Metal Head
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break

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STRAP WATCH GIVEN

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SIX-TUBE Radio Set GIVEN

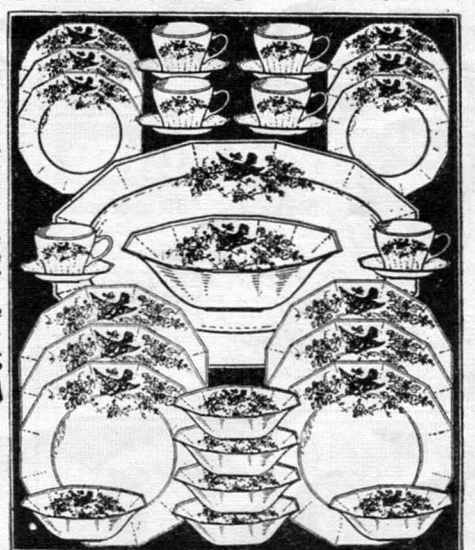
Nationally known make licensed under RCA Patents. Quality parts throughout. Gorgeous Cabinet, size 17 x 22 x 13 inches — of Walnut. Regular retail price \$60.00. Safe delivery guaranteed. The greatest value of all time. Merely give away 12 Perfume Novelties FREE with 12 bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c and we will send this marvelous Radio according to offer in premium catalog. **Trevaux Perfume Co., Dept. L-69, Chicago**

Trevaux Perfume Co., DEPT. L-69, CHICAGO

Full-Size Pieces Colonial Shape

BIG 32-Piece DINNER SET GIVEN

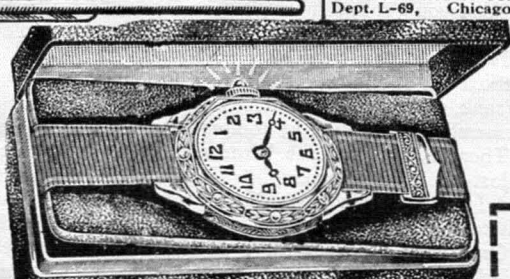
Colonial shape 32-pc. Dinner Set. Contains 6 large plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 bread and butter (or pie) plates, 6 desserts, 1 large platter, and a large vegetable bowl. Each piece decorated in three places. Just give away 12 perfume novelties Free with 12 large bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c and we will send you this big full size Dinner Set for family use according to offer in our premium catalog. Send no money. We trust you. Act now. **Trevaux Perfume Co., Dept. L-69, Chicago**



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TREVAUX Perfume Co., Dept. L-69, CHICAGO

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Often
In
3
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joy!"

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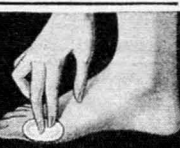
—and, what was considered impossible before—the banishing of skin marks, surface blemishes, freckles, large pores, tan, oily skin, coarseness and other defects—can now be done by the patient himself, or herself, in 3 days' time at home.

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will send without additional
cost a hand-colored miniature re-
production of photo sent. Take
advantage now of this amazing
offer—send photo today.



UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
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to a juror. The bondsman in this case may have paid the juror \$100 or \$1,000—it depended upon the man he reached.

MY many years of experience as an enemy of Society taught me there are varied ways of getting to one of twelve men who have been impaneled on a jury. A member of a jury may be approached by someone connected with the prosecuting officer; by a police officer interested in the case; by a deputy sheriff in charge of the jury, or through some member of the juror's family. Getting to a juror is the court of last resort for a crook.

Under the present jury system, and with honest, respectable, law-abiding citizens using their professional or political influence to escape jury service and leaving that duty to the political hangers-on, who are interested only in the chances to make three dollars a day—and the possibility of getting a big fee from some defendant—what can the public expect? How many of you who read this statement have taken pride in your ability to escape jury service in the past twelve months?

As I said, I am not familiar with the method used by the professional bondsman in getting to a juror in this case to which I refer. But one was reached, and that jury which should have found no difficulty in reaching a verdict of guilty, and sentencing my friend to at least twenty-five years' imprisonment at hard labor, was deadlocked, eleven to one! What a travesty! Eleven to one—and that one man had a dirty bankroll in his pocket, in addition to his three dollars a day from the state for serving as a juror under oath.

There is nothing to which a professional bondsman will not stoop, so long as there is a dollar in it. He will double-cross a friendly political ally or a crooked client at the drop of the hat, and roost upon the spot where the most money is going to be hatched. The professional bondsman makes crooks out of honest persons.

I recall an instance near the close of my own career of crime in which I was held in a city jail as a suspect. I was broke and I wanted to get out and get a stake. I called for a bondsman.

"How much money must I pay you to get me out?" I asked.

"How much have you got?"

"Not a cent."

"Five grand is the price."

"I know where I can knock it off—get me out and I'll give it to you tomorrow."

"Can you get it tomorrow?"

"Without fail."

He signed the bond on credit and as I walked out of the courtroom he whispered: "Frank, you wouldn't fool me, would you? Remember, five grand by tomorrow night."

There was a job that I knew about and I lost no time in making it. I got \$6,000 and I paid the bondsman \$5,000. He knew where I got the money.

Once I paid \$2,000 for a \$20,000 bond, to which I had to answer in the Court of Criminal Correction. The bond was returnable on a day that I had planned a crime some distance from St. Louis. I went to see the bondsman, and explained the situation. He said he could obtain a continuance, but that it would cost \$500. I gave him the money.

As I started out of his office, he said:

(Continued from page 76)

"Frank, give me your address—I may have some important news."

I gave him the name of a hotel at which he could call me. Two days later he telephoned to me.

"Frank," he said, "the Court decided there was grounds for holding you. Because of your failure to appear, the bond was forfeited. But I can put the fix on the whole thing for a thousand dollars. Shall I go ahead?"

I suspected a "shakedown," but told him to go ahead. Later, after I had paid him, I ascertained that the Court had decided not to hold me, that the case against me had been dismissed before the bondsman called me on the long-distance telephone and that the \$1,000 fee had gone into his own pocket.

A Chicago crook arrives in St. Louis. A bondsman hears about it. He has friends size up the visitor, and if the new-comer has money, the bondsman tells a friendly detective about it and that officer makes the arrest. Then the bondsman hurries to the station to offer his services. He gets a fee for getting the crook out and if the policeman is that kind of a fellow, splits the fee with him.

THERE is another angle which they work. There is a robbery. The bondsman finds out what crooks have money, and causes their arrest on a robbery charge. Then he pays some person to identify the crooks as the persons who committed the robbery.

After the crooks learn they have been identified, the bondsman will call upon them.

"I found out about your trouble," he will say, "and I happen to know the persons who identified you. I can fix it up—get them to swear they were mistaken—for five thousand dollars."

The crooks, who cannot afford to take any chances, even though they realize they have been framed, pay the price, and if they haven't enough money, they will promise to go out and get it—and keep such promises.

Bondsmen, must, of necessity, stand in with certain police executives and officials. I once knew a St. Louis bondsman who had a regular mailing list. Each month he sent presents to persons on that list. The sole purpose, of course, was to get tips on prospective clients. I knew one bondsman who spent \$1,000 each month for groceries which he sent to the homes of police officers who were in position to give him tips.

In the old days when most criminals were men, not boys, counsel went into court with clean hands and defended a criminal upon the merits of the case, and the provisions of the law. But times have changed. To-day the jails are crowded with sheik-like kids who, a few years ago, would have been confined in the House of Detention, tried in the Juvenile Court and, if punishment was absolutely necessary, sentenced to a term in the reform school. To-day these young crooks walk into the office of a criminal lawyer, lay all the cards upon the table and ask: "How can we put the fix on this case and how much is it going to cost?"

One honest St. Louis lawyer told me not so many months ago: "Attorneys have for-

gotten that we have a code of ethics, and a lot of law books."

Where is the Bar Association in the midst of this condition?

I was in a division of the Criminal Court on one occasion when a friend was being tried. During a court recess I heard his lawyer boasting that he was the man who first conceived the "wake alibi." He had a client who was in a tight jam, and he learned that on the night of the murder there had been a wake. He got ten persons who were at the wake to swear that his client arrived at the house two hours before the crime was committed, and remained until mid-night. As a matter of fact, his client had not been at the wake at all.

An instance that shows the other side of this picture was when I walked into the office of a St. Louis attorney when I was in a tight jam. I told my story of the execution of a crime and asked him to suggest an "out." He pointed to the door and exclaimed: "There's the best 'out' I know of."

Ten minutes later another attorney was framing a crooked defense for me.

PERSONS who associate with crooks soon get a distorted viewpoint and some of them will even take on the physical appearances which characterize a professional criminal. I guess that is what happens to a lot of lawyers who defend criminals.

Four young St. Louis fellows who initiated a reign of terror out on the Lemay Ferry Road were "shaking down" every roadhouse, saloon and disorderly resort in that section of the county. The price for not paying them was to have the place riddled with bullets.

One woman had been paying \$200 for protection and this was more than she was making out of her place. In desperation she appealed to a young lawyer who knew that I stood ace high with the Cuckoo gang. He conceived the idea of getting myself and some of the boys to go out and call on the young men who were shooting up the roadhouses. He promised the woman he would put a stop to it, and charged her \$500.

He came to see me, explained the situation and I promised to lend a hand. I got the boys together and we drove out to call on the young men. They knew us and feared us. We ordered them to lay off this woman and threatened to kill them if they failed to obey orders. Then we heard indirectly that the woman had been approached again, and had paid \$500 to the young gangsters. We lost no time in calling on them.

We caught two of them, forced them into our automobile, and started for the Meramec River with them. They knew what we planned to do when we got where the water was deep.

"We thought it was O. K. to go ahead," one of them whimpered.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because that lawyer that sicked you onto us called us to his office and made us shake down the old lady for another five-hundred which he made us give to him."

We drove back to Carondelet and let the boys out. My four friends swore they would get the lawyer.

He came to me and said, "For God's sake, Frank, won't you save me?"

He got down on his knees and begged, and after much pleading in his behalf the other four let him alone.

Not long after this I was called upon to do a thing which changed my whole career. I have said that during the period of 1925 and 1926 I was beginning to have thoughts about the end toward which I was headed. Then one day after the outbreak of the war between the Cuckoo and Italian gangs, I was called to a meeting of the Cuckoos. They had just met defeat at the hands of the "Green Ones," and a member of the gang had been killed. "Shorty" Russo, of the Italians had been marked for death. He was my friend.

"Listen, Frank," said the spokesman of the Cuckoos, "we've got a big favor to ask of you. We know that you haven't taken any part in the row with the Italians and we don't want you to. You're a friend of Shorty Russo and that's been O. K. too, because we know and trust you. But you've got to do one thing for us—you've got to put Shorty on a spot."

Putting Shorty on a spot meant just one thing—that I would have him at a certain place at a certain hour, so that the Cuckoos could be there and murder him!

At that time, November, 1926, I had been at liberty on a bond of \$25,000 in connection with the robbery of the Union-Easton Bank of St. Louis. The State had been unable to proceed with the prosecution because Gus Joseph, the State's star witness, had disappeared. I was taken into court and Judge Landwehr, openly accusing me of causing the witness to drop out of sight, increased my bond to \$50,000. I failed to obtain liberty on bail and that settled the question of aiding in the assassination of Russo. Released eventually, I decided I was through with crime. For a year now, I have committed no offense against the law.

WHAT'S wrong with the law? What's wrong with society's method of dealing with criminals? What is responsible for the ever-increasing criminal activity?

I have committed 150 major crimes and have been arrested at least 200 times. I have been accused of at least twenty crimes of which I was guilty, and, on eight occasions, I have been indicted. To the eight indictments I entered one plea of guilty, and went to trial once, obtaining acquittal.

On almost every occasion of my arrest I paid off somebody. Of the twenty times I was arrested for crimes I had committed I paid from \$200 to \$10,000 to prevent indictments.

On the eight occasions of indictments I spent large sums of money in eliminating the evidence or in arranging alibis. The one exception to this was my plea of guilty.

What's wrong with that picture?

Jacob M. Lashly, a St. Louis attorney, who has given a great deal of thought to the subject of crime and criminals, in a recent address asserted: "The greatest problem with which the American people are confronted today is that of crime. The rising tide of violence and disorder is creating an emergency which is challenging the attention of the best minds of our time and there is a general feeling that something is seriously wrong with our treatment of the whole subject of crime

Who will tell the young wife



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EVEN the young wife who *thinks* she knows is likely to be wrong, especially if she has obtained her information from an older woman. Until recently there was little definite knowledge about feminine hygiene and the accompanying risks were too great for anyone's peace of mind. Why not learn the complete facts for yourself?

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control. The peak of the crime wave has not yet been reached."

Throughout this entire series of articles I have tried to take the reader behind the scenes and disclose the true conditions. I have tried to give an insight into the mental processes of the men who are engaged in organized crime. In summing up, briefly, I would place the responsibility on the following conditions, mentioned in the order of their importance:

Prohibition: The Eighteenth Amendment has lifted a lot of bums out of the streets and put them in fine homes and expensive motor cars. The bootleggers and the rum runners have advanced bribery to a science. They blazed the trail, and have so corrupted the morals of public officials that almost any crook with a bankroll can beat the law.

Crooked Prosecuting Officials: They go hand in hand with the results of the prohibition laws. After accepting bribes from bootleggers, public officials find it easy to accept bribes from other criminals. In the old days the crook had to see the friend of the friend of the man he wanted to reach. Now, the crook walks into the office and talks to the man himself. A lot of public officials have reached the point where they regard the graft, bribes, and easy money as a part of the legitimate income of the office to which they have been elected.

Professional Bondsmen: They get the crooks out of jail just as fast as the police arrest them. If the professional bondsmen were eliminated, professional crooks would have great difficulty in getting out.

Unethical Lawyers: They find all the legal loopholes, suggest defenses, manufacture alibis and co-operate with the crooks to beat the law, and earn big fees paid with stolen money.

The Automobile: It provides a quick transportation to and from the scene of the crime, thus eliminating most of the opportunity for citizens to identify the criminals.

"Honest" Citizens Who Connive With Crooks: People who pose as honest citizens, but who will connive with crooks and thieves by giving them information, furnishing them alibis and giving them shelters, are, in my opinion, even worse than the actual criminals.

Public Indifference: Most persons seem to have a sporting attitude with reference to crime and criminals.

Rotten Politics and Politicians: The use of political pressure in obtaining the release of criminals is very common. It is under this classification that we find the grafters, the fixers, and the riff-raff that clings to the coat tails of crime and criminals.

The Prison System: It is 100 percent wrong. It is punitive, not corrective. The indiscriminate use of the pardon and parole system releases thousands of criminals to prey upon society. Men who have served a few years in a prison are lost to Society.

IF the crime wave is to be repressed, we must begin at home. Home life is the greatest of all factors in shaping the career of a young man. I would never have been a criminal if I had not gotten away from the influences of a good home. It is the imperative duty of every father, mother or guardian to determine the moral conscience of the boy under their care and to know the associates of that boy.

"Why has Silsby talked?" That question has been asked innumerable times since the inception of this series.

"Is Silsby in prison somewhere, or is he a fugitive from justice?" That has been another frequent question.

My object in talking was not revenge or financial gain. When I made up my mind to end criminal activity, I determined to do what I could by way of reparation for my misdeeds by taking the public behind the scenes of the underworld and disclosing how crime operates as an organized business, how crooks plan and execute crimes and how they escape punishment.

I am not in prison, nor am I a fugitive from justice. Insofar as I know, I am not wanted by the police anywhere.

I am through with crime and I am sincere when I say that I want an opportunity to live decently and honestly.

If my story proves to be the means of arousing public opinion to call for better law enforcement, I shall feel that my life has not been a total loss.

—O—

Editor's Note: Frank Silsby, hardened master criminal, has told, in the last six issues of this magazine a shocking story of the manner in which the underworld defeats the forces of law and order through bribery, intimidation and murder.

Crooked public servants make it possible for crooked gunmen to operate. Crooked bondsmen bail out stick-up men and killers who go forth to rob and who share their plunder with the bondsmen. Crooked citizens posing as honest business men act as custodians of stolen securities and money in the possession of such thieves. A robber can't put his stolen funds in a bank or safe deposit vault because the law, through some fortunate break, might reclaim the loot.

Crooked jurors accept bribes from criminals and hang juries which otherwise would return verdicts of guilty. Crooked householders allow their homes to be used as gang headquarters during days and nights when major crimes are being planned. Crooked garage operators conceal stolen cars of hold-up men. Crooked lawyers frame crooked alibis for their crooked clients.

All this is disclosed by Silsby. His story is shocking, all right, but whom will it shock?

Will it shock the crooked policeman who, unknown to the honest men of his calling, takes his bit from thieves and bondsmen and will he resolve in future to pass up this measly loot?

Will it shock those black sheep among law enforcement officers throughout the land, who regularly are paid for corrupting justice and who for a while at least, until caught up with, succeed in covering their crooked tracks?

Will it shock the sleek business man with a code of morals as pliable as putty and will such members of the business communities cease to act as custodians of the loot and quit "fronting" for thieves and murderers who are caught?

Will Silsby's story shock the weak-kneed juror of the type who lets himself be reached by money or threats, when all others of his associates on a jury in a criminal case may be willing to return a just and much needed verdict of guilty?

Will it shock the dishonest lawyers?

Whom will Silsby's story really shock?

We frankly do not know, but sincerely hope that it may shock the decent citizens of the country sufficiently, so that when a way to improve conditions of law enforcement is offered through the medium of the ballot, those same citizens will bestir themselves, and with the Silsby disclosures vividly in mind, vote to put in office men whom it will be reasonable to suppose are particularly opposed to the crookedness that Silsby has revealed.

This will be a real step forward.

—o—

Now—what about the woman in crime?

What part does she play in the tangled web of the sub-world? Silsby has not covered this vital point.

Believing our readers would like to know this side of the picture, that they would be interested in learning how these women of *subterranean* life, their thoughts, and their attitude toward the Law and toward their own kind, we will present a continuation of these confessions from the underworld which have re-

ceived such universal approval from our readers everywhere, by beginning next month MRS. FRANK SILSBY'S OWN STORY.

This beautiful and talented woman says:

"I have been married three times. Two of my husbands have served prison sentences. My second husband (Frank Silsby) was one of the most notorious criminals in modern police history. My first was an honorable, respected man, the father of my two darling children, from whom I have voluntarily exiled myself that they may grow up without knowledge of my life among crooks and killers, in a dark underworld of filth and finery. . . . So far as I know, my story will be the first report of its kind from the criminal underworld in which I choose to live and where I am widely known."

Don't miss this startling exposé.

It begins next month—August TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES on news stands everywhere, July 15th.

Vanishing Gold!

(Continued from page 59)

the most exemplary character. All efforts to find a trace of the missing gold bars and specie, or to light upon a clue to the perpetrators, were unavailing. Eighteen months went by and it looked as if the extraordinary matter would never be elucidated.

Then, one day in November 1856, a handsome and somewhat superior-looking young woman called at Newgate Gaol, and asked to see the governor on important business. She gave her name as Frances or "Fanny" Kay.

The governor saw her, and she told him that she had every reason to believe that the bullion thieves were four in number, and were the railway guard, James Burgess; a man named William Pierce, who had been in the railway service as a ticket printer but had been dismissed and was not in its employ at the time of the robbery; William George Tester, who had been station-master at Margate, and then a clerk in the traffic superintendent's office at Folkestone; and a clever American "crook," named Edward Agar, who was at this time undergoing sentence of transportation for life for uttering a forged cheque.

Fanny Kay was destitute, and had given information to be revenged on the man Pierce, who had failed to pay her certain moneys left for her by Agar.

The governor of Newgate at once sent for Mr. Rees, the solicitor of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and the girl repeated her story before Mr. Rees. Burgess, Pierce and Tester were promptly arrested; and on learning what Fanny Kay had done, and how ill she had been treated by Pierce, Agar at once volunteered to give evidence against his accomplices.

"You are not to expect any remission of your sentence in return for your testimony," he was told.

"No matter," he replied. "I will give it just to pay out Pierce, for breaking his word to me and treating Fanny Kay so badly."

Accordingly, Agar was brought from Portland Hulks to give sworn evidence

at the Central Criminal Court against Pierce, Burgess and Tester, who were put upon their trial for the robbery.

In the witness-box, Edward Agar told the following amazing story: A crook practically from his birth, he had lived for some years in America and had been constantly in and out of prison there. He made the acquaintance of Pierce in May 1854. Pierce suggested their attempting to intercept some of the gold bullion frequently being transmitted along the South-Eastern line, but Agar scouted the idea at first as impracticable.

Eventually the two conspirators went down to Folkstone. They remained a week, watching the arrival of the tidal service trains, and they were seen constantly hanging about the station, to such an extent that at last they attracted the suspicions of the police.

Pierce found his footsteps dogged one night, and on that he thought it prudent to return to London. But Agar stayed on another week, and, by watching the clerks who received the bullion safes, learned where the keys were kept. He then rejoined Pierce in London, but declared the thing was impossible, as he saw no way of securing the keys.

"I know a young chap on the line named Tester," said Pierce. "He's pretty sure he can get hold of the keys through the clerk who examines and relocks the bullion safes—a man named Sharman."

"Let Tester come to me with the keys," replied Agar, "and I will take impressions of them quick enough."

Pierce and Agar travelled down to Margate, where Tester was station master; and Pierce introduced Agar to Tester, who promised to try and obtain the safe keys. Tester accompanied the other two to Folkestone and introduced them to Sharman.

Agar plied him well with liquor, and, cunningly bringing the conversation round to the carrying of bullion on the line, asked to be allowed, out of mere curiosity, to look at the safe keys. Sharman, however, refused to show them.

Thus baffled for the time being, the

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three confederates thought that they must abandon their scheme. Several more months passed, and then Fortune seemed to play right into their hands. Tester was unexpectedly made a clerk in the traffic manager's office at London Bridge.

He was waiting a favorable opportunity to get hold of the keys, when another surprising stroke of luck came the conspirators' way. The captain of the packet steamer lost his set of the double keys of the safes, and three fresh sets of a different pattern were ordered to be made, and the locks of the safes altered. When the safes, with the new sets of double keys, came back from Chubb's Tester contrived to get hold of one of the double keys. He was unable to get possession of both. He at once took the purloined key to Agar, who took an impression of it in wax.

SO far, so good, the three would-be thieves considered, but one key was useless without the other.

"I've an idea how we may get hold of the second key," said Agar. "I've got a little nest-egg by me. I'll send some of this money in bulk to Folkestone, and claim it there; and while the formalities of handing it over to me are being gone through, I may be able to bone the keys."

In accordance with this plan Agar dispatched about half his wealth, in October 1954, in a box, by the railway, addressing the parcel to "C. E. Archer, Esq., care of Mr. Ledger or Mr. Chapman, Folkestone Station. To be called for." Mr. Ledger and Mr. Chapman were the booking-clerks at Folkestone.

Agar then went down to Folkestone again, and, allowing time for his box of specie to arrive, called for it, wearing a false wig and beard, and gave his name as "Archer." He was admitted into the booking-office, and before his eyes, Chapman, the clerk, opened the safe with a brace of keys, taking them from a cupboard, and handed him his box of gold. The daring rogue was unable to steal the keys, however, and left the office.

He wired for Pierce, who, being a man of light complexion and light hair, joined him, disguised in a black wig. The two rascals then once more hung about the station, keeping their eyes on the booking-office.

IF ever Fortune went out of her way to favor a criminal proceeding, the fickle dame seemed to in this case. One day the booking-clerk came out on some errand, leaving the office untenanted and the door open.

Ever on the watch for just such a chance, Pierce slipped inside, while Agar stood outside, ready to obstruct anyone who came. Hurriedly opening the cupboard in the office, Pierce secured the double keys, and, coming out, handed them to Agar. The crook slipped away with them and took hurried impressions in wax. He was back again before the clerk had returned, and Pierce risked being caught by diving inside the office and replacing the keys in the cupboard.

All was now plain sailing; for Burgess, the guard of the tidal service train, had already been "got at" by Tester, who found him willing to help in the robbery for a share in the proceeds. Agar had false keys made from his wax impressions,

and, under various disguises, travelled down with Burgess to Folkestone several times. On the journeys he tested his keys in the safes, continually filing and fitting them until at length they opened the doors.

As further preparations were necessary to cover up their tracks, Agar determined to bide his time. The four conspirators decided to "go" for exactly £12,000, which amount of gold in bullion or bars they ascertained would weigh about two cwt.

Pierce and Agar proceeded to buy lead shot in lots of fifty-six pounds at the shot tower, which is still such a conspicuous object by the Thames side near Hungerford Bridge. They sewed the shot up in little check-cloth bags, with which they then filled two small carpet-bags, fitting these in turn inside larger ones for convenience of transport, and so as not to attract too much attention. Furthermore, each of the two rogues equipped himself with two leather courier-bags, which fitted close to the person, high up, and could easily be concealed by a cloak or a cape.

Agar was living at the time, under the name of Adams, at Cambridge Villas, Shepherd's Bush, with Fanny Kay, who passed as his wife. Thither all the shot had been taken. This was now removed to Pierce's residence, Crown Terrace, Hampstead Road; and the two confederates drove constantly in the horse-cabs of the time to London Bridge Station, waiting for the prearranged signal from Tester or Burgess that £12,000 at least was going down to Folkestone.

On the night of May 15th, 1855—the date of the robbery, and for which the gang had thus patiently waited a full year—Burgess gave the prearranged signal by coming outside the station and wiping his face with his handkerchief.

Agar went and bought two first-class tickets to Folkestone, met Tester and Pierce, and the three went on the platform. Tester had a pass. He got into one first-class compartment, and Pierce into another. Both carpet-bags had been put in the guard's van as luggage.

Agar, watching his opportunity while the station master's head was turned, jumped as usual into the van with Burgess. He crouched down in a corner, and Burgess covered him over with an apron until the train was out of the station.

Agar was furnished with a mallet and a chisel, and the moment they were well on their journey he opened the safe with his false double keys, took out the three boxes of bullion, and deftly wrenched off the iron hoops which bound them with his mallet and chisel, making no marks. He then, with a pair of pincers, drew out the nails in the lids and took out the gold bars, as well as all the coin.

Burgess helped him to stow away the plunder in the two carpet-bags and the "couriers," and to substitute the check-cloth bags filled with shot. Then he replaced the nails and the iron hoops as dexterously as he had removed them, lit some wax with a taper that Burgess supplied, and resealed the boxes with an ordinary seal Pierce had purchased.

The first box of bullion was all secure again before the train arrived at Redhill. At that stopping-place Tester came to the window of the van, and Burgess handed him out one of the smaller carpet-bags. He went off with it; and as soon as the train resumed its journey, Agar came out

of the corner again, opened the safe a second time and attacked another box.

It must have been a bitter pill for Agar and Burgess to leave behind so much as £8,000, but they had to do so, as they had only made arrangements to take £12,000. They only had the equivalent in lead of that amount of gold. As it was, Agar could not accurately gauge the weight of each box. Hence the discrepancies in the weights at Boulogne and Paris.

The boxes were all carefully readjusted and relocked in the safes, the van swept up and everything apparently quite as it should be when the train got to Folkestone. There Agar slipped out of the van and rejoined Pierce to go on to Dover; while the safes were given out by Burgess in the ordinary way.

At Dover, Agar and Pierce got their carpet-bags from Burgess, and returned to London by the 2 A. M. train, with tickets they had already procured, franked "From Ostend to London." A porter observed that no luggage had come from Ostend that night.

"Oh no, it came the night before," responded one of the two rogues.

ARRIVING back in London, the pair took a cab to Pierce's house and, later in the day, met Tester at the Borough Market. The three proceeded to the shop of a silversmith in Leadenhall Street, and there disposed of some of the specie. Next they visited a money-changer's in the Haymarket, and disposed of the remaining gold eagles in exchange for a cheque.

They returned to Pierce's residence, and removed in a cab most of the gold bars to Agar's place—Cambridge Villas, Shepherd's Bush. There they cut off a portion of the gold from one of the bars with the mallet and chisel, and it was given to Pierce, who was able to sell it for £300. There were a hundred ounces, and he got £3 an ounce.

Well provided now with ready money, the rogues procured iron moulds about a foot in length and two inches broad, tapering down to a point underneath; and, taking out the stove of one of the bedrooms at Cambridge Villas, put a furnace in its place.

Fanny Kay was carefully excluded from the room by Agar, who told her that he and Pierce, who now lodged at the house, were leather-apron weaving.

The four thieves had decided that the best way to get rid of the gold was to melt it down into smaller ingots, which could not be identified.

Fanny Kay, having her suspicions, quar-

reled with Agar, and the household at Cambridge Villas was broken up. Fanny went her way, and Agar went to lodge with Pierce, who had taken a new house at Kilburn. Thither, too, all the ingots of gold were removed. They were kept in a hole dug near the pantry.

As the bullion was melted down into the smaller bars, these were sold a few at a time to various goldsmiths and money-changers all over the country, but mostly to a man named Seward, who had opportunities of disposing of gold in bullion.

Agar and Fanny Kay set up house once more; but, fortunately for law and order and unfortunately for the thievish gang, Agar could not keep away from crime. Although now worth at least £3,000, he must needs go and put his neck in the noose by uttering a forged cheque. For this he was arrested in August, 1855, and was convicted in the following October, being sentenced to transportation for life.

Before his condemnation he arranged with Pierce to invest his share of the stolen bullion and pay Fanny Kay one pound a week. Pierce appropriated Agar's share, and Fanny Kay was reduced to destitution. It was then that she disclosed all she knew.

THE trial of Pierce, Tester and Burgess took place before Mr. Martin Baron and Mr. Justice Willes, and it lasted three days, January 13th, 14th and 15th, 1857.

Pierce preserved a sullen character throughout the proceedings, Tester seemed to feel his position keenly, while Burgess bore himself with a natural gaiety which never allowed itself to be depressed.

A verdict of "Guilty" was returned against all three prisoners; and, in passing sentence upon them, Mr. Martin Baron said: "A greater villain than you are, Pierce, I believe does not exist. The most severe sentence which the law allows me to pass upon you, however, is two years' hard labor. You will be imprisoned, therefore, with hard labor for the space of two years, and during three months of that time, namely, the first, twelfth and twenty-fourth months, you will be kept in solitary confinement. I regret I cannot pass a more severe sentence upon you, for you are worse than either of the others."

As trusted servants of the railway company, Tester and Burgess were each sentenced to transportation beyond the seas for the term of fourteen years.

All three prisoners received their sentences without any change of demeanor, and were immediately removed from the bar.

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Who Killed Beautiful Carmen Wagner?

(Continued from page 29)

completely through the girl's neck and part way through her head and was lodged under the skin. The bullet which had passed through her head was lost, but I removed the second bullet from beneath the skin."

This second leaden pellet, with its strange and individual markings, was to prove another vital link in the chain of circumstantial evidence which my office was to weave against the suspects for whom Sheriff Ross was now searching.

I questioned Doctor Chain as to whether either shot would have caused the death of the girl, and within what length of time.

"In my opinion," said Doctor Chain, "either shot would have caused death, which would have occurred almost instantly. And there would have resulted a heavy hemorrhage which probably would account for the large amount of blood which was found a short distance from the girl's body."

Doctor Chain also concluded that Miss Wagner had been dead for several days before he performed the autopsy on her corpse. This belief led me to the conclusion that the girl had been slain a few days after she had been abducted following the shooting to death of her companion, Henry Sweet.

What had occurred during the terrible period in which she had been held captive?

One of the beliefs expressed by the officers who had visited Coyote Flat where her body was found was that she had been attacked. The corpse was so badly decayed, however, that this could not be determined with a positive degree of accuracy.

ANOTHER startling and terrifying theory was that Carmen had been offered as a "blood sacrifice" on the mystic "shrine" which some observers seemed to see in the arrangement of tree trunks and bark near her grave.

Returning to more practicable beliefs, Coroner Swanson had a good hunch as the autopsy was being performed. He reasoned that a young girl, facing an attacker, would attempt to scratch the man's face, and that beneath her finger nails perhaps there would be found skin and flesh particles which might enable a criminologist to learn the identity of her attacker or attackers, provided we succeeded in arresting the two men we had under suspicion.

Coroner Swanson therefore caused each finger nail of the corpse to be scraped and the substance from each placed in ten separate envelopes.

Faced with the tremendous problem of bringing the slayers of both the young man and Carmen to justice, I sought the best assistance along the lines of criminology that I could obtain. I sent word to Doctor E. O. Heinrich, of Berkeley, California, that I wanted his help in an attempt to solve the mysterious murders of Coyote Flat.

Doctor Heinrich has devoted his life to the study of criminology. Many of his celebrated solutions of baffling crimes repose in the records of brilliant detective work. One of Doctor Heinrich's clever pieces of sleuthing was the solution of the

D'Autremont case, which occurred in Oregon several years ago.

A train was held up and the three robbers killed several of the crew in their desperate attempt to get at the money and valuables in the mail car. The robbers were driven off, but not before they had ruthlessly killed the trainmen.

Doctor Heinrich was called on the case. He didn't have much to work on, as I remember, but he took the robbers' discarded overalls, and by a clever solution, was able to describe the train bandits, even going so far as to point out that one of them was left-handed. With this information, the three D'Autremont brothers finally were captured, confessed that they were the robbers and each was given a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Another remarkable case which was solved by Doctor Heinrich was the infamous Schwartz laboratory murder hoax of Walnut Creek, California. Charles Henry Schwartz was known as a chemist who had invented a process for manufacturing artificial silk.

A terrific explosion occurred in his laboratory and it was taken for granted that the charred body found in the blackened ruins was that of Schwartz. But not by the clever Doctor Heinrich. He poked about the laboratory, swept up tiny articles from the floor, put them under a microscope, looked at the teeth of the corpse, and returned the startling verdict that the body was not that of Schwartz.

And Doctor Heinrich was right, because it soon proved that Schwartz had slain an itinerant preacher, caused the laboratory explosion to make it appear that he himself had died while making a dangerous experiment, and then had sought to flee from the country. As a result of Doctor Heinrich's deductions, Schwartz was trapped in an Oakland, California, apartment house, where he shot himself to death as the officers broke down his door.

As it happened Doctor Heinrich was near Eureka investigating a comparatively minor case when I sought his services to help solve the mysterious murders of Coyote Flat. Doctor Heinrich at once came to Eureka to seek evidence in the murders.

I turned over to Doctor Heinrich all the available evidence which had been collected by my office and by Sheriff Ross and his deputies. This evidence included the ten envelopes containing the substance taken from beneath Carmen Wagner's finger-nails, together with her clothing, hat and belt, and other articles.

Placing the articles of evidence in suitcases, Doctor Heinrich returned to his laboratory in San Francisco to inspect the physical aspects of the case and arrive at a conclusion as to the possible identity of the murderer or murderers.

IN the meantime Sheriff Ross had been busy, with the result that two suspects were arrested in connection with the slayings. The two suspects, lodged in the jail at Eureka, were—*Walter David* and *Jack Ryan*, the half-breed Indian brothers!

Their arrests were dramatic and had followed quickly after the discovery of Carmen Wagner's body.



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Deputy Sheriff Reid placed Jack Ryan under arrest at the Deer Creek ranch, which was located about six miles east of Coyote Flat, where the bodies of Sweet and Miss Wagner had been found.

Reid and members of the posse broke in on Ryan's cabin and found the half-breed Indian youth in bed. It was 10:30 o'clock at night, about twelve hours after Carmen's body had been discovered in the shallow grave.

Ryan was told to dress quickly, which he did, but he did not put on the white chaps which he had worn the day he met Kenneth Walford on the trail by the old Wagner place. He tossed the chaps carelessly in the yard of the ranch.

"Have you got a gun?" Deputy Sheriff Reid asked Ryan, who now stood trembling and ready to be taken to the jail at Eureka.

"Yes," Ryan answered. "You will find it in the barn with my saddle."

George Wilder, a member of the posse, hurried to the barn and found the gun, a German Luger weapon. Wilder handed the gun to Reid and the officer and his prisoner began the horseback ride to Eureka. Handcuffs were slipped around the wrists of the suspect, as the deputy sheriff and the possemen did not want to give their prisoner an opportunity to escape in the darkness as they followed the narrow trail through the mountains.

I MET Reid and his prisoner upon their arrival at the jail, where Ryan was hustled at once into the private office of Sheriff Ross for questioning. And plenty of questions were hurled at the man. We had reason to believe that he was involved in the double murders.

Before he could think of an answer to one question some one would hurl another question at him in an attempt to confuse him and make him tell all he knew about the mystery.

In an effort to frighten the suspect someone told him that the human eye retained the image of the last thing it had seen before death. An attempt was made to make Ryan believe that Carmen's eyes would hold his image. The Indian only shrugged.

Ryan readily admitted that the pistol found in the barn belonged to him, and added that he owned several weapons. He explained this by saying he often supplied hunting parties with pistols and rifles when he acted as guide.

Added weight to the suspicion against Ryan followed the announcement by Deputy Sheriff Reid that he had found two pistol shells at Coyote Flat, about ten or eleven feet from where the girl's body was discovered. And the shells exactly fitted the Luger pistol which Ryan admitted owning. Several similar shells also were found in Ryan's cabin at the time of his arrest.

WORKING swiftly to prevent flight from the county, Reid also arrested Ryan's half-brother, Walter David.

David's cabin, where Ryan often spent his leisure time, was located only three miles south of Coyote Flat. The possemen, led by Reid, quickly surrounded David's cabin and called to him to come out and surrender. David responded without resistance and was placed under arrest.

The demeanor of the two half-brothers

"You folks must think I can't play!"

I cried, when they laughed at my offer

IT was the monthly get-together of our little group and the fun was at its height. Mabel had just finished singing a touching version of "Frankie and Johnnie" when I offered to play.

"Boy! This is going to be good! Did you folks hear that? Jim said he'd play for us!" cried Tom.

I pretended to be highly insulted. Drawing myself up with mock dignity, I said, "You folks must think I can't play! Why, the very idea!"

This caused a fresh explosion of laughter. "Can't play!" called someone. "Say, if I could play as well as you, I'd be digging ditches right now!"

Seating myself at the piano I traveled up and down that keyboard with my one good finger, as Tom called it, until the crowd howled for mercy.

But instead of getting up from the piano, I suddenly swung into the haunting strains of "The Pagan Love Song." This was not clowning, but real music. I played as I had always longed to—beautifully, effortlessly, with real skill and feeling.

The crowd could hardly believe their ears! The moment the piece was finished they overwhelmed me with questions. *Where had I learned to play? When had I studied? Who was my teacher? Why had I kept it a secret?*

How I Taught Myself to Play

I told them the whole story. Ever since I was a child, I had been crazy about music. But as I hated to practice, my music lessons were given up, and I had to content myself with hearing others play.

But every time I pepped up a party with my one-finger clowning the longing to really play returned. However, I had no time now to take lessons and spend hours practicing, to say nothing of the expense of a private teacher. Then

one day I came across an ad of the U. S. School of Music that offered a Free Demonstration Lesson to prove how easy it is to learn to play at home, without a teacher. I sent for it and decided to take the course. I learned in my spare time and thoroughly enjoyed each lesson. For there are no long hours of practice—no tiresome scales—the U. S. School of Music way.

Almost before I knew it, I was able to play all the pieces I had always longed to play—jazz, classical, anything.

They were dumbfounded. But in a moment they eagerly demanded piece after piece—dance music, ballads, snappy songs. Now I'm never invited anywhere that I'm not practically forced to entertain with my music. As Tom says, learning to really play has certainly made me popular!

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as they were placed under arrest for the two hideous crimes was noted particularly by Deputy Sheriff Reid.

"Ryan was very nervous and seemed greatly excited," Reid told me. "But David did not appear very much excited or nervous either, for that matter."

In fact, Reid said, David was rather genial about his arrest, even inviting the possemen to have coffee with him, as he was at breakfast when the officers arrived. Suddenly, however, Reid and his deputies became aware of something peculiar and sinister about David's face.

It had been scratched and clawed as though by the fingers of a girl fighting desperately for her honor and life!

Another peculiar incident, it seemed to me, was the fact that neither suspect asked the reason for his arrest. No protest was made, according to the officers and each man went along meekly to the jail.

OTHER evidence was gathered. It included the white chaps which belonged to Ryan and, most sinister of all, a coat owned by the half-breed. The coat bore many deep blood stains, on the sleeves, shoulders, lapels and even on the back.

And the keen eyes of Doctor Heinrich discovered a broken needle in the right lapel of the coat. This needle had been broken, Doctor Heinrich believed, by pressure when its wearer lifted a heavy burden in his arms, such as the weight of a corpse!

It was learned that the two half-brothers had ridden many times on horseback through the Coyote Flat region while the search for Sweet and Miss Wagner was in progress. They admitted having crossed Coyote Flat, where the girl's body was discovered, and Ryan said he had helped the posse search for a short time, but was not asked by the officers to give all his time to the hunt.

The sinister, deep scratches, like gouges made by fingernails, on David's face had been noticed by several persons.

"I saw the big, raw furrows on David's face," said W. H. Wonderly, a carpenter

of Eureka, who had been a member of the posse. "David's face was scratched badly, apparently with something which had been drawn down toward his chin, and there was one deep mark near his nose. I noticed the scratches on October twenty-third, the same day the body of Carmen, who used to live a block from my home, was found."

Wonderly told me that the scratches appeared to be old and that there was no blood on David's face.

Mrs. Mildred R. McGowan of San Francisco, also had noticed the scratches on the man's face. Mrs. McGowan each summer resides in Humboldt County, and she knew David, who had broken wild colts for a time on her husband's ranch. Walter McGowan, a San Francisco attorney, had taken up the defense of David, whom he believed to be innocent of the fiendish slayings.

"I first saw the scars on David's face sometime between the middle of August and the time of the Fortuna Rodeo, held about August twenty-first," said Mrs. McGowan. "At that time David came to our summer residence at Forest Lake, with his face scratched and bleeding. I washed his face with witch hazel during the time he was there in the afternoon.

"The scars were quite deep, one raw cut running down under his left eye. David said he was anxious to have the scars treated so that they would heal and permit him to ride his horse in the rodeo."

WERE the scars which Mrs. McGowan observed on David's face *before* the murders of Sweet and Miss Wagner the same marks found on David's face *after* the girl had been slain?

David contended that the marks were the same and he denied any knowledge of the murders. And David also emphasized that he was at the McGowan place at the approximate time Carmen was believed to have been slain.

I believed, however, that the mass of evidence against the two suspects was overwhelming and made preparations for presentation of the facts to the Court

when the half-brothers were arraigned for their preliminary hearing before Justice of the Peace J. T. Fraser.

The evidence was assembled—many witnesses who had observed the deep scratches on David's face were ready to testify; others who had seen the two suspects in the vicinity of Coyote Flat; the Luger shells found at the scene of the crime, which fitted Ryan's revolver; Ryan's blood-stained coat, with the broken needle in the right lapel, and *finally Carmen's tiny wrist watch had been found concealed in the right knee of the white chaps which Ryan had worn!*

Overwhelming evidence, it seemed to me, which appeared to point conclusively to the guilt of the two half-breed Indians. The evidence of course was circumstantial. No one, as far as we knew, had seen Sweet murdered, nor had there been any witnesses to the cruel death of Carmen Wagner.

THE suspects were guarded against any possible violence from the many friends who had known and respected Sweet and Miss Wagner in their lifetimes.

The preliminary hearing of the two suspects began before Justice of the Peace J. T. Fraser at Eureka on November 25th, 1925, about one month after the bodies had been found.

Among the experts I had summoned to aid the prosecution was Doctor E. O. Heinrich.

Upon his arrival in Eureka at my summons for aid, Doctor Heinrich, accompanied by Sheriff A. A. Ross of Humboldt County, at once made his way over the narrow trails and rough territory to the spot where Carmen's body had been found on Coyote Flat.

The criminologist stood in deep thought at the scene of the terrible crime, endeavoring to visualize the actions of the slayer or slayers who had killed Carmen.

Near the shallow hole from which the girl's bloody corpse had been removed Doctor Heinrich's keen eyes suddenly discovered a tree trunk which apparently had been cut and fashioned by someone.

The tree appeared to be a shrine!

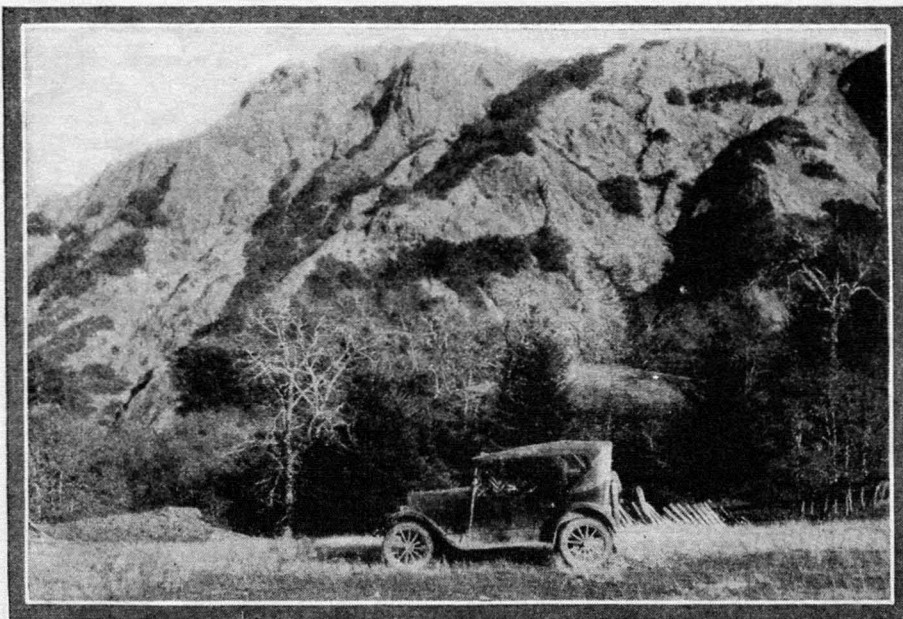
Had a religious fanatic, or possibly a pair of demented men, made a sacrificial offering of Carmen Wagner before she was slain? The terrible theory was pondered by Doctor Heinrich.

The tree and the arrangement of the slabs of thick bark had every appearance, it was thought, of having been made as a crude shrine for the blood offering of its beautiful victim.

The girl might have been made a sacrificial offering, like a goat or sheep, and possibly had escaped a more horrible death when her desperate resistance caused her to be shot down with the Luger pistol, the two bullets piercing her head and causing almost instant death.

Perhaps some fiend who lived somewhere in the inaccessible mountains had taken the girl prisoner, after slaying her escort, Henry Sweet, and then had dragged Carmen for five miles along the bed of the stream, so that her footprints could not be followed.

This theory was partly verified when the autopsy over the girl's body disclosed a rope "burn." The burn seemed to point to the fact that a horseman had dragged the girl along behind his animal to the



Looking down toward Baker Canyon, showing the wild and rugged country over which the hunt for Carmen Wagner continued for days

mysterious shrine fashioned from the tree trunk.

All the evidence gathered by Sheriff Ross and his deputies and myself had been turned over to Doctor Heinrich. The criminologist told me that he had devoted considerable time to the study of the evidence, including the Luger pistol and the shells found at the scene of the murders, the bullet taken from the girl's head, and the blood-stained coat belonging to Jack Ryan.

Then came the preliminary hearing of the two suspects before Justice of the Peace Fraser to see whether the circumstantial evidence was strong enough to justify both men being held for trial in Superior Court on charges of murder.

Sheriff Ross hustled David and Ryan from the jail to an outer room just beside Judge Fraser's courtroom. By stipulation both of the accused men were placed under guard in the outer room, and I prepared to show enough of the evidence against them to cause them to be held for trial on murder charges.

I was capably assisted by Deputy District Attorney Paul B. Gibson. Neither of us, at this time, was prepared for the startling outcome of the hearing.

One of my most important witnesses was Doctor Heinrich, and the evidence he had gathered was vital to our case. At the preliminary hearing of the half-breed brothers, the Defense attorneys made strenuous efforts to block any testimony offered by Doctor Heinrich. The Defense particularly sought to forestall the admission as evidence of the substance taken from beneath the dead girl's fingernails.

THE qualification of Doctor Heinrich to testify in the State's behalf was questioned by the Defense, who contended that only a physician could determine the nature of the matter from beneath the victim's nails.

But I easily qualified Doctor Heinrich by asking him how many years he had been engaged in criminal research.

"Fifteen years," replied Doctor Heinrich, who was then ordered by Judge Fraser to tell what he had found.

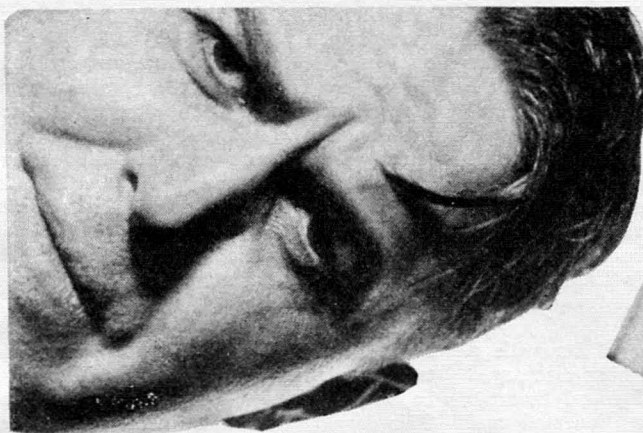
"I found in the particles from beneath the girl's fingernails, after it had been dried and separated, grains of earth mixed with twelve tiny particles of substance which I identified as the outer skin of a human person, and one larger particle of flesh without any skin attached," said Doctor Heinrich.

"I also examined the bullet taken from the girl's skull," he continued. "I compared the caliber of the bullet with the caliber of the pistol by direct measurement."

The pistol in question was the weapon which one of the two brothers, Jack Ryan, admitted that he owned.

"I compared the markings of the rifling upon the bullets with the riflings within the barrel of the pistol and found them to be exactly the same in number, width and depth," testified Doctor Heinrich.

Doctor Heinrich had conducted an extensive experiment with the bullets in his laboratory. He had arranged a target of paraffin, nine inches in depth, and into this substance he had fired the bullets from Ryan's pistol. Then Doctor Heinrich dug the bullets from the paraffin and compared them with the bullet which had been taken from Carmen's skull.



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"I fired a series of bullets through the gun," Doctor Heinrich told the Court. "I compared the microscopic markings made by the interior of the barrel upon the jacket of the bullet by direct microscopic comparison at a magnification of about forty diameters, and found that the scratches put on the groove in the bullet by the lands of the pistol were identical in their position, depth and direction with the markings upon the bullet which has been introduced as People's Exhibit Number Two in this case.

"I THEN compared the shells with a similar shell that had been discharged by me in this weapon. I found that the cap in each instance was indented and broken in and are identical to the manner in which the firing pin in this pistol penetrated the cap in the test cartridges.

"I fired six shells through the Luger owned by Ryan and in each instance the markings were identical with the bullet taken from the dead girl's head."

Doctor Heinrich then testified, over the heated objections of the Defense, that in his opinion the Luger pistol owned by Jack Ryan fired the bullet which had caused the death of Carmen Wagner!

Next the heavy coat owned by Ryan, a garment made of leather and heavy canvas, was introduced as evidence. Doctor Heinrich had examined the garment.

"I found the coat liberally marked with blood stains," testified the criminologist. "The stains were on the front of the coat, and particularly on the left sleeve. I found a series of more recent stains upon the right side of the coat, starting with the collar and extending in small spatters over the area of the left front of the coat.

"Upon the right side of the coat I found recent blood stains upon the shoulder, down the shoulder seam and across the right sleeve and one enormous stain which had struck the coat at the bottom of the right front, opposite the pocket in the coat, and had been of such intensity that the blood had soaked through the outer material and had stained the corner of the pocket, through a depth of three inches."

Then Doctor Heinrich pointed out the sinister significance of the broken needle.

"Upon the inside of the coat lapel I found a needle that had been there for a long time," he said. "I examined the needle and found it had been broken in the center very recently. The needle was fastened in the coat lapel by old rust."

The needle had been broken, Doctor Heinrich believed, when the wearer of the coat had lifted a heavy object in his arms—such as the girl's corpse!

The Defense attorneys stubbornly and repeatedly attacked the testimony and the qualifications of Doctor Heinrich, whose

testimony was damaging to the two accused men.

I observed that the Defense lawyers were trying to trap Doctor Heinrich. One innocent-appearing question hurled at Doctor Heinrich concerned the length of the barrel of the Luger pistol owned by Ryan.

"Have you measured the barrel of this weapon?" Ryan's attorney asked Doctor Heinrich.

When the criminologist replied in the negative he was asked if he could estimate its length.

"Three and one-half inches," Doctor Heinrich replied quickly. A ruler was obtained and the measurement was found to be exactly three and one-half inches. This demonstrated to the Court, I believe, that the testimony of Doctor Heinrich was to be given great weight.

Answering my questions, Doctor Heinrich next told of the deep scratches he had observed on the face of Walter David, when the suspect was held in the jail. A powerful light was shown directly on David's face as he was subjected to countless questions by Sheriff Ross and the other officers.

"I observed deep scratches on David's face, extending along the right cheek bone down into his beard," said Doctor Heinrich. "The scratches had been extremely deep and had been made through both the layers of the skin into the raw flesh. The scratches indicated to me that David had been clawed at least three times."

And from beneath Carmen Wagner's fingernails bits of skin and flesh had been scraped!

Another steel link in the chain of circumstantial evidence was added with the discovery of Miss Wagner's tiny wrist watch, *hidden in the lining of the white chaps which Ryan had discarded so carelessly beside the barn when the posse placed him under arrest.*

The discovery of the watch was made by Kenneth Walford.

Obedient a strange hunch, Walford had walked to where Ryan's chaps had been thrown on the ground beside some horse saddles. The posseman looked at the chaps, then turned and started to walk away.

"GUESS I'll search the chaps," he remarked suddenly, picking them up. Other possemen looked on while Walford raised the chaps at arms' length.

I questioned young Walford as to how he had searched the chaps.

"I picked them up, held them out and looked at them," said Walford. "I looked down through the lining. Then I held them by the belt and felt them all the way down with the flat of my hand, but I did not discover anything. Then I laid them down and started to go away."

A strange thought flashed through Walford's mind. He remembered having ridden along the trail with Ryan near the old Wagner place, when Ryan had told him that the Baker Canyon had been "searched out" in the vicinity of where Carmen Wagner's body was later found.

Ryan at that time, Walford recalled, had made a mysterious motion toward the knee of his chaps as they were riding together along the narrow trail.

"I was not satisfied after I laid the chaps down," Walford continued. "So I again felt through them inside and out, and at the bottom seam of the chaps there was an object which felt hard. It seemed to be some kind of a foreign object. I commenced working it toward the top and upper part with my fingers, and forced it along between the lining and the outer part of the chaps. At last I worked it out to a rip in the lining, and it was a watch."

I had Miss Wagner's parents and her brother identify the watch as having belonged to the slain girl.

"The watch was an old-fashioned one," said Mrs. Wagner, with tears in her eyes, when she was asked to identify the timepiece. "It had three scratches on the back cover. It had been made into a wrist watch with a sort of leather covering. That watch belonged to my daughter."

Doctor Heinrich examined the watch, which was without the leather covering when found in Ryan's chaps, and ascertained that attempts had been made to scratch off the markings and initials on the back cover.

Then the Defense sprung a surprise! It showed that a bitter hatred was held by Walford against the defendant, Ryan, and that Walford at one time had rushed from the posse camp with a rifle in his hands and the avowed determination "to get that — Ryan!"

THE circumstances of the youth's desire to avenge the murder of Carmen Wagner, whom he believed had been slain by Ryan, were dramatic. The posse was camped at night around a fire, waiting for dawn to resume the search for the girl. Walford was restless and anxious to pursue the hunt single-handed in the darkness and over the twisting trails. He could not even wait for daylight to start out by himself.

Hurriedly preparing some sandwiches, young Walford, who was only a boy of twenty years, set out on foot alone. The boy was a good shot, as he had hunted many times through the region. He grabbed two weapons from the armament of the posse, one a hunting rifle and the other a pistol.

Walford's anger had increased because he had known the Wagner girl for about

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three years, and he had liked her very much in his boyish way. In fact, the names and initials of the young couple had been carved in trees and on a wooden shack near Coyote Flat.

"I'm going to get that — Jack Ryan!" Walford cried passionately.

Several possemen attempted to detain the youth, but he shook them off angrily. "I intend to get Ryan and find out for myself from him what he knows about the murder of Sweet and the disappearance of Carmen," Walford told the other men. "I believe Ryan knows something about the murder of Sweet."

Walford then broke away and ran toward Coyote Flat. He had been gone for several minutes when the possemen, after talking over his impulsive action among themselves, decided that they had better overtake and disarm the boy.

They set out on horses and soon overtook the youth, who was on foot. Riding their horses around him, they forced him to stop and then grabbed the weapons from his hands. Against his vehement protests Walford was led forcibly back to the posse camp.

Early the next morning the boy set out again, carrying a pair of field glasses and a hunting rifle. Some distance away from the camp he halted and turned around, observing the other possemen watching his movements. Then Walford focused the powerful lens on a hill three miles away, across a deep valley.

A figure suddenly leaped into the youth's vision.

Walford raised his rifle, although he knew that there wasn't the barest chance of hitting the mysterious figure which crouched on the distant hillside, because the rifle bullet would not carry that far.

As the District Attorney wishing to obtain every bit of evidence to assist me in the prosecution, I asked Walford the reason for his angry attitude against Ryan.

"I saw the tracks of Ryan's horse in the neighborhood," the youth said. "The tracks could be seen plainly, although I never saw Ryan, who had said he was in a different part of the country while we were searching. I know the tracks were made by his horse, because he rode a colt which had not been shod and the right front foot made a peculiar, large track. These strange tracks had been made by the horse going in two directions, and some of them led into the box canyon which Ryan told me had been thoroughly searched out."

The colt had recently been broken, but still maintained many of its wild, bucking habits. Remember this fact.

A great amount of evidence was presented against David and Ryan at the preliminary hearing on murder charges. As the District Attorney, I naturally withheld some evidence for the trial proper.

I felt that the evidence which had been put before the Court was sufficiently damaging. It seemed to point to positive guilt.

Of course, both accused men also had their opportunity of telling their side of the case, through their attorneys. But could David give a logical, convincing explanation of the terrible, claw-like scratches on his face, the scratches which appeared to have been inflicted by Carmen Wagner in her attempt to escape a fate worse than death?

And could Ryan explain how his coat

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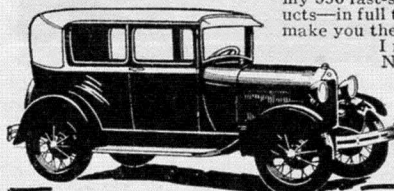
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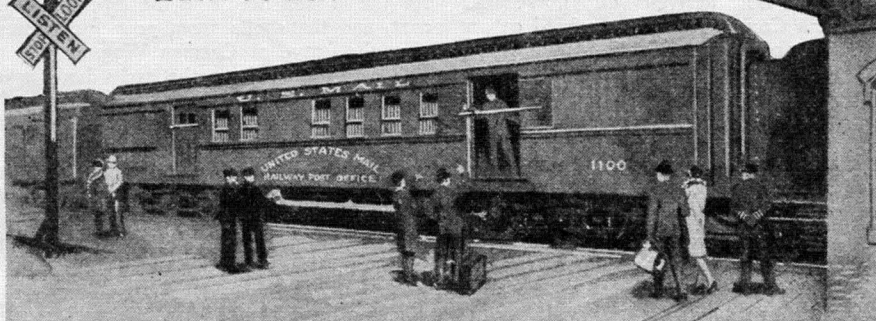
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Doctor E. O. Heinrich, famous criminologist, who made investigations in the Carmen Wagner case and testified for the State, is here shown at work in his laboratory

had been soaked by blood, which appeared to have every indication of having been shed by a human being? And how could he explain the girl's watch being in his chaps?

Amazement can hardly express my feelings at the sudden turn the court hearing took when the two accused half-breed Indians offered their startling alibis.

David's attorneys quickly called Gilbert Sutherland and Charles Griesbach as the chief witnesses to establish an unshakable alibi.

Both witnesses declared positively, under oath, that David had been attacked and terribly beaten and scratched on his face during a furious fight with Henry Cox.

"We were on a fishing trip, myself, Charley Griesbach and Henry Cox of Bridgeville," said Sutherland after he had been sworn as a defense witness. "It was in August and we were camping at the place known as Cold Springs. After we had camped there one day the defendant, Walter David, arrived on horseback. David and Cox then had some kind of an argument, and a fight started.

"They fought furiously. David's face began to bleed, and was soon all covered with blood, which was running from the deep scratches. The scratches had been made all over David's face, on his right cheek, near his nose and beside his left eye. The blood ran all over his clothes.

"After the fight was over David left our camp, but the next day he returned, and I noticed that the blood had been washed off his face so we could distinctly see about eight or ten deep scratches.

"David and Cox then talked over the fight, and they agreed to shake hands and to say nothing about it. So I asked him how he could explain about the scratches, and he said he would tell anyone who asked him that a horse threw him off as he was breaking it."

The Defense attorney, to clinch the

testimony, then asked Sutherland if the scratches on David's face were the same as those inflicted by Cox. "I am satisfied that they are," Sutherland answered.

Griesbach next took the witness stand. "Cox scratched David up pretty bad," Griesbach testified. "Cox did it with his fingers like a wild cat would, and the half-breed's face the next day looked like a war map, with the scratches running every way. But they both agreed to shake hands and David said he would say he was thrown from a horse into the brush, to account for the scratches."

Was David's alibi logical? Could Ryan present a similar explanation to account for the great amount of blood on his coat?

"My horse tossed me off by suddenly rearing while I was riding on the trail," said Ryan. "I got a deep cut over my eye and it bled a lot. The only thing I could do was to wipe the blood off on my coat sleeve. I got covered by the blood."

"But how," I asked him, "do you account for the broken needle in the lapel of your coat, and the shells from your gun found near the grave of Carmen Wagner?"

"I was near where the girl's body was later found, hunting deer," Ryan replied. "I saw an animal on the hillside and I started to shoot at it. It was running on the hill and I fired several shots at the animal, about eighteen in all, before I hit and killed it.

"Then I lifted the deer's carcass and got some more blood on my coat. I probably broke that needle by lifting the deer."

With the evidence and the two men's alibis before him, the judge pondered the case deeply. The responsibility rested on his shoulders. Everyone waited anxiously for his judicial ruling.

"It is ordered by the Court," said Justice of the Peace Fraser, "that Walter David be discharged and that Jack Ryan be held to answer on charges of murder."

David walked from the court room a free

man. *But never by the wildest stretch of the imagination, could he possibly have foreseen the horrible fate which was soon to overtake him.*

Meanwhile Ryan prepared for his trial, which began February 17th, 1926, four months after Carmen Wagner and Henry Sweet had been murdered. The trial was to be fought bitterly over a period of six weeks.

One of my witnesses was W. R. Shields, a rancher who had resided in Humboldt County for many years, and who was believed to have been the last man to see Carmen Wagner alive, except of course, her slayer or slayers.

Under my direct examination on the witness stand, Shields testified substantially as follows:

"On the ninth day of October (two days after Carmen Wagner had left her home in Eureka to go hunting with Henry Sweet) I was in the vicinity of Coyote Flat," said Shields.

"I remember seeing Carmen Wagner on that day about a mile and a half or two miles from Coyote Flat, on what is known as Hyampom Trail, on top of the ridge.

"I spoke to her as I met her on the trail. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning.

"My wife and I were camping at Government Springs, within three-quarters of a mile from where I met Miss Wagner. Shortly after we saw Miss Wagner we saw someone else in that same country."

Who was this mysterious man? Was he the slayer or one of the two killers who killed Carmen Wagner and Henry Sweet so ruthlessly?

The mysterious man was seen by Shields near an old unfinished cabin some 200 yards from Government Springs.

"I was standing on the trail when I first saw the man, who was right behind the old cabin by a rock," Shields testified.

"The man was not a very large man, although I could not see his entire person. He was wearing blue overalls, some kind of wool or khaki shirt of bluish or greenish color. The man was then standing on the top of the rock by the old cabin."

Just forty-five minutes before he saw the strange man, Shields said he had seen Carmen and her collie dog on the trail! And the sinister looking man had gazed after the girl as she walked along the trail. Then he vanished!

Later that same day Shields said he had discovered the tracks of two men who had travelled along the same path where Miss Wagner had been walking.

Two days later Shields said he had learned of the murder of Henry Sweet, who had been shot to death in front of the little shack at Coyote Flat by the slayer or slayers who hid behind the large rock which stood some distance away.

Then Shields joined the posse which began the search for Carmen Wagner.

AS Shields testified, the questions he answered brought out vague hints . . . but nothing more . . . as to the rumored, sinister "shrine" for human sacrifice which some persons believed they had seen at Coyote Flat where the girl's body had been buried after she was slain.

Doctor Heinrich at the time of his investigation into the killing of the girl had expressed a theory that Carmen had been held as a sacrificial offering for a Phallic religious ceremony planned at an Indian

altar on the top of Coyote Flat.

Was there anything to support this startling theory of a sacrificial offering of the beautiful, young red-haired girl, a human being given to a strange deity like a goat slaughtered for its blood sacrifice?

I questioned Shields as to what he had observed in the vicinity of the girl's grave.

"There was a piece of bark lying on a tree stump," he answered. "Right east of the stump in an easterly direction there was a log. The bark had been taken from the log.

"The place from where the bark had been removed, and a stick and the log, lined up almost perfectly with the location of the girl's body. A fire had been built there in a small space, which was only about fourteen or sixteen inches across.

"The ground was very hard, with a few scattered leaves lying around, but by the tree there were the tracks of a horse opposite where the fire had been. In my judgment the tracks had all been made by an unshod horse."

Ryan previously had admitted that his colt was not shod.

Shields then told of finding red hairs and white hairs from chaps near the scene of the murder. The hairs were found on the trail, on bushes from a foot or so to three and four feet above the ground. The red hairs, I emphasized to the jury, were torn from the head of Carmen Wagner, while the white hairs were from Ryan's chaps as he dragged the girl along the trail to the place where she was shot to death and then buried.

Answering my questions, Shields then related how he had helped to disarm young Walford when the boy ran from the posse camp with the avowed intention of "getting Ryan."

"The boy acted to me like a man in a frenzy and about half crazy," said Shields.

NEXT I put Walford himself on the stand. The boy testified, trying with apparent earnestness to be truthful about every detail, and told how he had searched for his missing friend, Carmen. Then Walford related in detail how he had discovered the girl's missing wrist watch hidden in the chaps owned by Jack Ryan.

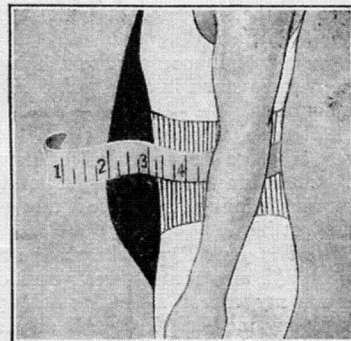
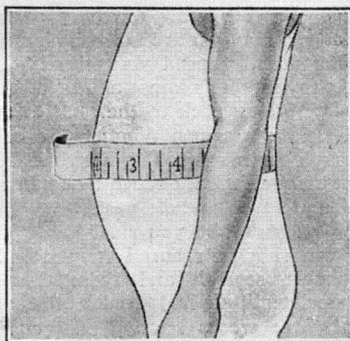
Walford told the jury he believed Jack Ryan to be guilty of murdering Carmen.

The evidence, I felt, was gradually accumulating against Ryan. My next witness was Doctor Heinrich. He related his tests which had been conducted with the bullet found in Miss Wagner's head, and how its measurements coincided exactly with the riflings of bullets fired from the Luger pistol, which Ryan admitted was his weapon.

Doctor Heinrich told in vivid detail of the blood stains on Ryan's coat, and emphasized his belief that blood flowing from a cut in the suspect's forehead could not possibly have found its way into the inner side of the man's pocket, where a stain was found on some cigarette papers.

Doctor Heinrich said the blood on Ryan's coat was that of a human being, and not of a deer, as Ryan had claimed.

Bit by bit the circumstantial evidence accumulated against Ryan. Would the evidence prove strong enough to convict the man of the fiendish murders and send him to the gallows or to prison for life? Or was Jack Ryan merely the victim of circumstances so strange that he only ap-



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peared to be the murderer of both Henry Sweet and Carmen Wagner?

With an air of innocence, Ryan himself took the witness stand in a desperate effort to save his life.

The half-breed was sworn as a witness for himself before Superior Judge Denver Sevier. Could his testimony overcome the almost overwhelming weight of the evidence against him?

"My name is Jack Ryan," began the accused man. "I am twenty-three years old and before my arrest I lived at Maple Creek with my mother. I worked at various places in Humboldt County.

"Previous to the tenth of October, I worked about three days and a half at Deer Creek. I was cutting weeds. I began this work on Monday evening, October fifth. I worked half a day Tuesday, all day Wednesday and Thursday and Friday."

"No, I don't know anything about it."

"Now, when you are not working, where do you usually spend your time?"

"At my mother's house at Maple Creek."

"Now, going back to the tenth of October (the day Carmen Wagner was believed to have been murdered) what time did you leave the Deer Creek ranch that morning?"

"About seven or half past."

"What horse did you ride?"

"I was riding a roan. I bought the horse September seventh and from then until October tenth I had ridden the animal about three weeks steady. But on October tenth the horse was only about half broken to the saddle. When I left that morning I was going up to my brother's to see about trading horses.

"When I started out the horse was feeling pretty good and frisky. And when I was running him down a road by the river

"Yes, sir," he answered. "There is brush upon that trail that a fellow has to go under to get through."

How could Ryan account for the heavy stains of blood found in his right coat pocket?

"Did you get your hands sore while you were working at pulling the weeds?" the Defense lawyer asked Ryan.

"Yes, I got sore hands and I bought a bottle of iodine. I put the bottle in my right coat pocket and later the bottle was broken, and it stained my cigarettes," Ryan said in a straightforward voice.

Ryan then related how he had continued to ride past the trail leading to the Wagner place and on to Showers Rock, where he tied his horse to a low bush and went hunting.

He shot at a deer several times, he said, finally killing the fleet-footed animal as it ran swiftly on the slope of the hill. The two Luger shells found near Carmen's body might have been ejected from his gun when he passed that spot, shooting at the deer.

When he lifted the deer's carcass to his saddle, Ryan said, blood flowed onto his coat, and the pressure from handling the three-point animal might have broken the needle in his right coat lapel.

Ryan vigorously denied any knowledge of the double murder and claimed that if Carmen Wagner's wrist watch had been found in his chaps the timepiece must have been "planted" there by some person who hated him bitterly and wished to see him accused of the brutal slayings.

"I FIRST heard of the death of Henry Sweet on October thirteenth," said Ryan. "On the nineteenth I remember meeting Kenneth Walford on the trail. He asked me if I was acquainted with the country and I told him that I used to live up there. Then he asked me about some cabin in the canyon and I told him there was a cabin down there some place."

I questioned Ryan about the mysterious movement of his hand to his chaps, which had seemed so strange to Walford.

"It was merely a motion of my hand to get some cigarettes in my pocket," replied the defendant. Walford, it will be remembered, intimated that Ryan had made a motion as though to conceal something in his chaps.

Ryan then told how the officers had arrested him late at night after the murdered girl's body had been found.

"I had gone to bed about nine o'clock,"

Ryan testified. "I fell asleep and was awakened about ten o'clock when the officers arrived. They asked me to get up, saying they had come from the sheriff's office for me. I got up and dressed and they put the handcuffs on me.

"The officers told me that they had found out I had killed that girl and the dog, and they said they had seen where I buried the girl and they told me to 'come through' with everything.

"I told them that I did not know anything about it. Then about an hour later, still wearing the handcuffs, I mounted my horse and we all rode to the jail at Eureka."

I hammered at the man's testimony, trying to shake it. I brought out that although Ryan was regarded as one of the best horsemen in the county, he still wanted to get rid of the colt which he



(Left to right) Sheriff A. A. Ross, Jack Ryan and District Attorney Hill. This photograph was taken in the Humboldt County Jail on the day Ryan was arrested. Note blood-stains around the cuff of Ryan's right sleeve, in the crook of his right arm and also near the shoulder seam

Ryan talked crisply and answered quickly the questions put to him by his attorney. The jury paid strict attention to the witness and the crowded court room also listened attentively.

Was the accused man telling the truth or would he attempt to lie about his whereabouts at the time Sweet and Carmen were believed to have been slain?

The jury was to decide. The quick, clear answers might be the result of Ryan having drilled himself as to the dates and places to establish an unimpeachable alibi, or the direct, frank answers might mean that he was telling nothing but the truth.

"Have you ever made any moonshine liquor?" Ryan's attorney asked.

"No, I never did," the half-breed answered frankly.

"Do you know how to make it?"

he fell. There was something in the road and he kind of stumbled and fell.

"He threw me off and I got a bad cut on my forehead. It bled a little bit and when I came to the river I washed the blood off. Then I got back on the horse and rode on the trail up by the old Wagner place.

"Meanwhile my forehead continued to bleed. I never tied any cloth around it but I wiped off the blood a couple of times on my coat sleeve."

SHIELDS, it will be remembered, told of finding white hairs, like those from Ryan's chaps, in the bushes alongside the trail leading to Coyote Flat.

"Was there any brush along that trail that you had to dodge under to get through?" the Defense asked Ryan.

claimed had thrown him and cut his forehead. Ryan also was regarded as a good pistol shot.

"Ryan, how many shots did you fire at the deer you killed?" I shot the question at the witness.

"Between fifteen and eighteen shots," he answered.

"At the same deer?" I asked incredulously. "How many shells will your Luger hold?"

"Nine shells," said Ryan. "I fired a full clip at the deer, which was running on the side hill. But I missed it and had to slip in another clip of cartridges. I finally got the deer."

I fired question after question at Ryan in an attempt to upset his testimony as to the various places he claimed to have been at the time Sweet and Miss Wagner were slain, and during the hunt for the girl after the body of her companion had been found.

The jury paid strict attention to each bit of testimony for and against the accused man. Finally all the evidence had been presented.

At once the Defense attorney made a motion to Judge Sevier for a directed verdict of acquittal for Ryan on the ground that the evidence was not sufficient to establish that the defendant had committed the murders. The motion was denied.

I began my argument to the jury. I said that the evidence, although admittedly circumstantial, was so strong as to point to the conclusive guilt of Ryan. I asked the jury to find the defendant guilty, with punishment severe enough to suit the fiendish crimes with which Ryan was charged.

The long and bitterly fought trial had lasted about six weeks and the jury was given the case at five o'clock, on the afternoon of March 11th, 1926. After Judge Sevier had instructed the jury as to the degrees of guilt in the case, or a verdict of innocence, the jurors retired to begin their deliberations.

Picture my feelings. I had presented every bit of evidence I could obtain against Ryan, for I believed the man to be guilty of the two foul crimes. The defense had fought equally as hard to establish the innocence of Ryan, or to instill a "reasonable

doubt" in the minds of the jurors as to the defendant's guilt.

After electing a foreman, the jurors deliberated solemnly until ten o'clock at night. At that time no verdict had been reached and the jurors were locked up for the night. I retired to my home confident that the verdict would be against the defendant.

The next morning the jurors went to breakfast and then they returned to the jury room to resume their deliberations. Half an hour later a court bailiff was summoned hastily.

The jury had reached a verdict!

Immediately the scores of spectators swarmed into the court room and Judge Sevier was summoned quickly to be upon the bench to hear the verdict.

Solemnly the jurors filed back into the court room and into their seats in the jury box. Quiet settled over the room as the spectators, the defendant Ryan, the Judge and the attorneys awaited the reading of the verdict.

THE foreman stood up, hesitated perceptibly with the apparent responsibility of delivering the verdict, and then cleared his throat with a sound audible throughout the room. Then he began to speak. . . .

"We the jury, find the defendant, Jack Ryan . . .

"Not guilty!"

A stunned silence swept over the court room. No one spoke a word, nor was there any demonstration of any kind, either favorable or against Ryan. Then excited whispers swept through the audience, as the unexpected verdict was discussed.

Outside the court room, when Ryan walked forth a free man, an entirely different scene took place. Many women swarmed around Ryan and it was reported some of them offered him work for the coming summer as a guide.

Of course my astonishment at the verdict was so great that I could hardly find words to express my amazement. And Judge Sevier, who had weighed every bit of evidence as it was offered, remarked to me quietly outside the court room regarding his reaction to the acquittal of Ryan.

"I am astounded at the verdict," Judge Sevier said to me.

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamized me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

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This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or, by a stretch of the imagination, a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

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State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John Shuttleworth, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, New Metropolitan Fiction, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, John Shuttleworth, 903 Summit Ave., New York City; Managing Editor, Joseph M. Roth, 541 Nepperhan Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y. Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: New Metropolitan Fiction, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.; O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) JOHN SHUTTLEWORTH.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1930, Wesley F. Pope, Notary Public, Queens County, No. 1392, Reg. No. 5241, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 81, Reg. No. 1P92. Commission expires March the 30th, 1931. (SEAL)

Automatically the case had reverted to the status it was before anyone had been arrested for the murders of Henry Sweet and Carmen Wagner. Were the murderers to go unpunished? *Had the guilty persons escaped and fled from the country while the officers and the District Attorney's office were gathering evidence against Walter David and Jack Ryan?*

Were the trails of the real murderers so cold as to be untraceable? Would justice be cheated?

After David had been discharged at his preliminary hearing, and Ryan had been acquitted at his trial for murder, the two half-brothers returned to their regular existences of working at odd jobs for persons in Humboldt County.

IN the course of events, after serving as the District Attorney of Humboldt County from 1913 to 1926, I retired to my private practice as an attorney of Eureka. I disliked greatly to have the word "Unsolved" written on the records beside the murders of Henry Sweet and Carmen Wagner, but I held the cherished hope that time would aid the Law in bringing the guilty persons to justice. There is a saying: "Murder will out," which I hoped would prove true in this case.

I turned all the records and evidence in the Sweet-Wagner cases over to my successor in office, District Attorney S. E. Metzler. Time passed, and gradually the two fiendish crimes became but horrid memories to the citizens of Humboldt County, but the murders were always in the minds of the officers.

Then, after a year and eight months had gone by, the country was shocked by another horrible crime!

On November 1st, 1927, Ernest Porter, a ranch foreman, was travelling along a trail near Coyote Flat when his attention was attracted to the huddled form of a man lying in some dense bushes. The still, silent form at once showed Porter that the unknown man was dead.

Hurriedly, Porter summoned the officers at Eureka, and Jack Runner, now Sheriff of the county, arrived at the scene. He at once turned the body over and gazed with horror into the dead face of . . .

Walter David!

The half-breed had been dead for many days. He had been cruelly choked to death by a cowboy's lariat which had been tightened around his neck. Sheriff Runner reconstructed the crime from the trampled bushes and the marks of a rope on the limb of a nearby tree.

An assassin had watched David as he rode over the trail through the mountains. As David's horse passed near a tree, the assassin, lurking hidden in the bushes, had twirled his lariat over his head and swung the rope in twisting circles toward David.

The rope circled over David's head, tight-

ened around his neck and the blood-thirsty assassin jerked his victim from his horse and dragged him along the trail for several yards to an oak tree. Here the assassin threw his lariat over a strong limb and dragged the struggling David off the ground. The mysterious and merciless assassin hanged David by the neck until he was dead!

When David's struggles ceased and his face became black from the strangling, the assassin lowered his victim to the ground and removed the rope from around the half-breed's neck. Then the killer escaped.

Broken ferns and bushes beside the trail showed clearly how David had been dragged to the tree where he was hanged. Then his assassin had thrown his corpse into the dense bushes.

There was no knife or bullet wound on the victim's body. A medical examination disclosed that he had been choked to death by the rope and the vertebrae in his back were stretched apart from the violence with which the assassin had yanked him off the ground.

One front tooth, found near the body, had been knocked from David's mouth as though his slayer had struck him a heavy blow in his anger.

Several drops of blood were found on David's hat from the sear caused by the knot in the rope as it tightened around his neck.

Who killed Walter David? Was he slain so viciously because the murderer feared he "knew too much" and had threatened to reveal his hideous secrets?

After David's murder three crimes were marked against the unknown fiend or fiends, who also were believed responsible for the murders of Miss Wagner and Henry Sweet.

But more than ten months passed without the authorities being able to find the solution to the perplexing murder puzzle.

The sinister figure walked the streets unmolested and with taunting bravado. Then he began a series of other brutal crimes. In succession he attacked several girls during the first part of September, 1928.

The officers set a trap for the criminal and, cunning though he was, . . . *he walked unsuspectingly into the net!*

A merciless grilling followed at the hands of District Attorney Metzler, and finally the suspect weakened. Confronted by the young girl victims whom he had attacked, the suspect offered to plead guilty to charges of criminal assault on two of the girls. The penalty in California for such a crime by force is one to fifty years in the State Penitentiary.

THE suspect was sentenced to San Quentin, but instead of having the prisoner taken immediately to the penitentiary, Metzler determined to submit him to further questioning.

The grilling began at seven o'clock on the evening of Wednesday and continued without let-up throughout the night, the officers working in relays and firing a broadside of questions at the suspect.

District Attorney Metzler made sensational accusation after accusation against the suspect. His dark eyes glowered in anger. The suspect replied to the questions in a surly tone. He admitted he was guilty of the attacks on the young girls, but of any other crimes he knew nothing.

Jim Sage, a deputy Sheriff, aided Metzler in the grilling and, as dawn broke over the jail, the suspect said he wanted to talk to the deputy alone. Metzler readily consented and at once left the room.

A moment later Sage called to Metzler and asked for paper and a pen. The suspect, sobbing bitterly, then broke down and signed his name to a confession, starting in its cold, ruthless brutality!

So horrible were the facts in the confession that District Attorney Metzler himself broke down and wept.

"You knew all the time," cried the suspect in a sobbing, choking voice, as he gazed through tear-stained eyes at the District Attorney.

Hurriedly other officers in the jail were summoned to act as witnesses to the signed confession. They grouped about the suspect as he signed the paper.

The confession was brief, less than 200 words in length. Word for word it read:

"To whom it may concern:

"On October tenth (1925) I was on my way from Deer Creek to Walter David's cabin. I met Henry Sweet on the trail. I asked him for some money that he owed me for whiskey. He told me if I wanted it to take it out of his hide.

"Then we went to Sweet's camp. Then we had some hot words. Sweet had a pistol on him. He said that he would get me. I worked around till I got his rifle. Then I shot him in the side.

"The girl, Carmen Wagner, came in when I was just ready to leave. I told her to keep right on going. I took her gun away from her and put it behind the fence where it was found.

"Then I took her along down the ridge to the canyon. Then she wouldn't go any further. She said that she was going back to town and tell the officers. Then I forced her down into the canyon and shot her and the dog.

"Then I went on and ran across some hogs and hunted them for awhile. From there I went down to the old Fort Baker barn and stayed there all night. In the morning I went on to David's and traded horses.

"The next day I went hunting. Then I went down in the canyon and buried the girl."

The confession was signed by Jack Ryan.

HOW many of our readers know what the term **BLACK HAND** means? Millions of people in the United States have heard the name mentioned at one time or another—but have a very vague idea of just what sort of an organization it is. **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES** is going to reveal the entire inner workings of this dreaded secret society, for there has come into our possession, by mere chance, the *Code and Ritual of the Camorra*—as far as we know, the only time a copy of this little black book has ever fallen into the hands of the authorities. We are endeavoring to secure the endorsement of Italy's Dictator—Benito Mussolini—to our publication of this secret *Code and Ritual*. But, whether successful or not in this, we are going to publish it just the same, for we have Mussolini on our side. He smashed the Camorra in Italy. We will do the same here, to what is left of it in the United States—at least it looks now as though we will. We have scheduled to begin this smashing expose in September **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**—and trust nothing will interfere with our plans.

The Clue of the Rubber Heel

(Continued from page 58)

In order to avoid a lynching, Chambers was transferred to the Jefferson County jail at Louisville, Kentucky. The search for the body and additional evidence was continued day and night, and although the posse dragging Skaggs' Creek had met nothing to give them encouragement they would not abandon their belief, or maybe we should call it a "hunch," that the body was in the creek.

Mr. J. H. Bybee was with the searching parties, on the streets, with us when we were grilling Chambers and was tireless in his efforts. He constantly advised that the Law be permitted to take its course, and his constant prayer was that we should be able to find Charley's body and that it would not be mutilated.

WHEN it appeared that we were making no headway toward finding the body, Mr. J. H. Bybee asked the writer to proceed to Louisville with his son Joe and "grill that Negro until he tells what he did with Charley's body."

We started at once for Louisville. When we reached there we went directly to the Jefferson County Jail where we were met by Jailor Thomas A. Dover, one of the kindest of men, a most efficient jailor, and a man of broad experience in dealing with criminals. He had been appraised of our coming and was waiting at the jail for us.

The questioning of Chambers was commenced immediately. He did not know of the finding of the Christmas presents at his home. He again denied all knowledge of the crime, and although we told him that it was all up with him, that his further denial would do him no good, that our only reason in questioning him was to find the body so that we might give it a decent burial, he still maintained that he had purchased the car and hauled fresh meat home in it as he had stated to us at Glasgow.

After awhile we told him of the finding of the presents in his home. Somehow this seemed to convince him that we knew much more than we really did. One never can tell at just what point a criminal is going to break down. He hesitated for a moment and then said, "All right I will tell you the truth."

He then told us that he was walking on the Jackson Highway on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. That as he reached the top of what is known as the Bybee Hill and just around the curve in the Highway there he saw a Ford automobile standing near the right side of the road. That a Negro named Bulger Farris was standing by the side of the car with a pistol in his hand. That Farris said to him, "I have just killed Charley Bybee. You can have the car if you keep your mouth shut, and I will kill you if you don't."

He said that he agreed to this because he was afraid not to do so. He added that Farris then removed the body from the car and carried it into some nearby woods and that he took the car to his home.

In the meantime the search at Glasgow had been constantly continued.

The statement of Chambers as to Bulger Farris' connection with the crime was telephoned to Deputy Sheriff Matthews at Glasgow. In the conversation with the

Deputy Sheriff it was learned that Charley Bybee's checked golf cap had been found in a haystack on the Chambers place.

Excitement was running high at Glasgow. Every move of the Sheriff and his deputies was watched. When the deputy, Matthews, was called to the telephone to take the statement of Chambers regarding Farris' connection with the crime, he answered the telephone in a well patronized restaurant, and because there were so many around him seeking to learn what the call was about he pretended that he could not hear and had the call held up until he could get to the Central Telephone office where he could talk without so much danger of being overheard; and even then the conversation was in monosyllables to lessen the danger of the news becoming public and arousing the crowd to violence.

IT was now Sunday and everyone was seeking news of the development of the facts of the crime.

Deputy Matthews, upon receipt of the news of the Chambers statement, went to the home of Farris and placed him under arrest. He found that Farris' shoes were bloody; and in an old rain barrel, used to catch water from the roof of the cabin, he found some bloody clothes. Farris said that the blood on his shoes was from a rabbit he had killed and dressed just a little while before he was arrested and he explained the bloody clothes in the same way. The deputy found a freshly killed and dressed rabbit in the Farris cabin.

The news of Chambers' statement had leaked out in Glasgow and while the Deputy was at the Farris cabin he learned that the public was in possession of the statement and that it would be very unsafe to take Farris through Glasgow, and certainly unsafe to lodge him in the Barren County Jail.

A mob was being formed in Glasgow to take Farris from the officer and lynch him there.

To avoid this, Deputy Matthews drove around Glasgow, from the South to the North side to the Judge of the Barren Circuit Court, at his residence, and the judge at once issued an order directing that Farris be taken to the Jefferson County Jail. The infuriated mob learned of this maneuver and sought to overtake the Deputy, who drove to Munfordville, Kentucky, where he expected to board a train with his prisoner, but when he reached Munfordville he was fearful that the mob was close enough to him to overtake him before train time and he drove on to Bonnieville, Kentucky, eight miles further and there boarded a Louisville and Nashville train for Louisville.

The Deputy placed his prisoner in the mail car and covered him with mail sacks to hide him from a possible mob. This action of the Deputy in not taking the prisoner to Glasgow unquestionably prevented a lynching.

When Farris reached Louisville he was at once subjected to a severe grilling. He denied all knowledge of the crime, said that Will Chambers was lying, that he had not seen Charley Bybee since before he went to Bowling Green. He admitted that he knew Will Chambers, but he denied

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that he had seen him Christmas Eve. Those of us who were grilling Farris were convinced that he was telling the truth. All night long we plied him with questions. He was an ignorant Negro but he did not hesitate in his answers. He was not evasive and when he could not answer a question he did not try to. At one time we sent him to his cell, then waited until he had had time to be sound asleep, then we awoke him and before he had time to gather his wits resumed our questioning and he answered every question as he had previously.

WE again grilled Chambers. We told him of the finding of Charley's cap in the haystack on his place. Told him we did not believe his story of Farris' connection with the crime.

Gradually, bit by bit, we drew from him the admission that he had thrown the body in Skaggs' Creek in the deep pool of water about forty yards down the creek from the bridge where the searching

party was at work.

When we telephoned this information to Glasgow we learned that the body had been found and that it was then being brought to Glasgow. Mr. Asa Young, who headed the searching party at the creek, had found a new rubber shoe heel in a pile of drift trash and examination proved it to be attached to the shoe on the body. Only the heel was visible above the surface of the water.

With the knowledge that the body had been found, we felt that our case was complete and returned to Glasgow.

Chambers was tried at a special term of the Barren Circuit Court in January 1924. The State Militia was present to prevent a possible outbreak. A jury was obtained from an adjoining county, none being obtainable in Barren County.

Chambers went on the witness stand on his own behalf. His story then was that he had an enemy named Slaughter who had threatened to kill him; that he thought Bybee was Slaughter; that he killed him

before Slaughter had had time to carry out his threat; and that he did not know that it was not Slaughter until after he had fired the fatal shot. Then it was too late to make amends.

The Commonwealth contended that Chambers had killed Bybee for the purpose of obtaining the car to marry the Negress who demanded that her man have a car.

The case was submitted to the jury, who returned a verdict within twenty minutes, fixing the punishment at death.

Chambers was immediately sentenced, and when the Court asked him if he had any legal reason why the judgment of the Court should not be pronounced against him he said, "I don't think it ought to be that-a-way."

Farris, who was entirely innocent, was discharged.

On March 7th, 1924 at 12:25 A. M. Chambers passed through the little green door at Kentucky State Prison at Eddyville.

Smashing "Little Egypt's" Gangster King

(Continued from page 53)

had numerous bullet wounds.

Within the space of one square foot on the side of the car twenty-eight machine gun bullet holes were counted!

That same day the body of Ward "Casey" Jones, head bartender for Birger at *Shady Rest*, was taken from Big Saline Creek near Eldorado. Several steel-jacketed bullets had pierced his head.

Birger was away at the time but he came back and swore vengeance against the Sheltons, who were insisting that they had not killed either man.

Birger laughed grimly at the denials. "So they say that Jones was their friend," he commented. "Yet just the other day Carl Shelton ran into him over near West Frankfort and hit him over the head with a pistol. Then he spread the word that Jones was going to get his permanently soon. Well—Jones has."

Birger went boldly after his foes now. West City, in Franklin County, where the Sheltons were strongest, is a village of 500. Its mayor at the time was Joe Adams, a 300-pound saloon and gambling house keeper. He had a brother, Gus, whose home, it was common report, was one of the meeting places of the Sheltons.

Birger and his men drove their armored cars right into West City and paraded through the streets, then poured a machine gun barrage into Gus Adams' home and also riddled the house occupied by Mrs. Mary Loughran, who was reputedly friendly to the Sheltons.

Mayor Joe Adams was leaning on the fence of his home when the Birgerites passed. Birger himself leaned out from one of the cars as it slowed down and yelled: "You'd better get those Sheltons out of your town or there's going to be trouble."

Later in the day the telephone rang and a man who identified himself as Birger said to Mrs. Adams: "It might be a good idea if you took out plenty of insurance on that fat husband of yours. It's

a good gamble it would mean money in your pocket."

MEANWHILE the Birgerites had stopped at a soft-drink stand operated by Waddell True near the Adams home and swaggered up to the counter, Birger carrying a machine gun which he pointed at True.

"Now you tell me where that tank of the Sheltons is or I'll kill you right here," the gangster chieftain said.

True said it was concealed in a field behind his home.

"All right. Now you listen to me," said Birger. "Either you drive that tank up to my place at *Shady Rest* by tomorrow or I'm coming back and get you."

True said something about the law. "To hell with the law," Birger retorted. "If it's not big enough to stop your bootlegging stand, it's certainly not big enough to stop Charlie Birger."

In the raid on West City the Birgerites apparently had been aware that the Sheltons and most of their men were far away from there, for, ruthless as he appeared to be, Birger never seemed to court an encounter with the Sheltons in person, but confined his activities to making war on their henchmen who might be caught alone or in pairs.

The Sheltons became convinced that someone in their midst was doing a lot of talking and that the talk was being repeated to their arch enemy. Otherwise, they reasoned, how could Birger and his men be so well-informed as to know when and where to strike at members of the Shelton crew when they were away from their fellows?

Somehow the finger of suspicion pointed at John "Apie" Milroy, twenty-year-old resident of Colp City, where Mayor Stone was still firmly loyal to Birger. Milroy, taken into the Shelton gang, had boasted of it and, later, swaggering about his home village, was in the habit of recounting the deeds of violence he had witnessed and dropping bits of informa-

tion to impress others with his knowledge of what the Sheltons were doing.

It was believed that this information was being relayed to Birger by Mayor Stone. The Sheltons decided to execute their own tattle-tale as an object lesson to others who might be inclined to let their tongues wag loosely.

The brothers held a sort of drumhead court martial at which a sentence of death was passed on the youthful Milroy, who had not been invited to come and present his side and who did not even suspect what was going on.

The execution party departed for Colp City in an automobile late in the afternoon of November 6th. It found Milroy standing at the bar of Peter Salmo's saloon and, as usual, boasting about "me and the Sheltons."

HE was curtly ordered out into the street and when, seized by some premonition, he delayed obeying the order he was seized and bodily tossed out.

"Anybody that wants to see what happens to a squawker can come outside and look on," said the leader of the party, whose identity never has been clinched. "This gang hasn't room for anybody who doesn't know enough not to shoot off his face."

A few accepted the invitation to look on. For the benefit of the reluctant, the gangster leader got a piece of wood and propped open the swinging doors of the saloon. Then he strode out into the glare of the lights from his automobile and approached Milroy, who was held in the grip of others of the execution squad.

"You'd better say your prayers right off, kid," he told Milroy. "You haven't got more than a minute."

Then he snapped out a curt order and his followers began erecting a machine gun on its bipod.

Milroy dropped to his knees and began to pray, but not to his Maker. His entreaties were directed at the grim-faced men who were getting ready to kill him.

When he saw that they were unmoved, he groveled in the dusty road and kissed their shoes and clutched at their trouser legs and began to sob aloud.

"Get away from me, you — —," said the leader, putting his foot against the prostrate youth and rolling him farther away.

"All right, boys, let her go," he barked and the machine gun began to rap out its staccato song of death. The gunner had learned his gun well. The stream of steel-jacketed bullets crossed and criss-crossed the lifeless body of Milroy and almost quartered it.

THE machine gun was being taken down when an unexpected diversion occurred.

Mayor Stone and Marshal James C. Keith, successor to the murdered Lawson, who had been together at another saloon, heard the firing and rushed to the scene in Keith's car.

"Well, Slim, what do you want?" the leader of the party insolently asked the Marshal as he alighted.

"Why, why—" Keith stammered, recognizing his visitors and realizing that his life was not worth very much at that moment. "I guess I don't want nothing."

"In that case," said the Sheltonite, "give me your gat and get out. We haven't got any reason for wanting to hurt you."

Keith handed over his pistol and apparently his subservience infuriated Mayor Stone.

"You can't get away with that stuff in my town," he yelled and climbed out of the car.

"He says we can't do any shooting in his town," jeered a Sheltonite. "Perhaps he wants to do it all," the words serving to recall that Stone had shot to death the ex-marshal, Freeman, who had been a Shelton adherent.

By now the machine gun was back in position on the tripod.

"So," the jibing voice went on, "we can't do any shooting around here?"

Suddenly his tones became a menacing bellow. "The hell we can't," and waved his hand at the machine gunner.

The next moment Mayor Stone was on the ground dead and Marshal Keith, suddenly recalling that as a Stone appointee he was a Birger man in the eyes of these killers, flung himself upon his stomach in the nearby weeds. A burst of fire was turned in his direction, but he came out with no more serious wound than a bullet in the arm.

Later he was quoted as saying: "It was just a private argument and very unfortunate that Mayor Stone and I intruded."

The following week deputy United States marshals quietly came into Franklin County and seized the three Shelton brothers on warrants charging them with robbing a 64-year old postoffice messenger at Collinsville, Illinois, of some \$20,000 in January, 1924.

Birger did not deny that he had supplied the information upon which the warrants were issued. The Collinsville robbery had taken place during the time when he worked hand-in-glove with the Sheltons and Birger said that the Sheltons had come to his home in Harrisburg to divide the loot.

"That was one of the things that broke me and the Sheltons up," he now said. "I was satisfied to stick to liquor and gambling and didn't want to go monkeying around and getting the United States Government after me for robbing the mails. I'm going to appear as a witness for the Government when the Sheltons go to trial."

The Sheltons were quickly at liberty on bond and word was carried to Birger that they were bent on avenging themselves upon him for tattling in the Collinsville case.

Birger, as he had done before when the brothers went on the warpath, hastily retired to *Shady Rest* and placed it in a state to resist the attack the Sheltons were quite capable of starting.

The attack, however, took an unexpected twist.

Shady Rest was drowsing in the afternoon sun. Birger lounged in a chair on the dinky veranda. Half a dozen members of his bodyguard were sitting around nearby.

Suddenly there was the sound of a motor in the distance. It drew closer and closer and over the tree tops an airplane sailed at a low elevation. Birger and his men looked up with only half-interest.

Then the pilot leaned out of the cockpit and dropped an elongated object. It landed less than a hundred yards from the house and exploded with a terrific roar.

Shady Rest was being bombed from the air!

Birger and his men stood not on the order of their going. They reached the shelter of the woods in a few quick jumps and scattered. Hard on their heels came those who had been inside.

THE airplane circled and came back. Once more it let go one of those elongated objects. It fell a few yards in front of the roadhouse but did not explode. A third time the pilot flew overhead and let go another bomb but it, too, was a dud and did not explode. The plane flew away and did not return.

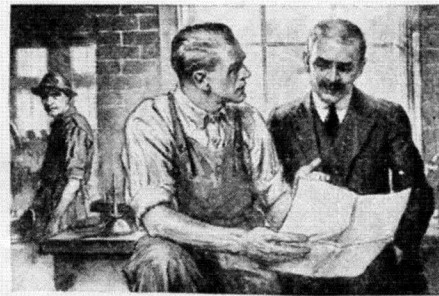
The Birgerites retrieved the unexploded bombs. Each consisted of twenty sticks of dynamite and a bottle of nitro-glycerine.

Thinking back over the events that had immediately preceded the bombing, Birger and his men recalled that Lory L. Price, a county motorcycle policeman, had left *Shady Rest* rather precipitately a scant five minutes before the airplane dropped the first bomb and about the time its motor first was heard in the distance.

Price was what the gangsters called "agreeable." Without definitely declaring himself an adherent on either side of the feud, he was in the habit of stopping in at Birger's stronghold, having a glass or two and dropping bits of information now and then which Birger found valuable and for which, it later was said, he paid liberally.

Suspicion of Price flamed up in the minds of the Birgerites. Was it pure coincidence that he had left just in time to avoid the bombing or had he had advance word of it?

Price himself came back later on in the day and this time he brought the suggestion that it might be a good thing to



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move out of sight of the road an automobile, admittedly stolen from a minister by some member of the gang. His seeming friendliness drove away suspicion.

But even though Price was guiltless of tattling to the Sheltons, Birger knew that someone in his gang was—like the slain Milford of the Shelton crew—talking too much. Moreover, he believed it was Lyle "Shag" Worsham, whose tongue sometimes wagged loosely.

A FEW days later the headless, armless torso of a man, badly charred by fire, was found in an abandoned barn near Herrin. It was buried in Potters' Field as unidentified.

Shag Worsham had disappeared at about that time, but no one thought of connecting him with the headless body until his parents received an anonymous letter telling them that the torso was that of their son. It was exhumed and identification made virtually certain.

"Charlie Birger and his gang took Lyle for a ride for talking too much," the letter had said.

Long afterward the brutal manner in which young Worsham met death was related. Under the impression that he was going out to join in a fight with the Sheltons, Worsham entered an automobile with others of the gang and was driven out along a lonely country road.

"Shag," he was told when the car suddenly was halted at the foot of a hill, "you've got a chance to save your life, but it's a damned slim one."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well"—and it later was sworn that Birger was the speaker—"down in Mexico they got a thing they call '*ley fuego*.' It means a fellow who is under death sentence is given a chance to run while they shoot at him. If he can get away without being hit he goes free."

"You mean you're going to bump me off?"

"Well, that was the idea. But it looks like it might give us a bit of sport if we let you take advantage of '*ley fuego*.' Now you get out and start running up that hill. When you're half way, we'll open up on you. If you get over the top you're safe. However, you had better say your prayers as you run—just in case you don't make it."

Worsham did as he was told. He started running but before he had taken a dozen steps a machine gun riddled him with bullets.

Then the slayers took the body into town, bought a five-gallon can of kerosene and went out to the abandoned barn where the dead youth was thrown into a fire which, however, did not wholly consume the body.

AT this stage another figure entered the game. It was that of Oren Coleman, new Sheriff of Williamson County, the Birger stronghold. Under the law of Illinois a sheriff cannot succeed himself and Sheriff George Galligan, who had been a virtual ally of Birger and the Sheltons in the days when the Ku Klux Klan, through S. Glenn Young, usurped all authority in the county, automatically was retired.

During his tenure of office Galligan had seemed helpless to combat the law-

lessness which was rampant in his county. He had made no arrests of gangsters, had kept himself in the background, and frequently was away from the county when violence broke out. Those on the sidelines were inclined to attribute the failure of the authorities to stop the gangsters to the fact that Arlie O. Boswell, who had come in as Prosecuting Attorney, had been a Klan leader in the days of its power and had been put into office by it. Between Boswell, the Klansman, and Galligan, enemy of the Klan, there could be little cooperation, the observers believed.

Oren Coleman, inducted into the sheriff's office on December 6th, 1926, was a far different figure from the easy-going Galligan. Six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds, a huge-muscled he-man, he was,

To Newspapermen; Police Officials and Detectives

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of all things, a school teacher! But he had served in the army during the World War and was known as a crack shot.

He ran for Sheriff, he said in announcing his candidacy, because he wanted to continue living in Williamson County and if things kept on as they were he wouldn't be able to do so with any feeling of safety. He was a bachelor, living with his aged mother in Marion, and he had never taken part in public activities to any extent. His election by a good majority was accepted by him as public backing of his stand that the gangsters must go.

The gangsters were quickly to learn that Coleman was going to be a mystery to them. Birger sent Art Newman and Connie Ritter, his lieutenants, to the new sheriff to feel him out on where they stood.

The meeting was no secret to the public. The result was awaited with some interest. Newman and Ritter emerged with their faces a picture of puzzlement. They had not learned much.

"This fellow Coleman's a smart man," said Newman. "He doesn't have much to say."

Presently, when they had felt out Coleman's deputies, they added: "Nothing doing with those deputies. They're just like their boss and they'd go to hell for him."

Just one week later Mayor Joe Adams of West City was assassinated.

The giant was asleep in his home when there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Adams answered it. Two youths stood there and one of them held a piece of paper in his hand.

"We want to see Mr. Adams," he mumbled.

"He's asleep," Adams' wife replied. "What is it about?"

"We got a note for him from Carl Shelton," said one of the youths. "We've got to give it to Mr. Adams personally, we were told. No, ma'am, we can't give it to no one else."

Mrs. Adams roused her husband. Still half asleep, he went to the door and was handed the note. As he opened it up five shots rang out and five bullets, fired from a distance of two or three feet, buried themselves in his huge body.

The youthful slayers whirled and leaped down the steps. Arlen Adams, twelve-year old daughter of the Mayor, ran after them and a block away saw them leap into a car driven by a third man and dash out of town at high speed.

Adams died half an hour later without regaining consciousness.

THE note that had lured him to the door was scrawled in pencil.

It read: "*Give these boys a job. They are good boys. I knew their father.*"

It was signed "Carl."

There didn't seem much doubt that Birger had carried out his threats against Adams and presently a warrant was issued for him but no effort was made to serve it immediately.

Birger sent word he would surrender in a day or two. Just now he was busy hunting his arch enemy.

"This is a frame-up on the part of the Sheltons," he said. "They've killed their own man and are trying to lay it onto me. I've made a bet of five hundred dollars that with my own hands I'll kill Carl Shelton before New Year's day. To win it, I'll give a thousand dollars to anyone who can tell me where I can come face to face with him."

Is this a bluff on Birger's part—or will he go after his arch-enemy and murder him? May he not himself be headed straight for death? Where will this deadly gangland feud end? The story of "Bloody Williamson" is filled with startling—almost unbelievable—crimes that will make you wonder, when you read the next instalment of this remarkable story, where and what the Law was, out in that violent part of the country. Don't miss this rapid-fire, thrilling story of gangland at its worst in the August TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES on sale everywhere July 15th.

The Great Chain Gang Escape!

(Continued from page 43)

He realized that his temple of accomplishment could be swept away in a moment by any one of a score or more men who might recognize his face or his name (he had not taken an assumed name after his escape) and hearken him back to a chain gang on a dismal Georgia road. He would be at the mercy of such a man. If he were not forced to return to the prison camp he would be made the victim of blackmail. No matter how high he might go he would always be paying tribute for silence. He would never know a single day of peace.

The fear of detection grew. It clung to his heart and to his mind like the ball and chain had clung to his leg. He fretted continually. In business conferences there was ever hammering silently within him the question: "What would these men do to me and say to me if they knew I was on the Georgia prison camp records as a fugitive from justice?"

IN July, 1926, he determined that if it were at all possible he would remove the stain from his record. To accomplish this he put his secret on paper. He sent letters to his father and his brother, a New Jersey minister, asking them to begin negotiations that might lead to a pardon for him.

It eased his mind somewhat to get the letters off, and he was happy to receive answers that his kinsmen would work to help him.

The letters at the moment seemed like messengers promising peace, but later they were to know the stains of tears.

Late in 1926 Burns married Mrs. Pacheco. In view of subsequent developments there must always be a question as to just what part, if any, mutual affection played in the union. Whatever the reason for the ceremony, Burns had the duties of a husband added to his business cares and his secret night dreams and plans of lawful freedom from the chain gang.

He could not know then what the marriage was going to mean to him. He had what the business world calls vision, in that he could see trim rows of bungalows and giant office buildings of tomorrow rising on today's barren spaces, but like all men he was denied the telescopic vision to see ahead the buildings of happiness and distress that were shaping themselves on his own life's horizon. Certainly he had no gift to discern in the offing the thin, shadowy outlines of that which the world knows as the "eternal triangle." And it is axiomatic that in the jumble of human hearts which serves to form such a triangle there is always one who must suffer.

IT was in March, 1929, that Burns met Lillian Salo. She was a talented and pretty young woman, twenty-two years old. She was ambitious to master the violin, and for that purpose had come to Chicago the previous September. When Burns was introduced to her she was earning money for her music lessons by serving as a dancing instructor.

The two had in common the quality of courage. Lillian Salo, alone in a city of over three million souls, had known many

disappointing moments, but she had a goal and was not swerving from it. There was something in her blithe, uncomplaining spirit that struck a responsive cord in the heart of the man, sixteen years her senior, who, too, had had a goal and had not swerved.

The man was lonely. He wanted to rest as a traveler wants to rest after a long journey. He had not found what his heart had sought in his three years of matrimony. In other ways he was content. He had achieved business success, and lately, peace of mind insofar as his criminal past was concerned. While his father and brother had found it impossible to help him toward a pardon without betraying his whereabouts, he had been lulled by the years of security into a belief that he would never be discovered.

In Lillian Salo he thought that he had found the woman with whom he might share happily bright years, and whose love and understanding would be life's generous atonement for bitter blows.

As for the girl, she said: "I fell in love at sight."

And so Burns, who had known few carefree moments, was again plunged into disheartening turmoil. He gave honest thought to his problem for many long days and nights, but he knew from the very start that there was but one path he could take. He could not give up Lillian.

EARLY in May, 1929, he asked his wife to free him.

"I cannot live with you and lie to you any longer," he said. "I want to marry another. I do not love you. I have never loved you. But I appreciate all that you have done for me. I shall always see that you are provided for. In return I want you to release me."

They did not find it easy to reach an agreement, and because he thought it would be unpleasant for them to meet after his blunt speech, he left the home.

Confident that his wife would soon divorce him, Burns made happy plans for his marriage to Lillian. He did not tell his sweetheart of his prison record. He had no fear that the disclosure would cause her to abandon him, but postponed his confession because he was jealous of anything that might blight their happiness even for a moment. Some day—he told himself—some day when his devotion to her would have been proven, he would tell her, and ask her forgiveness for his deception.

Presently there was another meeting between husband and wife. At its conclusion Burns raced to his sweetheart's side. He had a happy message: his wife was going to sue for divorce.

Burns plunged into his magazine work with renewed zest. His days were alive with a new boyish excitement; he found a keen interest in things that he had given no thought to for a score of years. There was a little bungalow on Chicago's North Side that the couple had their eyes on. And there were gay and grave consultations about such mysteriously delightful things as draperies, a dozen pillow cases, an over-stuffed chair, and "don't forget the waffle iron and kitchen clock—"

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And then—his world crashed down upon him.

The noonday sun gave Chicago its warmth like a benign guardian this 21st day of May. It was hard to realize that it could be as cruel as it had been a June day in Georgia in the long forgotten past. Burns was comfortable in his Wacker Drive office. He and Lillian were to embark upon a window shopping expedition after lunch.

There was nothing in the appearance of the two men now advancing upon him to alarm him. He greeted them pleasantly.

"Are you Robert Elliot Burns?"

Burns nodded.

The spokesman, Burns now noted, had an important looking document in his hands. He laid it on the publisher's desk.

"We're from the Detective Bureau," he said. "We have been instructed to arrest you as a fugitive from justice and hold you for the Georgia authorities. This is their requisition for your return."

Burns stared at them speechless.

It had come at last!

His wretched past creeping out from dusty years to lay slimy hands upon him. Disgrace and destruction were the handmaidens of his visitors. He felt no desire to flee. He knew that he could only surrender; surrender his body, and surrender his spirit that had fought for so long.

For many moments he stared at the harbingers of his fate, and then suddenly he collapsed. His clenched hands beat the hard oak of his desk. He sobbed—sobbed for the first time since that June day in 1922 when the kindly ex-convict had given him \$15 to begin a new life.

"This is my wife's revenge," he cried. "She is getting even because I left her. I can't fight any longer. I'm through. I'll go back to the chain gang."

But he *wasn't* through.

He just thought that he was. Stunned and horrified by the sudden appearance of Society's representatives of law and order, he could only believe his mind's bitter warning that the brand of escaped convict would cause all men to forsake him. He was wrong.

THE newspapers got the story. Burns was behind bars in the Detective Bureau when Chicago read it the next morning over the breakfast table. One paper prefaced it with the stirring lines:

*I hold it true with he who sings
And harps in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.*

It was a good story. Its theme is old in literature, but it always has made a good story. Those who are despondent read of a man dragging himself from out the depths, and find new courage. Chicago thrilled to the story of Robert Elliot Burns.

Burns did not know the friends he had until his shame was bared to the world. He was a silent, life-beaten figure, alone in a cell. He could not find the courage to communicate with Lillian, and his bruised heart would not permit him to call upon friends and business acquaintances for aid.

The Detective Bureau wired Campbell County authorities that Burns had been taken into custody and would return with-

out protest. A telegram in answer stated that C. B. Bentley, Police Chief of the county and County Commissioners F. H. Redwine and Vivian Stanley had obtained extradition papers from Governor L. G. Hardman of Georgia, and were starting for Chicago to claim the fugitive.

"I'll waive extradition. Let me go back to Georgia as soon as possible. I don't want to see anyone."

That was Burns' despairing cry.

BUT Chicago wasn't ready to let him surrender so easily. There were men who thought Burns was worth fighting for. Attorneys clamored for the opportunity to defend him. Checkbooks of leading business men were put at his disposal. Officers of the American Legion, of which Burns was a member, entered the battle.

When these men came to him and told him they would work to help him, Burns took new heart. No longer was he the "lone wolf," battling for salvation without comrades. The spirit of conquest was restored to him. He announced he would fight extradition.

The day following the arrest, Attorneys Morris I. Kaplan and Cameron Latter moved to obtain Burns' freedom by filing a petition for writ of *habeas corpus*. In addition to the lawyers, Burns had defenders in W. G. Dennison, Adjutant of the Lawrence Highway Legion Post and Alexander M. Keown, wealthy real estate dealer. Mr. Keown offered to post any sum within reason as a bond for the publisher. Judge Joseph B. David answered that he would rule on the petition the following day.

Time was precious. The defense leaders went from the courtroom to the conference room, and there evolved an eleventh hour rescue plan. Attorney Latter, the Reverend F. E. Bennett of Forest Park, and several Legion officials chartered an airplane for Georgia, hoping that Governor Hardman would grant them an interview and hear their plea for a pardon. They were about to take off when a telegram came from the Georgia executive who had been informed of the plan by newspaper correspondents.

"There is nothing I can do until Burns has been returned to prison in Georgia," Governor Hardman's wire read. "Consequently it will be useless for me to see your delegation and waste your time and mine. Until Burns is back in prison I will not entertain any clemency plea until the matter has been handled according to our routine, first by the prison commission and then by me. Of course, I can not and will not say what my course then will be. I will be governed entirely by the record as presented and will be guided by recommendations of the prison commission. I can see no reason why I should depart from my established custom and the established custom of all Georgia governors of recent years."

THE trip was abandoned. But not a whit discouraged, Burns' champions went into Judge David's court the 23rd to hear his decision. Again they met with defeat. The jurist declared he could not approve the petition which would have enabled Burns to obtain his freedom on bond. His words in explanation were kindly.

"The question," Judge David said, "is

one for executive clemency, and I do not believe the Court can usurp the executive power. All that you have told me should properly be presented to the Governor of Georgia, and I recommend that you lay your plea before him. I am inclined to think that if I were the Governor of Georgia, and the facts are as outlined to me, I would grant clemency. Punishment is either for the protection of society or for the reform of the individual. The fact that this man has lived in Illinois seven years under his own name, and as a dependable citizen, makes it appear that further punishment would seem only revenge, and would not aid the ends of justice."

The hard-fighting defenders of Burns knew regret at the knowledge that he must remain in a cell, but the setback served only to spur them on to greater efforts. A few hours after Judge David handed down his decision a group of prominent business men organized the "Burns Citizens Committee." Offices were opened in the Wacker Drive building that housed Burns' magazine. Letters describing the case, and petition forms asking for a great public roll of signatures on the pardon plea were prepared and distributed throughout the city.

"Robert E. Burns has definitely re-established himself as a worthy and respected member of society," the committee's letter read. "Once having experienced penal servitude many men are marked for perpetual membership in the ranks of the 'enemies of society.' Not so in the case of Robert E. Burns.

"He chose the straight and narrow path, persevered therein and won to real success and honor. He has advanced the welfare of numerous worthy civic, cultural, charitable and religious causes through the medium of his publication, an organ of municipal growth and progress. He was one of the first to work toward the development of plans for the second Chicago World's Fair.

"Having reconstructed his own life, he helped many another to get a new grip on themselves and to win success. Today, he is known and respected by thousands of Chicagoans who have come in contact with him in the course of their business life. He is regarded as a genuine civic asset to Chicago.

"Robert E. Burns has been scarred by life, both in battle for his country on foreign fields and during the trying transition to peace-time which brought him into difficulties. If correction and reconstruction be the purpose of prisons, then surely Robert E. Burns is an example of a man in whom this purpose has been amply fulfilled. He has worked out his own salvation, and is today a respected, worthy and creative member of society.

"Will you help him to remain so?"

The morning of the 24th Chief Bentley and Commissioners Redwine and Stanley arrived in Chicago, and presented the extradition papers before Judge David. Burns was summoned, and soon the new committee dedicated to his cause appeared. Attorneys Kaplan and Latter pleaded again that Burns go free on bail while they argued his case before Governor Louis L. Emmerson of Illinois. Among prominent realtors in the courtroom were Axel Lonnquist, Claude Niles and Edward H. Devore. Each was ready to provide the bond.

Burns was permitted to tell his story. He told it simply and directly. After relating his war experiences, his discharge from the army and his restless wanderings, he came to the fatal day that marked his downfall. There was a great crowd in the courtroom, but so deeply stirred were all that Burns' voice rang out in a silence as solemn as that to be felt in a church.

"I don't know why I went to Atlanta," he said. "I had been roaming about the country for several years after leaving the Army. One day I—well—just found myself in Atlanta. I had only fifty cents, and that I spent for a cot in a lodging house. I was hungry. I fell into conversation with a man whom I knew only as Ward. We both had come from New York and we talked of Broadway and wished we were there. A third man joined us. We were ragged. He was well-dressed. He said he thought we looked hungry. We admitted we were. He talked about making some easy money. He talked for a long time and finally he said that he could use us on an easy robbery job. I say it with shame: I fell in with his plans. So did Ward.

"Our movements are now like a bad dream. I remember we headed for a grocery store. For Ward and I it was a first crime. We got five dollars and eighty cents from the grocer, and then the police got us. We were taken before a crowd of robbery victims. The man who had led us on the robbery was identified by about twenty-five victims. He was sentenced to fifty years on the chain gang. Only the grocer could identify Ward and I. We got off with six to ten years.

"I have seen the lash in action in the prison camp. I have seen white men given three to six licks. I have seen Negroes lashed into unconsciousness. I dare the managers of the camps to deny that men have been killed under the lash. It is not a common occurrence, but it has happened. I know it, and they know it. Personally I was never lashed. But the sight of this torture of others embittered me, and I determined to beat the chain gang at the risk of my life. I took a chance on death to get away. I cannot truthfully say that I am sorry I made my escape. There is nothing in life so cruel as that living hell on the Georgia roads."

IN answer to questions, Commissioner Redwine explained that an anonymous letter had put them on Burns' trail. The missive merely stated that the fugitive could be found at the offices of the *Greater Chicago Magazine*.

"That letter has no mystery for me," Burns cried. "It was written by a jealous woman who got her information by rifling my mail. She boasted that she had read the letters from my father telling how he was working to get me a pardon. She forced me to marry her by threatening to expose me. And when I asked her for my freedom three years afterward she said she would give it to me and promised she would never reveal my past. Then she turned around and wrote that letter to Georgia."

The hearing brought out the interesting information that on two occasions before the arrest Chicago detectives had scrutinized Burns after receiving the information from Georgia officials, and had wired answers that they would not take him into

custody because they believed a mistake had been made. It was only the insistence of the Georgia authorities, who were certain that the well-to-do publisher was the long sought prisoner, that had brought his capture.

The Defense presented a telegram from Attorney John E. Echols, of Atlanta, who had been appointed by the Court to defend Burns after the grocery hold-up. The message had no legal bearing on the extradition proceedings, but it delighted the publisher's champions in that it emphasized the oft-neglected virtue of gratitude.

"At the end of his means," Mr. Echols wired, "Burns fell in with bad company and agreed to a robbery. When he was arraigned he was so ragged that it was necessary for him to borrow a shirt to appear in court. As a consequence of writing a statement which the judge remarked on for its intelligence and appeal, Burns was given a comparatively light sentence. I was, of course, paid no fee. I promptly forgot the matter. But Burns didn't. Two months after he escaped he sent me a letter and enclosed fifty dollars."

At the conclusion of the hearing Judge David ruled that Burns might go free on \$5,000 bonds pending the disposition of the case by Governor Emmerson. Claude Niles signed the bond, and Burns walked out of his cell, for the moment a free man again.

HE was nervous when he and Lillian met, but quickly she comforted him. She assured him that her faith in him was unshaken. She had given him her word that she was going to marry him, and she meant to hold to it, she said, even though there might be long years of separation ahead for them.

Together they looked upon the avalanche of petitions and letters that had come from all parts of the country in response to the plea of the Burns Citizens Committee. Daily, by the thousands, the messages poured in. Men and women of all walks of life expressed their sympathy, promised financial aid and protested against further punishment for the publisher. The writers, without exception, expressed the belief that Burns had already paid in full for his one deviation from society's approved pathway. The response far exceeded the expectations of even the most optimistic members of the committee.

Reading the messages, Burns and the girl were filled with high hopes that the Law would not ignore such a mighty outpouring of sentiment, and part them.

While the two were sharing the fleeting moments of liberty before the gubernatorial hearing, Mrs. Burns was crying denials that she had betrayed her husband.

"I did not open his mail," she told newspaper reporters, "and I did not force him to marry me. He took me as his wife of his own free will. I knew nothing of his prison record until the day after the ceremony when he told me voluntarily. I promised then that I would never reveal it to anyone, and I have not done so either by word of mouth or by letter. I am the victim of an ingrate. I loaned him money to start his magazine; worked to the best of my ability to keep it going, and my reward has been his scorn."

The hearing on Georgia's request for the return of her prisoner got underway

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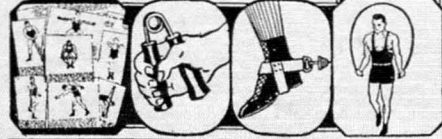
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May 29th in the Illinois capital at Springfield. Governor Emmerson appointed DeWitt Billmore, Secretary of the Legislative Reference Bureau, as his representative to hear the case.

The Defense based its chief hope on the claim of Attorney Latta that Georgia had not affixed the proper legal documents to its extradition requisition. The request, Mr. Latta argued, was merely a "letter," and should be refused as illegal.

The Georgia representatives recited the history of Burns' case, and took occasion to deny his charges that chain-gang prisoners had been beaten to death.

When all the evidence was in, Mr. Billmore prepared a summary, and turned it over to Governor Emmerson for his verdict.

WHILE Illinois' Chief Executive studied the case, the thousands who had never looked upon Burns' face, but who had been stirred by the story of his regeneration flooded the capital with a fresh stream of letters pleading that the Governor deny the requisition and use his good offices to obtain a pardon for the "man who had come back."

Among the writers was Miss Jane Addams, the famous social worker of Hull House, Chicago.

The sentiment in favor of the publisher's freedom had grown like a snowball rolling downhill, but in clashing with the iron inexorability of the law it could be no stronger than a snowball. Whatever he may have felt in his heart, Governor Emmerson had no choice other than to follow the law. His announcement came:

"The State of Illinois recognizes the right of the State of Georgia to return Robert Elliot Burns to the boundaries from which he fled in defiance of the Law, and orders that he be so returned."

Here was defeat, and it came as a shock to Burns, but he would not give way before it.

"I am disappointed," he said, "but I am ready to go back without further protest. I can only hope that Governor Hardman will grant me a pardon soon."

He was given twenty-four hours to adjust his affairs. The operation of his magazine he entrusted to his assistant, Merle McBain. He bade a fond farewell to Lillian Salo; heard her renew her promise to wait, and then accepted the handcuffs of Georgia.

Early in June, 1929, only a few days from the seventh anniversary of his desperate flight in a hail of bullets, he returned to the Campbell County Camp to have the chains that were once shattered relinked about his right leg.

He was back in the little closed world that for a moment had known the national spotlight because of his case. Much public-

ity had been given to his charge that the lash had taken the lives of prisoners in the camps. He could not expect to be very popular with the authorities, and it was undoubtedly a surprise to him when soon after his return he was given comparatively light work as a painter.

Still in the thick of the battle, the Burns Citizens Committee received a report of the change of the prisoner's duties, and took it as a favorable omen. The leaders sent Burns cheering messages, and assured him that lawyers would be present to plead for a pardon at the meeting of the Georgia Parole Board which was scheduled for August.

But it was only a temporary victory. Burns' sun was setting. For seven years he had been a favorite of the Goddess of Good Fortune. From the hour of his escape to the hour of his capture his hand had touched only gold. He had had the "breaks"—but now fortune turned her back on him.

Shortly before the Prison Board was to meet, Burns was transferred to the Troupe County Prison Camp at LaGrange, Georgia. There he was reassigned to the body-shattering road labor.

Then the Board went into session. Several cases were disposed of, but there was no mention of Burns' case. The Board adjourned with no announcement as to his fate.

Dispatches to Chicago quoted Judge E. L. Rainey, Chairman of the Georgia Crime Commission, as stating that Burns would have to serve a full year after his return before he could apply for parole.

IT was the end of a battle that had been contested long and wholeheartedly. There were many expressions of regret, but no further action. Burns' staunch defenders could only bow to the Law.

At this writing the ball and chain still hold Robert Elliot Burns captive. In a few months, possibly, he may be restored to the world of free men. Again, the Law may not be satisfied until he has given five more years of his life in penal service.

Not so long ago, as this is written, Editor McBain received a letter that was like a cry from the depths. Its concluding lines were:

"... I can hardly write this for my hands hurt so. I am so miserable. I would rather be dead..."

One can recall that Burns had a favorite quotation: "Courage has magic, genius, power in it."

Poetry is stirring, but it is hard to be brave when a ball and chain grip tightly.

The State of Georgia has a standing reward of \$50 for information that leads to the return of an escaped convict. No one, as yet, has claimed \$50 for sending back Robert Elliot Burns!

Detectives, Take Notice!

On page 12 in this issue you will find announcement of

\$1,000 in Prize Awards

to be made by TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES for outstanding detective work in the year 1930.

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How I Trapped the Bellmore Bank Bandits

(Continued from page 65)

her quietly. "You are trying to make this young man commit the crime of perjury."

It was some time before we gained the confidence of these girls, and convinced them that we had not come there to trap them.

"Ross is not telling all he knows," I said finally. "Why don't you go up and see him and persuade him to tell all the truth? He is the only one who can do any good. The Court of Appeals has upheld his conviction. His lawyer's attempt to have his sentence postponed by stating that Arm has evidence that will help Klvana failed. Nobody can help him but himself. Why don't you go and see him and persuade him to tell the truth?"

For over an hour we harped on that last suggestion.

"You're different from what I thought detectives were," Miss O'Brien said as Jones and I bade her and Miss Ross good-night. "We still think Arm is innocent, but we will do what you say."

ON picking up the newspaper from the breakfast table of a beach front hotel in Florida, I read that John J. Slattery's sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment. Governor Smith explained to reporters that he had based his commutation on the grounds that only four judges of the Court of Appeals voted to uphold his conviction and the other three, including Chief Judge Hiscock, declared in favor of a new trial. Ross's conviction had been upheld unanimously.

It was all very far away from the calm, beautiful blue ocean and white breakers dashing lazily on the beach; the great slowly waving palms, and the well-dressed, fortunate folks at the other tables. Time meant nothing down there. Even the newspaper I was reading was two days old.

Then a telegram jerked me out of this experience of pleasure and peace.

"Come at once. Very important. District Attorney needs you."

Before leaving home I had instructed my family to tell no one where I was. Hence this somewhat indefinite message, signed by my daughter, told me very little.

Inwardly I rebelled, but I found myself within the next few minutes packing hastily, paying my bill and telling a driver to break all records so as to enable me to catch the next train which, as chance would have it, was leaving twenty minutes after I received the wire.

On my way north, I bought all the New York newspapers.

It was a story in the New York World, Sunday morning, January 24th, that I got my best tip as to what the order was all about:

ROSS SAVED THREE TIMES FROM DEATH HOUSE

Tells on Pals in Bank Murder

Three nights running, Ambrose Ross, convicted of murder in the Bellmore Bank robbery put off sitting down with death in the electric chair. Governor Smith gave him a respite last night until the week of February 15th.

Ross, who two years ago broke the law of the upper world which says "Thou shalt not kill," yesterday broke the underworld "law" which says "thou shalt not tell."

Twice Ross escaped the chair by inches and his mouth was shut. The third time yesterday—that dread stir of activity came into the death house—he called out for confession. Ross squealed.

Thursday night Ross escaped the chair by a judicial reprieve which was good for twenty-four hours. Friday night he was reprieved for a like period by Governor Smith. Last night at seven o'clock, three hours before time for death, State Superintendent of Prisons, James L. Long, and a district attorney of Nassau County, both of whom had sped by automobile from Sing Sing after Ross's statement, reached Governor Smith at the Biltmore. The Governor issued a respite and the prison was informed by telephone.

From no source could it be learned what facts Ross had disclosed in his Death House statement. Whether it divulged the names of the four others still at large, who were accomplices in the Bellmore Bank hold-up which resulted in the shooting to death of Ernest L. Whitman, an unarmed salesman of Patchogue, could not be ascertained.

Dog tired from emotional strain and terror of going up to the gates of death three times, Ross tumbled himself on his cot and sunk into a deep sleep the moment the Governor's respite came in.

The district attorney called at Ossining Saturday at 10 A. M. He went with Superintendent Long direct to the death house and talked with Ross. This conference occupied all the morning.

At 2 P. M., they went back again. From an inside source it was learned that Mr. Long said to Ross in a quiet voice:

"The law provides that you are to die this week. If Saturday night passes you will automatically, under the law be returned to court for resentence and you will have six to eight weeks more of life. However, Saturday night is not going to pass. You have indicated that you have an important statement to make about the murder and the district attorney is here to listen. If the statement is not important you will be executed within a few hours. You have had a delay of forty-eight hours. If you have anything to say, say it now . . . or make ready for death."

Ross's face had grown paler as he heard these cautious words. Suddenly he began to talk rapidly. His pent-up statement broke out in a torrent of words that spilled into an almost unintelligible narrative.

Ross was broken.

"God, I'm awful thankful," he said.

IT must have been a hectic week for Ross. On Thursday night, it seems his attorney, Joseph Lonardo had raced to the prison with the stay that put his client's fate in the hands of the Justices of the Brooklyn Appellate Division. They unanimously decided that the facts did not warrant intervention. That apparently cut off every possibility of the condemned man's escape from the chair.

The second reprieve was brought when the state executioner walked out, and Warden Lawes, who is opposed to capital punishment, was faced with the problem of obtaining another electrocutioner—or pulling the death dealing switches himself. The electrocutioner was engaged.

The third and last reprieve was granted, as reported by the newspapers, because the Governor believed that Ross's statement was sincere and of great value to the prosecution.



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THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

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I surmised that I had been summoned back to check up on this statement. I had practically lived with the case for a year and a half, knew the facts of the investigation inside out and stored away in my memories were many atoms of information I had picked up in my continuous pecking that had not been required at the trial.

Ross had officially two more weeks of life when I entered the conference room of the Death House.

He had changed greatly from the debonaire, self-possessed young man who had taken his arrest as a joke. Playing successfully on the wrong side of the law for many years had given him a false pride, a bravado that at first it seemed nothing could shatter.

OVER a year in the Death House had robbed his cheeks of their ruddiness and replaced it with a prison pallor, his eyes had lost their "very steady piercing" glance, referred to by Miss Umhauer, even his curly dark hair seemed to have taken on some of the lifelessness of the tomb.

Before going to the Death House I had read the statement Ross had made to the District Attorney and provided myself with photographs of the various men he mentioned in it.

A certain restlessness and inability to sit still for more than a few minutes at a time, were the only signs I saw of the terrific ordeal Ross had gone through the week before. He had made his statement, gotten the burden off his chest, and its repetition he seemed to regard rather in the light of a bore.

"Now, Ross," I said to him, "I want you to tell me the story in your own way right from the beginning."

For a moment or two he remained silent, glancing uneasily at the statement I had sticking out of my pocket. If he had told the truth, the exact truth and nothing but the truth, that terrorized night, he need have no fear of that statement—but *had* he? That's what I was there to find out.

"It was Cunniffe," he began in an edgy voice, "that said it would be an easy place to rob. He was talking about it to Slattery. I was standing in front of the bar and Klvana was behind it. Jack Slattery asked me if I would go in with some friends of his from New York on the job, and I said I would. We went up to look over the bank—Slattery, Cunniffe, Kickert and me—and somebody went in to get a bill changed, I don't remember which one it was. Anyway, he came back and said 'It's a cinch. We could rob it now.'"

"The night before the robbery it was decided that Slattery and I were to go in his Hudson coach and that after dropping me off near the bank he was to go on and wait for us, so we could make the change from the Buick we were to drive away from the job in. Klvana was to take another car, a National, I think, and wait for us in the Motor Parkway at a certain point. After the job, and after we met this car, some of us were to get in with Slattery and some with Klvana and abandon the Buick.

"When we got near the bank we got out one and two at a time and started for the bank separately. I was the third man to enter. It had already been held up when I walked in. Somebody was climbing over the screen into the teller's cage. Two men came just behind me.

"Miss Umhauer was in a hysterical condition and had her hands over her head and seemed very nervous. I took her by the arm and put her in a chair and told her she wouldn't be hurt if she kept still.

"I held the bag while one of the others put the money in it. Then I heard a scuffle and a shot and somebody yelled, 'Give it to him!' I ran out, and as I did there were some more shots."

Ross insisted that he did not know the names of three of the men, that they were strangers to him and friends of Slattery.

There were one or two slight discrepancies in Ross's story, but in the main it checked up with what we had learned and I believed he was telling the truth. There were omissions, but it was possible that he was not present when the crime was first planned.

About a year before this statement was made, Cunniffe and Kickert had been arrested by Philadelphia authorities on another hold-up. They had been viewed by eye-witnesses to the Bellmore crime. These had been unable to identify them. Kickert has a square face and a large nose, besides this he was at the time of the robbery and murder suffering from the ill effects of an operation which made him stumble as he walked. After Miss Kunz's mistaken identification of "Limp" Lober, however, our witnesses were overcautious. In the stick-up committed in Philadelphia, moreover, an Essex car which had been purchased from a man in Patchogue was used and abandoned. This suggested that identification by Whitman, the unfortunate bond salesman, might possibly have been the motive for the murder. This was one of our first theories.

In Ross's statement, as will be seen, he very carefully took himself out of the range of the shooting, and cagily stated that the hold-up was over before he entered; he only, according to his account, helped carry away the loot.

The important part was that this statement enabled us to send out an alarm calling for the arrest of Cunniffe and Kickert for Murder in the First Degree.

When Klvana's case came to trial the court was surrounded by an even larger guard than that present at the famous Chapman trial. No one, except those whose business it was to be in court, was permitted to enter.

The jury obviously refused to believe Ross's testimony against Klvana. He was acquitted after that body of men had been out only one hour and twenty minutes.

"Glad to hear it," was Ross's simple statement when he learned what the verdict had been. "Joe's a nice fellow."

Governor Smith commuted Ross's sentence to life imprisonment, stating that he was the only one available who could identify the other bandits should they ever be apprehended.

That was on December 7th, 1926, after he had spent twenty-one months in the Death House.

ON December 9th, 1927, Frank Kickert was arrested in Baltimore as a suspect in the Elizabeth Mail robbery. He confessed participation in the Bellmore hold-up and associated with himself James "Killer" Cunniffe, William Crowley, Jocko Moore, Jack Slattery and Ambrose Ross.

Kickert later repudiated this statement

when he found it would not serve to delay his trial in the Elizabeth crime for which he was sentenced to the penitentiary last year.

Cunniffe and Crowley had shot each other to death in a duel over the division of spoils in a sumptuously furnished apartment in Detroit a few months previous.

That finished the story of the Bellmore Bank robbery and murder.

It is a good example in showing how, by keen observation and willingness to assist detectives in their investigation, citizens can demolish the most perfectly planned crime.

No super-intellectual giant could have

aided the police in the solution of this crime one tithe as well as was done by the barber Massene, the lumber merchant Deane, the automobile salesman Mackin, the real estate agent Steinert, the quick-witted factory clerk Miss Kuntz, the young schoolboy Charlie Bergold, his keen-minded aunt Mrs. Bergold, the bibulous bet-you-a-hundred soak in the speakeasy, the garrulous barber, the observant teamster in Woodside, and the sod man who read in the paper the reason why he didn't get the Ford car he had bargained for with the go-betweens in The Old Homestead.

It's from those people that detectives get their "inspirations."

Solving San Diego's Most Baffling Crime

(Continued from page 47)

Commerce Bank, the largest financial institution in the city. Here they interviewed E. O. Hodge, vice-president, on September 26th, and found that Schick had at various times opened three accounts at this bank. The first account, under the name of George E. Schick, was opened on November 3rd, 1922; the second under the name of G. E. Schick Realty Company was opened on November 23rd, 1922, and the third, under the title of the Schick Investment Company was opened on December 15th, 1922.

When opening his account on November 3rd, Schick had also rented a safe deposit box, in which Hodge stated that he had deposited papers and securities. Hodge told the investigators that on January 9th, 1923, Schick came to the bank and transferred his personal account to his wife's name, but reserved the right to sign checks on this account "Mrs. G. E. Schick, per G. E. Schick."

On this same date, January 9th, Schick transferred his safe deposit box, Number 212, to his wife, and she named no deputy. This was probably the date when Clark first told Schick that Mrs. Curtiss intended blackmailing him.

Hodge then stated that some time in February—he could not remember the exact date—Mrs. Schick, with Everett Drew Clark appeared at the bank with a letter from George E. Schick, directing that the bank consolidate all his accounts in the one account which was carried in Mrs. Schick's name.

Hodge told Mrs. Schick and Clark that the request was unusual, and that he could not comply with the instructions contained in the letter, unless he was furnished with a regular power of attorney, signed by George E. Schick and duly acknowledged by a notary public. Hodge was then informed by Mrs. Schick that she would procure such a document from her husband as soon as he returned to the city, explaining that he was away on a business trip. Clark and Mrs. Schick then went to the safety deposit box and removed the contents.

SOME days later—and Hodge recalled that this date was February 20th—Mrs. Schick and Clark again called at the bank, this time bringing a power of attorney, executed on a regular blank form, filled in with typewriter and signed in ink by George E. Schick, duly acknowledged by P. A. Nauman, a notary public in and

for San Diego County, instructing the bank to consolidate his accounts under the one account carried by Mrs. Schick.

The signature of George E. Schick upon this instrument was identical with the signature on his identification card in the bank's file, and as further proof of the authenticity of the power of attorney, it had been recorded at the County Court-house.

With this document as his authority, Hodge ordered all Schick's bank accounts consolidated into one, and this was thenceforth carried under the name of Mrs. G. E. Schick.

Detectives now armed themselves with a picture of George E. Schick and visited the office of P. A. Nauman, the notary public who had acknowledged Schick's signature on the power of attorney.

Nauman was shown the picture of Schick and asked if he knew the man. The notary instantly identified the picture as one of George E. Schick. Nauman was then shown the power of attorney, which had been secured from the bank, and asked if he had acknowledged the instrument. Again the notary replied in the affirmative.

One of the detectives then asked Nauman, "Are you sure that Schick appeared personally before you on February twentieth, when you acknowledged his signature to this document, or was it already signed when it was brought to you?"

"Oh, no," Nauman replied. "I remember the incident quite well. Mr. Schick and his wife came in on the afternoon of February twentieth, and he signed the document in my presence. I remember making an entry of it in my book, which we are required to keep."

This was new information for the investigators, for until this time in their probe of Schick's disappearance, they had found no one who had seen George E. Schick since he left his office on February 7th, except his wife, who stated that he had returned for one night on April 23rd.

Now Nauman declared positively that Schick had appeared before him on February 20th, when acknowledging the power of attorney.

The detectives now interviewed Buchanan, who told substantially the same story which he had brought to the District Attorney unsolicited on February 12th.

Charles Kellogg, who occupied desk space in the office of Schick and

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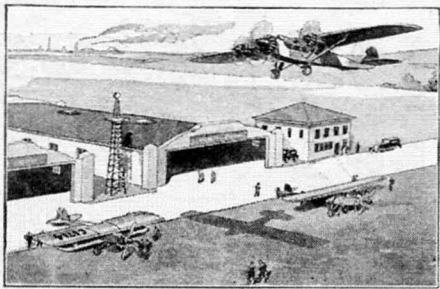
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Buchanan, was next questioned. Kellogg stated that he recalled a conversation which Schick held with someone over the telephone, in his office before he disappeared. In this conversation, Kellogg heard Schick say that he was tired of it all, that he was willing to turn over everything he had and that he wanted to wash his hands of the entire matter. Kellogg then stated that he knew Schick had allowed Clark and his wife to occupy the house at 3424 Mission Drive without paying rent and he also knew that Schick had loaned Clark sums of money, as well as bought food for him. Kellogg stated that Schick had told him on one occasion that he had bonds and other securities valued at more than \$100,000.

The following day, Pross and Graves, the detectives, questioned John C. Beck, Superintendent of the Ingersoll Candy Company, who had rented the store at 1141 Fifth Avenue belonging to his company, to Schick and Mrs. Curtiss for the millinery and gift shop.

BECK also knew of the trip which Schick and Mrs. Curtiss had made to Los Angeles. On January 30th, Beck stated, an attachment was placed on the shop by certain creditors, but Schick had this attachment released on February 3rd, ostensibly by paying the obligations. Schick told Beck that the store was being mismanaged and that he had lost about \$3,000.00 in it. After the disappearance of Schick, the shop was closed, and Clark and his wife attended to the details of closing out the stock, Beck said.

In the stock of the shop, according to Beck, were a number of strings of beads, pearls and some novelty jewelry which had been placed there on consignment. When Clark and his wife were closing out the stock, the owner of this jewelry, T. C. Mitchell came to the shop and asked for payment of the articles or their return. Clark, Beck said, told the owner that he knew nothing of the articles of which he spoke, and refused to pay for them.

On September 28th, 1923, investigators learned that Everett Drew Clark was driving a Hupmobile touring car, so they called on W. B. Conniry, San Diego agent for this automobile.

Conniry, referring to his books, found that on February 10th, 1923, Clark came to his automobile salesroom, driving a Studebaker Big Six sedan, which was registered to George E. Schick, and traded this car in on a Hupmobile sedan. Conniry allowed Clark \$750.00 for the Studebaker, and the balance due on the Hupmobile sedan, \$1250.00, was paid in cash.

Mrs. Sarah Margaret Schick accompanied Clark on this occasion and gave a bill of sale for the Studebaker. This was three days after Buchanan and Kellogg saw Schick leave his office for the last time.

On June 6th, 1923, Clark traded his Hupmobile sedan to Conniry for a Hupmobile touring car, paying a balance of \$300.00 in cash. After this deal was consummated, L. A. Krumholtz, who was employed as a mechanic by Conniry, told his employer that he knew Clark well and often talked to him. Clark, according to Krumholtz, had stated that George Schick was gunning for him (Clark) because Mrs. Schick wanted to get a divorce and marry him. Clark told Krumholtz that he "was ready for Schick."

Having gathered all the foregoing information, Martin J. Schick and the two detectives whom he had employed now sought the aid of the District Attorney's office and the sheriff's office was called into the case.

The official investigation was placed in the hands of Oliver Sexson, veteran peace officer and one of the shrewdest criminologists on the Pacific Coast.

Taking up the seven-months-old trail at the point which the Burns detectives had reached on October 5th, we launched a separate investigation. Inquiry into Schick's activity in fraternal orders brought out the information that on December 15th, 1922, Schick had applied for membership in the Order of Sciots, a Masonic branch. Accompanying his application was a check for his initiation fee. Robert Brackett, secretary of the Sciots stated that Schick never appeared for his initiation and that on March 17th, Mrs. Schick had called at his office, asking that this check be returned, stating that Schick had left the city and would not return. The check was given her.

With the evidence thus far uncovered, we now felt that the time was ripe to question Clark and Mrs. Schick closely. We found that during the summer, Mrs. Schick had sold the home which she and Schick had occupied at 4638 Terrace Drive and also the house which Schick subsequently purchased at 3424 Mission Drive, where Clark and his wife had lived, rent free.

Mrs. Schick had moved to El Cajon, a city of about 3,500 inhabitants, seventeen miles inland from San Diego. Here on October 15th, 1923, we found that Clark and Mrs. Schick were living together, the Schick children had been placed in the local school under the name of Clark, and were addressing Clark as "father." Clark's wife, Mae, was found living at the Casa Grande Apartments, in San Diego.

Mrs. Schick and Clark were questioned separately. Both told identically the same story. They stated that Schick had left San Diego early in February on a business trip. That later he had returned for one night, on April 23rd, leaving the next day to return to Mexico, where he was interested in a mine. Mrs. Schick was positive that her husband had returned on April 23rd, for she told us that she was now in a delicate condition and that her unborn child was conceived on that date, April 23rd. Both Clark and Mrs. Schick stated that on July 30th one Peter M. Hawkins called at Mrs. Schick's home in El Cajon, stating that he had been with Schick in Mexico. Hawkins said, according to Mrs. Schick's story, that on May 31st, Schick and a companion had engaged in a skirmish with some hostile Mexicans. Schick and the other man were in a boat attempting to escape, when the Mexicans fired on them, and Schick fell from the boat, mortally wounded.

WE asked Mrs. Schick where Hawkins, the bearer of this story, could be found, and she replied that he had the appearance of being a wanderer, that she did not know his present address, but believed that he was in San Francisco.

Although Clark and Mrs. Schick must have known that they were under suspicion at this time, their very attitude was one of complete belief in the story which they told us, and their entirely apparent efforts to

aid us in our search were so disarming that some of the investigators were almost willing to believe their story, fantastic as it seemed.

On this same date, October 15th, we interviewed E. R. Kelly, who was a close friend of the Schicks. Kelly stated Schick had often come to him for advice on various business matters, particularly investments. Most of these proposed investments were of the "wildcat" variety, Kelly stated, and he had advised Schick against going into them. Kelly stated that Schick was worth about \$100,000.00. Kelly had seen Mrs. Schick several times during the summer that Schick was absent and stated that Mrs. Schick did not seem to be particularly worried over her husband's disappearance.

After a careful review of the entire case on October 15th, we decided to ask the District Attorney for warrants charging murder in the first degree. We laid our evidence before Mr. Kempley, the D. A., who reviewed the case step by step. "The evidence which you have gathered," Kempley said, "while strong from a circumstantial standpoint, certainly has not brought out any definite facts regarding Schick's disappearance. For all we know, from this evidence, the man may be alive and well. It would certainly place our office in a most embarrassing situation if we issued a warrant charging first degree murder, arrested our suspects and lodged them in jail, only to have George E. Schick walk into our office, alive and well. We



J. V. Hendrix, who claimed that while he and Clark were in jail together, the latter told him he had killed Schick. Hendrix could not be moved from this statement, and repeated it again just before he died on the gallows

would be the laughing stock of the entire country."

"But," we protested, "we have questioned Clark and Mrs. Schick and their story is a highly improbable and fantastic one and now that they are on their guard, it is easily possible that they may run out on us, escaping to Mexico or some other country from which we could not extradite them on the evidence which we have."

"That is entirely true," the District Attorney agreed, "but this case seems a rather peculiar one to me. There are some mitigating circumstances. I recall quite well the occasion on February 12th, when Buchanan, Schick's partner, first reported this to me. At that time, I was of the opinion that family difficulties might be responsible for Schick's disappearance, or that he had ducked to avoid the unpleasant consequences which would naturally arise if Mrs. Joan Curtiss attempted to embarrass him because he made a trip to Los Angeles with her. It is even possible that Schick might have been

having an affair with Mrs. Clark and for that reason left."

We argued at great length with the District Attorney, advancing many practical reasons why arrests should be made. I felt that with the suspects safely in jail, we could bolster our case with additional evidence. There was also a strong possibility that if Mrs. Schick and Clark did know more of Schick's disappearance than they had told us, they would surely confess after being placed in jail.

District Attorney Kempley, still reluctant, finally consented to issue the warrants; and on October 16th, Undersheriff Oliver Sexson started for the Schick home in El Cajon, armed with a warrant charging first degree murder against Everett Drew Clark for slaying his best friend, George E. Schick. He drove his car alone, while other deputies followed in another machine.

ARRIVING at the Schick home in El Cajon, the officers found Mrs. Schick in, but Clark was away. Mrs. Schick invited them into the house, stating that Clark would return in a short while. As the other deputies were talking to Mrs. Schick in the house, Sexson wandered idly about the yard of the home, turning the case over in his mind, wondering what Clark's reaction to his arrest would be. Sexson did not anticipate any trouble with Clark for he did not appear to be the "hard-boiled" type.

Presently, Sexson saw Clark driving down the road toward the house, in his Hupmobile touring car. Although the men knew each other, Clark did not recognize Sexson until he reached the driveway which led from the main highway into the grounds of the Schick home. As he recognized Sexson, Clark registered a momentary indecision as to whether he should enter the grounds or drive on past the house. He chose the former course and drove into the yard, parking his car near the private garage on the property.

"How are you, Mr. Clark?" Sexson greeted him.

"Pretty well, Mr. Sexson, how's yourself?" Clark answered.

"I'm fine, thanks," Sexson replied. "I want you to take a little ride into town with me."

"Oh, no you don't," Clark replied, smiling wanly.

"Yes, I have a warrant here for you," Sexson said, as he drew the paper from his pocket.

"That's not for me," Clark said. "You haven't got anything on me."

Sexson handed Clark the warrant, which he read through without the slightest trace of emotion. He folded the document, looked at Sexson steadily and said, "You're all wrong, of course, Sexson, but I'll go with you. Excuse me for just a moment, I want to tell Mrs. Schick that I am going into town with you."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Clark," Sexson replied, "but we would rather you did not talk this over with Mrs. Schick now. We'd better be getting started."

Clark protested mildly, but accompanied Sexson to his car, which both men entered. Sexson did not feel that there was any necessity for handcuffing Clark or asking one of the other deputies to accompany him. The two men drove into San Diego, talking of trivial matters, but not once did they refer to the charge



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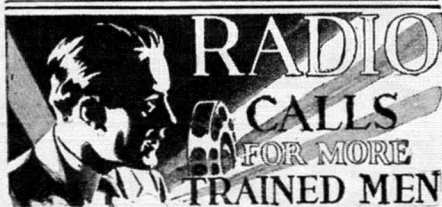
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against the prisoner. The other deputies followed in their car, bringing Mrs. Schick, and shortly after they arrived at the county jail other deputies brought Mrs. Clark in. She had been arrested at her apartment in the Casa Grande Apartments, where she had been living while Clark and Mrs. Schick were living together in El Cajon.

WHILE being booked, Clark stoutly maintained his innocence and there were many attaches of the jail who believed that a rank injustice was being done the man. His statements rang with sincerity and righteous indignation and I am frank to admit that I now shared some of the District Attorney's fears. What a blow to those of us who had caused Clark's arrest if George E. Schick suddenly appeared!

There was one point in our chain of circumstantial evidence which puzzled me and worried me and that was: *When was George E. Schick actually seen last?* Buchanan and Kellogg, business associates of Schick, declared that he had not been seen since the afternoon of February 7th, between two and four o'clock, when he left his office.

P. A. Nauman, the notary public, positively declared that Schick had appeared personally before him on February 20th when signing the power of attorney to the bank, and Mrs. Schick, equally positive, declared that her husband had returned home for one night on April 23rd. As evidence of his visit at that time, Mrs. Schick invited attention to the approaching birth of a child.

I decided to again question Nauman, and on October 16th, the day on which Clark, his wife Mae, and Mrs. Schick were arrested, I called on the notary public again. I found him changed. He seemed worried.

I put the question to him squarely, "Did George E. Schick appear *personally* before you on February twentieth, when you took his acknowledgment on that power of attorney?"

"No, no," Nauman cried, "but I *knew* it was his signature—I've witnessed lots of papers for him and I would know his signature anywhere. I thought it was all right. I didn't mean to do anything wrong."

"Why then," I demanded, "did you say when you were questioned before, that Schick had appeared personally before you?"

"I didn't say that—I didn't say that," Nauman faltered.

"Well, we'll attend to you later, Nauman."

On the morning of October 17th, the newspapers carried the startling information that Everett Drew Clark, well known and highly respected in San Diego, had been arrested and charged with the murder of his bosom friend, George E. Schick. The newspapers reviewed the case and sentiment was divided among the citizens of the community. Many did not hesitate to censure us openly for arresting a man on such a serious charge, with only flimsy, circumstantial evidence.

On October 17th, the day that this story "broke" Mrs. Joan Curtiss, erstwhile proprietor of the millinery shop financed by Schick, was questioned in Mexicali, Mexico, across the international border from Calexico, California, and about 150 miles from San Diego.

Mrs. Curtiss told freely of all her rela-

tions with Schick. She was incensed when told that Clark had mentioned to Schick that she intended blackmailing him.

"Nothing could be further from the truth," Mrs. Curtiss declared vehemently. "When Mr. Schick and I made the trip to Los Angeles, we occupied separate rooms in widely separated hotels. I never had any thought of blackmailing anyone. The idea is preposterous. Clark is saying these things to shield himself. Clark came to me repeatedly before Mr. Schick disappeared, telling me that Schick was an easy mark and that we could shake him down for a lot of money. I paid no attention to Clark's overtures and told him he was being ridiculous. I am perfectly willing to return to San Diego and tell all I know of this case."

And return to San Diego Mrs. Curtiss did—and told all that she knew to authorities, as well as to the grand jury which investigated the case.

ON October 18th, the day after the story was published in the newspapers, C. F. Atkinson, San Diego representative of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, called at the Sheriff's office, stating that he might be able to throw some light on the case.

"Mr. Schick carried a policy in our company," Atkinson stated, "and on August twenty-first, Mrs. Schick called my office on the phone, requesting that I come to El Cajon to see her. I went on that night, and she requested that I pay the policy on her husband. She told me a strange story of her husband losing his life somewhere in Mexico. I told Mrs. Schick that it would be necessary for the company to have substantial proof of death before the claim could be paid, and suggested that she write the company direct, giving them all the details she had. I also suggested that she write the State Department at Washington, asking them to assist her in establishing proof of her husband's death in Mexico. At my suggestion, Mrs. Schick wrote the home office of our company, and I have a copy of her letter here."

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Gentlemen:

I, Sarah Margaret Schick, wife, beneficiary on policy No. 1271779, on George E. Schick, beg leave to advise you as follows:

The last time I saw my husband, George E. Schick, was on April 23, 1923, just before he left here to go on a mining expedition to Mexico with a Russian whose name I have not and am unable to secure.

At the time of leaving, he left word that he would be back or write me so that I should hear from him before June 1st. I have never heard from him since.

On July 30th, Peter M. Hawkins came to my home in El Cajon and advised me that he had joined the expedition in Mexico and been with Mr. Schick and the Russian for some time. He stated that on May 31st, while the party was near a small mining village south of the

City of Mexico, the Russian and Mr. Schick got in a clash with some Mexicans, and that he, Hawkins, was near enough to see what transpired but was not in the clash.

Said Hawkins further states that Mr. Schick and the Russian were retiring from the conflict in a boat and that he, Hawkins, saw the battle and that he saw Mr. Schick stand up in the boat to shoot and heard a fusillade of shots from the Mexicans, followed by Mr. Schick acting as if struck and falling into the water, while the Russian fell down in the boat.

The Mexicans captured the boat and the Russian.

Hawkins claims to have remained in the neighborhood for some time, probably several weeks, without being able to get any further information regarding Mr. Schick or the Russian.

Hawkins says this occurred on May 31st, and he reported this to me about the 30th of July.

Hawkins did not leave his address and I do not know where to find him. He had the appearance of being a wanderer and said he was going up to San Francisco.

On the 21st of August I called up your office in San Diego and your District Agent (Atkinson) came out to my home in El Cajon in the evening, where I stated the facts as above, and at his suggestion am writing you.

Please advise me what to do under the circumstances. I paid one premium since Mr. Schick left. This was paid through the Wheeling General Agency.

Yours very truly,

(Signed:) Sarah Margaret Schick.

After receiving this information from Atkinson, we decided to again question Mrs. Schick. She was called to the District Attorney's office and subjected to a rigid questioning. Throughout the examination, Mrs. Schick stuck to her original story, nor could she be shaken. She declared that she had given us all the information of her husband which she possessed. We then questioned Mae Clark, Everett Drew Clark's wife, with but meagre success.

Mrs. Clark burst into tears several times during her examination, but declared that she knew no more of Schick's disappearance than Mrs. Schick and Clark had told her. Clark, when questioned, stuck to his original story, which was essentially the same as Mrs. Schick's, although they were invariably questioned separately. Their stories jibed, all dates and places being identical in Mrs. Schick's and Clark's statements.

On October 19th, we questioned neighbors of Mrs. Schick, who had lived near her on Terrace Drive, prior to the disappearance of her husband. We found little information of value from any except C. E. Ryan and his wife, who occupied the house next door to the Schicks on Terrace Drive. Ryan was the real estate agent who sold Schick his first home in San Diego, and being a next-door neighbor, naturally knew the Schicks well. Ryan stated that Clark seemed to have a strong influence over both Schick and his wife,

and also stated that he thought Clark was a crook. Soon after Schick's disappearance, Ryan stated that Clark and his wife took up their residence with Mrs. Schick in the home on Terrace Drive. Ryan often saw Clark around the house and in the yard of the Schick home, and asked him on several occasions where Schick was. Clark replied that Schick was in San Francisco. Clark told Ryan that he had gone to San Francisco to meet Schick, that the two of them had turned a big sugar deal and that he, Clark, had cleaned up \$5,000.00 in this deal, leaving Schick in San Francisco when he returned to San Diego.

All this was subsequent to Schick's disappearance. When Mrs. Ryan asked Mrs. Schick where her husband was, Mrs. Schick replied that he was away on business.

ON the same day we interviewed Mrs. R. D. Nichols and her mother, Mrs. A. L. Gilchrist, of 3414 Mission Drive. These women lived next door to the house at 3424 Mission Drive, which Schick had purchased and in which Clark and his wife resided until Schick disappeared. Definitely fixing the date, by reason of the death of a friend whom Mrs. Gilchrist had been nursing, Mrs. Nichols stated that on the afternoon of February 7th, she went for a walk with her mother. When passing the Clark home at 3424 Mission Drive, the two women heard a violent quarrel between two men inside the house.

When this quarrel had reached its climax, the voices ceased as suddenly as if an electric light had been snapped off. No loud or unusual voices were heard later that day by either of the women, but two or three days afterward Mrs. Nichols saw a fire in the back yard of the Clark home, under a large can or pot. (See photograph showing cauldron on Page 44.) She further stated that the contents of the can over the fire gave off a most offensive odor, which smelled like burning bones or egg shells.

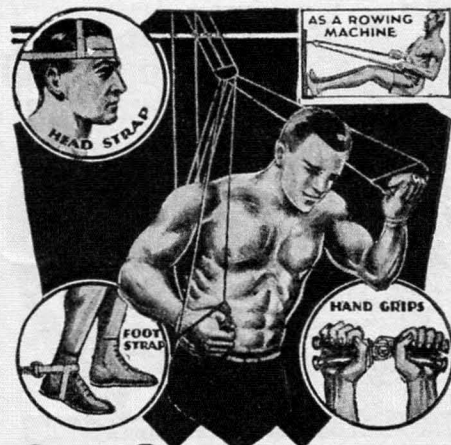
"It was the most offensive odor I ever smelled," Mrs. Nichols stated. "It was so bad I went into the house and closed my windows and stayed in the house. I had been working in my own back yard, but had to stop then."

Mrs. Nichols said that Clark was seen around the house on the day when the fire was burning under the pot, and that he continued to visit the house daily for almost a month. He came to the house so often that Mrs. Nichols and her mother thought he was still living there.

Piecing this evidence together with that of C. E. Ryan and his wife, we found that while Clark visited the house at 3424 Mission Drive, his former home, almost daily for a month after February 7th, his visits were always made in the daytime, as Ryan stated that Clark and his wife moved into the Schick home, with Mrs. Schick, at 4638 Terrace Drive on February 7th.

The can or pot which Mrs. Nichols and Mrs. Gilchrist saw over a fire in the back yard of the Clark home proved to be a gasoline drum, cut in half. This was seized for evidence.

CONTINUING our search for information among Clark's neighbors, we interviewed Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Comstock of 3233 Mission Drive, who stated that they saw Clark and his wife moving various articles from their home at 3424 Mis-



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sion Drive early in February, and that they also saw smoke coming from the chimney of the Clark home about the same time, on days when the weather did not warrant having fires in the house. February is a warm month in San Diego, the thermometer often registering as high as eighty degrees during the day.

After questioning neighbors of both the Schicks and Clarks on October 19th, Mrs. Schick was again questioned. A careful study of the woman revealed a peculiar character. Mrs. Schick appeared to be a woman who would readily respond to a stronger mind and a stronger will, and was undoubtedly easily influenced. Her mentality was normal, but she seemed hopelessly inadequate in matters of business, finance and judgment. Adopting a different mode of questioning, we explained to Mrs. Schick that it would be far better for her, as well as her children, if she would tell us all that she knew of her husband's disappearance.

Then, in a voice absolutely devoid of emotion, Mrs. Schick suddenly talked. The tale she told was true, in all its sordid details. Mrs. Schick told of her first meeting with Clark at the Bledsoe Furniture Company, in October, 1922. She spoke of a strange power which Clark exerted over both her and her husband. She stated that Clark was a psychologist and astrologer, and that he could foretell coming events. Clark was possessed of a dominant and willful mind, and we could easily understand how his personality could dominate that of a woman who was obviously as weak as Mrs. Schick.

Mrs. Schick stated that shortly after she met Clark—within a month or so—she was completely overcome by his masterful ways and stated that she had been intimate with him since November, 1922. She further stated that he was the father of her unborn child. In substance, she said:

"I last saw my husband, George E. Schick, on the morning of February seventh, when he left the house for his office. Mr. Clark was with him. About four o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Clark called me on the telephone, saying that George had been called from town suddenly and that he (Clark), would come out to my house that night and tell me all about it. About eight o'clock that night,

Mr. Clark with his wife, arrived at my home. They were driving my husband's Studebaker automobile. Mr. Clark then said to me, 'George has been called away on a business deal, and left this afternoon for Mexico, with a Russian. They were driving a big red Stutz automobile. George said that he would be back or write you by the first of June, but you are not to worry if you do not hear from him before that time. He has asked Mrs. Clark and I to move in here with you, so that you will not be lonesome while he is away. He seemed happy as a schoolboy when he left. He and the Russian bought khaki clothes, rifles and revolvers and other equipment before they left, as they are going to a wild section of Mexico.

"George doesn't want you to say anything to anybody about where he has gone, on account of some financial difficulties in the East. For this reason, he didn't want to go to the bank and get money before leaving today, so I let him have five thousand in sugar bonds, which he can convert into cash after he reaches Mexico. He wants you to go to his safety deposit box at the Southern Trust & Commerce Bank and get Liberty Bonds to the amount of five thousand and repay me for the bonds which I gave him. Here are the keys to the box, which he asked me to give you. George also wants you to convert all his property here into cash, for he may not come back here again, but will probably go on to South America, and wants you to be ready to join him when he sends for you. He wants you to sell out his share of the real estate business, consolidate all his bank accounts into the one which is now under your name, and dispose of the properties here. He has asked me to help you with all this."

BLIND faith in Clark, coupled with an almost dog-like devotion, caused Mrs. Schick to believe the story which Clark brought her, she said. Following Clark's suggestions, she visited the bank, presenting E. O. Hodge, vice-president, with a letter which she believed her husband had written, asking the bank to consolidate all his accounts under the one carried in her name. The same faith caused her to follow Clark's instructions in opening the safe deposit box.

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IT may sound odd, but no matter where you are going to spend your vacation, your home must play an important part in your vacation plans.

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Just as each issue of this practical and inspiring magazine has done in the past, the July issue gives you both timely and enduring ideas, which you will find yourself putting into practice and see your home becoming a spot which vacations will take you from reluctantly and to whose welcome cheer you will eagerly return. YOUR HOME—the home maker's friendly advisor. Twenty-five cents a copy. All news stands June 23rd.

Clark stated at that time that they would write to the Eastern banks and have them close out Schick's accounts and forward the money to her in San Diego. With Clark, Mrs. Schick said she went to the Hupmobile agency where she gave a bill of sale for her husband's Studebaker car when Clark was purchasing his new Hupmobile sedan, and she paid Conniry \$1,250.00 cash for the balance due on this car. With the \$750 which Conniry allowed on her husband's car and the \$1,250.00 cash difference which she paid, there was a balance due Clark of \$3,000.00 he said, as he had given Schick \$5,000.00 in sugar bonds. Mrs. Schick then gave Clark the \$3,000.00 in cash, squaring accounts with him.

Mrs. Schick stated that Clark and his wife moved into her home on Terrace Drive on the night of February 7th, and they lived there continuously until the summer, when she disposed of the property and moved to El Cajon.

In her confession, Mrs. Schick stated that the bank refused to accept the letter, ostensibly from her husband, directing them to consolidate his bank accounts. Clark then told the bank, Mrs. Schick stated, that a regular power of attorney would be secured.

"Two or three days after George left," Mrs. Schick confessed, "Mr. Clark brought me a power of attorney. It was a regular blank form, with the blank spaces filled in by typewriter. Mr. Clark said that we would have to sign George's name to it. He said it would be all right, and would merely take the place of the letter which George had written and which the bank refused to accept. We got out several of George's cancelled checks and practiced tracing his signature. Finally, Mr. Clark said that I did the best tracing and that I should trace George's signature on the power of attorney. I did this, using a bodkin and then filled in the tracing with ink. We went to Mr. Nauman's office, where the signature was acknowledged, and then Mr. Clark took the paper to the Court House and had it recorded.

"One day, a few months after George left, Mr. Clark told me that he had had a clairvoyant vision in which he saw George in a fight with some Mexicans and in which he was killed. He told me that he knew George would never come home again and that I might as well collect his insurance. He said I would have to tell the insurance company just how George was killed and then he told me the story about George being in a boat with the Russians when they were fired on by the Mexicans. He just made up that part about Peter Hawkins coming to my house and telling me of George's death. I never saw Peter Hawkins.

"Mr. Clark expressed a deep fondness for me and my two boys, and several times he told me that I ought to make a will in his favor, so that he could see that the boys would be looked after if anything happened to me. I just kept putting this off and never did do it. Mr. Clark also told me to say that my husband had come home on the night of the twenty-third, as that was the date my baby was conceived. My husband was not at home on that date, for I've never seen him since the morning of February seventh."

"Did your husband wear any jewelry,

Mrs. Schick?" one of the investigators asked.

"Yes," she replied, "he always wore a Masonic ring, set with a diamond. The stone was set in claws, and his father gave him this ring. He also wore a Gruen Verithin watch and a Shrine emblem, set with diamonds, that I gave him. This is all that I know about the whole thing," Mrs. Schick finished lamely.

It was painfully apparent to those of us who had investigated this case that Mrs. Schick was now telling the truth. The woman was simply blinded by her infatuation for Clark and was tremendously impressed by his knowledge of psychology and astrology. Blindly she had followed his instructions which finally led her to a cell in the county jail. We believed that Mrs. Schick had no definite information of her husband's whereabouts and that she had never seen him since the morning of February 7th.

On October 22nd, we searched the apartment of Mae Clark, in the Casa Grande Apartments. Here we found the pearls, strings of beads and other novelties which had been consigned to the Grace Lucille Shop, and of which Clark professed ignorance when the owner T. C. Mitchell, called for them. We also found here a volume entitled "Simplified Scientific Astrology" by Max Heindel, and some books on psychology. All were marked copiously with marginal notes, and these books doubtless formed the basis for much of the "higher learning" which Clark had practiced on the gullible Mrs. Schick.

WITH the daily papers carrying full accounts of the developments in this strange case, many persons came forward to volunteer information of various kinds. Among these was Ernest G. Dowery, who positively identified Clark as a man he had seen standing on the slope of a lonely canyon overlooking the San Diego River on the morning of February 9th. In substance Dowery said, "Clark was standing about a hundred and fifty feet from me, and I could see him plainly as it was between six and seven o'clock in the morning. He was partly concealed by brush and had a stick or handle in his hand. When he saw that I was watching him, he moved over behind some brush."

"Could an automobile be driven to the spot where you say you saw Clark on this morning of February ninth?" Dowery was asked.

"Well, you could get out there in a car I guess," Dowery replied, "but you would have to crowd the brush, for it is very heavy there."

Detectives were taken to the spot indicated by Dowery, but after much excavating, nothing was found to indicate that a body might have been buried there. The soil at this point was found to be a peculiar formation of red adobe.

W. C. Sirrine, an automobile mechanic, employed in a garage at 3828 University Avenue, next came forward with a story. He said, "About eight o'clock on the morning of February ninth, Clark drove George Schick's Studebaker automobile into our garage for repairs. I know the car quite well, as I have often worked on it for Mr. Schick. Only a few days before, Mr. Schick had driven the car in for some minor repairs and I talked to him at that time. When Mr. Clark brought the car

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in on this morning, the shift fork was bent so that the car could only be driven in low gear or reverse. The clutch was burned out from slipping or heavy pulling and the motor was very hot, indicating that the car had been driven hard. There was a funny kind of red soil on the car, and there were pieces of sagebrush hanging on the car, especially underneath on the chassis. The fenders looked like the car had been driven through brush that had dew on it, maybe."

Other people came in with bits of information, little of which was useful to us.

We now recalled that Mrs. Schick told us her husband always wore several articles of jewelry. A careful check of jewelry stores revealed the fact that T. J. Hilts, a jeweler of spotless reputation had known Clark since early in January.

"I met Clark first in January of this year," Hilts stated, "and sometime early in February he came to my store and asked me to do some work on a watch he had. This watch was a Gruen Verithin model, and Clark asked me if I could put a new dial on it, and shorten the stem or post. I examined the watch and on the inside back cover, found an inscription. If I remember correctly, this inscription read, 'Presented to George E. Schick, by his father.' There was also a date.

"Clark asked me if this inscription could be filled in or filed off, and I told him that it would not be possible. He then left the store taking the watch with him, but he returned in a few days and asked me to make other repairs on the watch. I opened the back cover idly and found that the inside cover, bearing the inscription, had been wrenched out of the watch. I asked Clark why he had removed this cover and he told me that he did not care to wear a watch with another man's name on it. I remodeled the watch along the lines suggested by Clark, putting on a new dial and shortening the stem. I also engraved his initials 'E.D.C.' on the back cover.

"A FEW days later, Clark brought a Masonic ring, set with a large diamond in claws, into my store, and also a Shrine emblem set with diamonds. He asked me to buy the Shrine emblem outright, but I could not use it. He then asked me to show him a new mounting for the stone which was in the Masonic ring. I showed him my stock, but none of my mountings seemed to please him. I told him that I expected a wholesale jewelry salesman to call on me in a few days with samples, and suggested that he return at that time and make a selection.

"In a few days, Mr. B. Dohrer, the salesman called on me and Clark came in. He selected a mounting from Dohrer's samples and instructed me to remove the diamond from the Masonic ring and set it in the new mounting. The old mounting held the stone in place by claws, I am sure. While selecting this mounting, Clark showed me some loose stones and stated that he had pried them from the Shrine emblem and wished them mounted in a tie pin. I asked him where he had gotten the Masonic ring and the Shrine emblem and he stated that he had inherited them from his mother. I mounted the loose stones in a tie pin for Mr. Clark."

Mrs. Mae Clark, upon questioning, stated that a short time after Schick's disappearance her husband showed her a ring set with a diamond and also a diamond tie

pin. She asked him where he had secured the stones and he replied that they were from some ear drops which he had inherited from his mother in England. Although the Clarks had been married for ten years, Mrs. Clark stated that never before had her husband told her of inheriting any diamonds from his mother. She further stated that soon after Schick disappeared, her husband began wearing a new watch, a Gruen Verithin model, engraved "E.D.C." on the back cover. Clark had discarded his own watch which he had worn for years.

In spite of all the evidence against him, Clark stubbornly stuck to his story. Bright lawyers even said, "Well, it's pretty hard to stick a man for murder, if you haven't one single shred of evidence that a murder has actually been committed." And this was the disquieting thought which always remained with the District Attorney and his other aides, prior to the trial. I admit that I shared their feelings.

IN a final desperate effort to get some sort of a confession from Clark, we placed a detective in his cell. This man was imported from another city and we were sure that Clark had never seen him before. Clark was friendly to his new



Innocent victims of the tragedy—George, Jr. and August Schick, from a photograph taken at about the time their father, George E. Schick, mysteriously disappeared

cellmate, who posed as a prisoner awaiting extradition to Montana, but Clark would not speak of the charges against himself. The detective, one of the cleverest on the West Coast, exerted himself to the fullest to gain Clark's confidence without betraying his real mission, but Clark skillfully or honestly did not impart any information.

Clark was a most likable fellow and Undersheriff Sexson spent many hours with him. The two played checkers and cards or spent the time talking. Sexson felt quite sure that Clark liked him and several times felt that he was on the verge of confessing, yet he always stopped him-

self in time, if he really had anything to confess. Although Sexson had been a peace officer for many years and realized that patience was one of a detective's greatest virtues, he finally gave Clark up and was almost convinced of his innocence himself. At any rate, he felt that it was useless to attempt further efforts to get any information from him.

WHILE Clark was awaiting trial, J. V. Hendrix, a mountaineer moonshiner, was lodged in jail for murdering his partner, merely because he desired his partner's wife. Hendrix pleaded guilty to the charge against him and while awaiting sentence was placed in the same cell with Clark. To all outward appearances, Clark maintained his attitude of refusing to discuss his case with Hendrix, his cellmate, although he was voluble enough on all other matters.

In due time, Clark was brought to trial. His attorneys were confident of acquittal and in the privacy of our own office, District Attorney Kempley and myself were frankly skeptical of gaining a conviction. We carefully built up our case, introducing step by step the evidence which had been gathered against Clark. His past was unveiled before the jury—a criminal record showing that he had served two and a half years in Folsom Prison for grand larceny; that he had brushed with the law on numerous occasions during the past twenty years. The jury was an open and fair one, and while the evidence against Clark was strong from a circumstantial standpoint, even the most casual observer in the court room could easily see that we were having a difficult time in impressing the jury with the man's guilt.

Clark's attorneys argued that the evidence was entirely circumstantial, that not one shred of evidence had been presented to show that Schick was actually dead and that the charge of first degree murder was absolutely absurd. As in all murder cases, lively tilts between the Prosecution and the Defense featured the trial.

In the midst of Clark's trial, Hendrix, his cellmate, was sentenced to death by another court. Hendrix received the sentence calmly and in custody of a deputy sheriff started on his journey to San Quentin Prison, where he was to be hanged. During his incarceration in the county jail, Hendrix had undergone a complete transformation. He became softened, mild mannered and read the Bible constantly. He was reconciled to his fate, which he faced bravely.

En route to San Quentin Prison, Hendrix told his guard of a strange occurrence in his cell on the previous night. He stated that he was lying on his bunk when Clark suddenly leaned over him and said that he was in serious trouble; that his heart was bleeding with sorrow and that he wished he had shot it out with the officers when they came to arrest him; that if they had overpowered him he would have shot his own brains out, and then he said, "I would rather tell you than anybody in the world. I believe that you are a man from the bottom of your feet to the top of your head. On the evening of the seventh of February, nineteen twenty-three, George Schick and myself drove out to my house about four o'clock, on a business transaction, and I paid Schick two hundred and fifty dollars and he gave me

a receipt for it. When he handed me the receipt, I crushed him to the floor and choked him to death." Clark then told Hendrix that he dismembered Schick's body and attempted to burn the severed parts in a pot. He described his difficulty in disposing of the bones, stating that he finally put them in a box. He finished his statement by saying, "Mrs. Clark knew what was coming; but she didn't see anything."

After Clark's confession, Hendrix asked him where he had put the box containing the bones. "That's the last thing I intend to tell," Clark replied. "I'd just as soon tell you as anybody, if I was going to tell."


Hendrix was immediately returned from San Quentin and told his story to the jury which was trying Clark. He stated that prior to the time he was placed in jail, he had never heard of Clark or the disappearance of Schick. That he had never read anything in the newspapers of the case, that he had not been promised any immunity by the District Attorney for testifying against Clark; and that he had no interest in the case as he was already under sentence of death. As he unfolded his gruesome story, the jurors' faces were convulsed with horror. Defense attorneys wildly attempted to shake Hendrix' story, but he was adamant. Under a withering fire of cross examination from some of the ablest criminal lawyers in California, Hendrix emerged calm and cool without contradicting a single statement.

Hendrix was returned to San Quentin, where he was hanged. Prior to mounting the gallows steps, a chaplain asked Hendrix again if his story of Clark's confession was true. The condemned man declared vehemently that the story was true, in its most minute detail. He mounted the gallows and as the noose was adjusted around his neck, began a recitation of the twenty-third Psalm. In a voice clear and firm he said, "And He leadeth me beside still waters," as the trap was sprung.

Clark's attorneys did not allow him to take the stand and he was therefore not subject to cross examination by the District Attorney. When the jury retired to deliberate, Clark was highly confident of acquittal, even after the damaging testimony which Hendrix had offered. Clark's attorneys naturally attacked Hendrix' story as a ruse on the part of the Prosecution, almost openly declaring that Hendrix' death sentence would be commuted as a result of his testimony against Clark—which, as has been seen, was not what happened. Hundreds of spectators thronged the court room, awaiting the verdict, as the case had attracted widespread interest. Public opinion was evenly divided on Clark's guilt.

AS the jury filed slowly into the courtroom after reaching a verdict, Clark sat erect and smiling, looking the jurors squarely in the eye. As the verdict was announced, "guilty of murder in the first degree", Clark slumped forward in his chair, his face ashen, his hands clenching spasmodically, a look of anguish in his eyes.

Under the laws of the State of California, a superior court jury has two alternatives in cases of persons convicted of first degree murder. They may sentence the accused to life imprisonment, or death.



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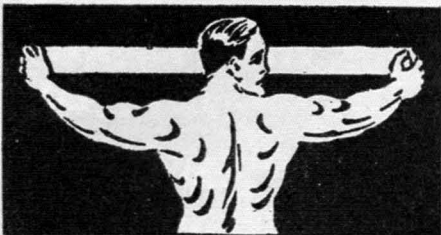
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Nine of the twelve jurors who decided the fate of Everett Drew Clark recommended death on the first ballot. All finally agreed on life imprisonment. Clark's attorneys appealed, but the Appellate Court affirmed the judgment and Clark was incarcerated at Folsom Prison, where he remains to this day, still loudly claiming his innocence.

Martin J. Schick and his wife secured the custody of Schick's two children and they live happily at De Land, Florida. On Christmas Day, 1929, Undersheriff Oliver Sexson received a Christmas Card from the Schick boys, and the veteran peace officer still keeps up a desultory correspondence with Martin J. Schick, who hopes that some day his brother's fate will be known.

Mrs. Sarah Margaret Schick, Mrs. Joan Curtiss and Mrs. Mae Clark were cleared of any complicity in the crime. Mrs. Schick was last heard of in San Francisco, where she went after the birth of her baby by Clark. The whereabouts of Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Curtiss are unknown.

CONSTABLE FRANK JENNINGS of El Cajon purchased the home which was occupied in that city by Mrs. Schick and Clark during the summer of 1923, and recently Jennings found the Verithin watch which Clark had Hilts remodel, and which was believed to have been given George E. Schick by his father. This watch had been cleverly concealed between the walls of a chicken house on the El Cajon property.

This case was one of the most mysterious in the annals of Pacific Coast crime history and jurists throughout the country waited with eager interest the action of the Appellate Court, when Clark's lawyers appealed the case. When the higher court affirmed the decision of the Superior Court, an important precedent was established in California jurisprudence, for this higher court held that a person convicted of first degree murder could legally and lawfully be committed to prison for life or given the death penalty, without finding a trace of his victim's body.

This case is one of only three to my knowledge in the history of the United States where a conviction of first degree murder was secured without the production of a dead body or some tangible evidence thereof.

(Note: The following letter, addressed to the jurors who convicted him, and written some nineteen months after that conviction, may be of interest to our readers, as giving an interesting sidelight of the workings of Clark's mind. The reader, of course, must judge for himself as to whether Clark is telling the truth, and is sincere in his statements in this letter. Ed.)

Represa, California,
Box 13-111
November 2, 1925.

To the Jurors who sat for
the people vs. E. Drew Clark.
(March, 1924)

My dear friends:

I am persuaded to write you a few lines, having read the following pusillanimous notice published in the *San Diego Union* of October 17, 1925:

E. D. CLARK SEEKS PAROLE; COUNTY OFFICERS OPPOSE

Everett Drew Clark, serving a life sentence in Folsom prison for the murder of George E. Schick several years ago, wants to be paroled. He has been in prison about eighteen months.

This became known yesterday when Clark wrote a letter asking for the names of the jury that found him guilty and recommended life imprisonment. It is Clark's intention, according to the letter, to get statements from each juror as to the juror's sentiments and then present these to the State Parole Board with a view to gaining his liberty.

Sheriff Byers and District Attorney Kempsey said they would vigorously oppose any of Clark's efforts to obtain a parole.

Now, my dear friends, of a certainty I never thought of writing to you about my case until I read this notice, but now I will inform you of a few facts:

First, I have never harmed any living soul in my life; I have not committed any crime. Second, I never spoke a word to John Hendrix about either my case, or his, until after he came to San Diego to appear before my jury with a purported confession that I had made. Then, I said to him, "Johnnie, God will never forgive you for this lie, but I hope it will set you free." He answered, "Well, I know what I am doing; I am backed by the prosecution." But Mr. Hendrix did hang just the same; the Governor failed to see the point.

Third, J. R. Hilts, the man I called a "dirty lying dog" when he was testifying against me on the stand, lied. I never had in my possession a watch on which was the name of Geo. E. Schick engraved. I never had any kind of a Shriner pin in my possession at any time during my life; in fact I do not remember having touched one, much less the one in question. And the ring as described by Hilts as being set in prongs was never owned by Geo. E. Schick. His ring was set in a cup, or closed setting. The ring owned by Martin J. Schick and used as Exhibit No. — was set in a cup, or closed setting, and was an exact duplicate of Geo. E. Schick's ring.

Both were given to the boys at the same time by their father. However, to substantiate Hilts' testimony, they put Mrs. Schick on the stand again, and she swore that her husband's ring was set in claws. The truth is, that Geo. E. Schick never owned or wore a ring set in either claws or prongs and bearing a Shriner marking. And I never had in my possession a Shriner ring of any kind; nor did I show Hilts a ring of any description.

I wanted Hilts arrested, but my so-called wise protectors advised me that his testimony was no proof of a murder, and that you would be compelled to acquit me. And I, knowing that I had not committed a murder, believed them.

Fourth, as to Mrs. Schick, all I can say about her is, may God in heaven forgive her, because I know she is not to blame. She could not help herself. They would never have released their pressure upon her in that county jail had she not done what they wanted her to do. She told the truth the first time when before the Grand Jury, but that was not what was wanted. Martin J. Schick, her brother-in-law, had not come out to California to spend his money for pies and cakes. He was looking for blood, and he had been after Mrs. Schick for many years, according to both Mr. and Mrs. Schick's story to me, and I have plenty of proof to show that this is true.

This I should like to say also for Mrs. Schick's sake, she is the most wonderful

little mother I have ever known. She sold her honor and her very soul to the Court when she swore "the lie" that she and I were intimate before her husband went away. Remember, her baby was born eleven months to the day after Mr. Schick left. She believed they would take her children away from her, as Martin J. Schick had threatened to do many times before. So she thought her life was in his hands. And it was. May God Almighty protect and prosper her!

Fifth, Mrs. Clark: May God forgive me for wronging her. Friends, she is the most wronged of us all. She is a most pure, God-loving woman; she is honor and truth personified. I swear that she has never done a wrong, knowing it, in her life. She has always been so studious with her music and church work that she has never had time to think of anything else. She was confined there in that county jail with a lot of poor, unfortunate women of the underworld for six months, and worked on to try to make her confess to knowing something about a crime that had never been committed. Even after I had wronged her, she would not say that she believed me guilty of murder. In fact, she knew I could not be guilty, and so held to the truth, even with a broken heart. I had forsaken one to protect the other and God knows, I was doing what I thought was the biggest and best possible thing I could do under the circumstances. Those two little boys of Mrs. Schick I loved with all my heart and wanted to protect them. But I slipped; I had fallen. I will say it is my own fault; a woman is never to blame, the man should be the master. But I was weak; I fell.

Then I forced her to come with me to Mrs. Clark and confess. At first Mrs. Clark nearly went mad. She said, "You, my friend, take my husband." She condemned me for it all, and I stood pat. She then rose up and turned on both of us and said, "You"—meaning me—"go and get your divorce and marry that woman and do not look at me again." Afterwards, however, she forgave us both and did all she could to show the bigness of her heart and soul in giving me up to the woman who had pretended to be her friend.

Later she was accused of helping Mrs. Schick forge a power of attorney, which she had never seen until it was brought up in court.

Now, my dear friends, it is a matter of facts. I am not writing to you for your sympathy; the truth is, that I am the least harmed of the three of us. God only knows what has become of Mrs. Clark—I was prevented from writing to her by my wonderful attorneys, who kept me from taking the stand and refuting all that pusillanimous frame-up that was poured into your ears.

What could be expected of you? Just what you did. But, dear friends, the prison Board of Directors cannot do anything for me. Not even with your help. I do not want a pardon, but I do want a new trial before an honest judge, and represented by

an attorney who will not sell my life after taking all that I have, to defend me. I do ask Almighty God to direct you and see that I have "justice."

Now, my dear friends, if you are not prejudiced against me, please drop me a line.

Respectfully and sincerely yours,
E. DREW CLARK

P. S. Upon reading the above I see a tinge of malice, a seeming self-pity and injured indignation. Pray forgive me, but can you show me where you would have been pleased with my treatment? We are only human. I love all humanity, and would not even now harm anyone for all that has been done to me. But have I re-



The hour-glass of time brought him slowly but surely to his fate. Upper picture shows Everett Drew Clark at the time he served sentence in Folsom Prison, 1899 to 1902, for grand larceny; the lower photo being as he looked more than twenty years later, at the time of his arrest, Oct. 16th, 1923, charged with the murder of George Schick. He is now serving a life term in San Quentin

ceived human treatment? Was I given justice? Please overlook my pious declarations. I have always been a Christian; yet I have done wrong. Far from being the good man I should like to be, I am seeking the true pinnacle of righteousness. Dear friends, has society given what you would call justice in my case? Do you not think the world should know the truth of my being convicted of a crime which has never been committed? Has not someone committed a dastardly crime in telling the lies that put me here? I beg an early reply from all of you, my friends.

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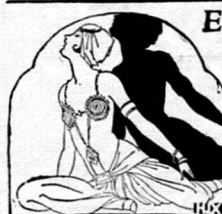
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The Green Bicycle Mystery

(Continued from page 68)

before the tragic death of Bella Wright; he had lived there for six months after it. On the day before that tragic death he had taken the green bicycle to a cycle repairer at Leicester. On the following day he had taken the bicycle away, and the cycle repairer said that he was wearing a raincoat.

They found no evidence whatever that Mr. Light had been acquainted with Bella Wright before the day of her tragic death.

They dredged the canal and brought up some more parts of the dismembered bicycle and a revolver holster and some cartridges.

In the second week of June, 1920, Mr. Ronald Vivian Light was tried at Leicester Courthouse for the murder of Annie Bella Wright. The Courthouse stands on the site of Simon de Montfort's castle; and masonry and oak beams of that old castle were used in constructing it, and gave it a faint flavor of antiquity.

It is very much too small to contain the hundreds of people who assembled very early in the morning in the hope of witnessing the most sensational trial of a decade. But few of them could be admitted. Among those who were admitted were a number of women of all grades of society, both in the Court itself and in the yard adjoining it. Against the dark panels under the arched wooden canopy the scarlet robe of Mr. Justice Horridge was very vivid.

Sir Gordon Hewart, M.P., then Attorney-General, now Lord Chief Justice, led for the Crown. Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P., was the chief counsel for the defence.

Mr. Light came into the dock wearing a navy blue suit, a soft collar and neat tie. His bearing was quiet and assured; and in the hush that greeted his coming, he glanced calmly round at the curious faces turned towards him with cool, intelligent eyes. He gave the impression of being wholly confident of the issue.

IN answer to the charge he replied in a high, clear, even voice: "Not Guilty."

Sir Gordon Hewart, opening the case for the Crown, told the simple story of Annie Bella Wright's life, of the finding of her dead body, of the discovery that she had been killed by a bullet through the head. He laid stress on the fact that she could only have got to the spot on which her body was found by passing through two gates, and that that road was not her shortest way home.

He told of the meeting of the two little girls with a man on a green bicycle who carried a raincoat, of how a man on a green bicycle had ridden into Gaulby with Bella Wright and later ridden away with her. He told of the emergence of the green bicycle from the Leicester Canal, of how it had been discovered that Mr. Light had been the owner of it, of the further discovery in the canal of a revolver holster with cartridges in it. He laid great stress on Mr. Light's denials to the detectives that he had ever had a green bicycle.

He ended his address to the jury by saying: "What is the motive? It is difficult, and it is not necessary, to probe into motives. Suppose the prisoner had made cer-

tain overtures to the unfortunate girl and had been rebuffed? It is impossible to say for certain what was the particular motive; and I ask you to say that it is not before us."

The witnesses for the Crown were called. P. C. Hall described how he had searched the scene of the tragedy and found the bullet. He was warmly complimented by Mr. Justice Horridge on the intelligence he had displayed in the case. Muriel Nunney and Valeria Caven testified that Mr. Light was the man on the green bicycle who had ridden after them and talked to them on the afternoon of the tragic death of Bella Wright. George Measures, Bella Wright's uncle, testified that Mr. Light was the man who had ridden into Gaulby with his niece, had addressed her by her Christian name and ridden away with her. James Evans, son-in-law of the last witness, said that he talked to the prisoner for five minutes about his bicycle, which was pea-green. He had a high-pitched, squeaky voice, more like a woman's.

AT this point the famous green bicycle was produced in Court and drew every eye to it.

Then Miss Edith Tunnicliffe, of Derby, was called. She said that she had known Mr. Light in 1910 and had kept company with him and often gone on bicycle rides with him. He had a green bicycle, which he told her was a B.S.A. When he joined the army they continued to correspond. In 1916 he wrote to her saying that he was sending her a parcel, which she was not to open, but to take to his home at Leicester. He opened the parcel in her presence, and it contained a revolver, which was larger than the heavy revolver which counsel held up. Witness told him that if she had known what it was she would not have brought it to his mother's house.

Evidence concerning the make of the green bicycle, its identification marks and its purchase by Light was then given.

Mary Elizabeth Webb, Mrs. Light's servant at Leicester, gave evidence that after his demobilization in 1919, Mr. Light used to go out on his bicycle daily, but after July he did not use it. On the day of the tragedy Mr. Light went for a ride and came back about ten o'clock at night, dusty and tired. She asked him why he was so late, and he told her that his bicycle had broken down again, and he had had to walk. He ate his supper and went to bed.

The bicycle remained in the back kitchen for some days; then Mr. Ronald carried it up to the box-room at the top of the house. It remained there, as far as she could remember, till about Christmas. Mr. Ronald took it out in the evening and did not bring it back. On the Tuesday evening after the tragedy, she asked:

"Have you seen the paper, Mr. Ronald? There's been a dreadful murder."

"Oh!" said Mr. Light.

Mr. Light usually wore grey, and had several raincoats, she told the examining counsel. She did not know what had actually become of the clothes Mr. Light had been wearing in July. Some of his clothes were sold just before Christmas.

Witnesses were called to prove the

recovery from the canal of the dismembered parts of a green bicycle, a revolver holster and some cartridges.

Henry Clark, a gunsmith, testified that the bullets in the cartridges in that holster were of the same size and make as the bullet that had killed Bella Wright. That they were the standard bullets issued to the army since the Boer War. There was nothing extraordinary in the fact that a bullet fired from seven or eight feet from the unfortunate girl should have passed through her head and fallen, spent, seven-teen feet away from her.

Cross-examined, witness said there were three distinct marks on the bullet, one caused by a horse's hoof, another by striking the road, and the third when it went through the head of the murdered girl.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall suggested that a .455 bullet would almost blow a person's head off if fired at short range.

Witness said that depended on the velocity, how the bullet struck, and whether it came in contact with a hard surface. The shot might have been fired from a rifle at a distance. It was possible for such shot to ricochet off a tree, strike a person, and be found within a few feet of the person.

The case for the Crown closed with the evidence of Detective-Superintendent Taylor about Mr. Light's denial, when he questioned him at Dean Close School, that he had ever had a green bicycle.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall at once called the prisoner into the witness-box.

Mr. Light entered the witness-box with a composed air, and took the oath in a clear, calm voice.

Questioned about the letter he had sent to Miss Tunnicliffe, he said that it was not at all clear. He first possessed a revolver in July, 1915. He bought it from his commanding officer, Major Benton. It was an ordinary service revolver, and he took it with him to France in the autumn of 1915. When he went to France he had a green B.S.A. bicycle. The exhibits in Court were parts of that bicycle. He returned from France early in 1916, and went back in November, 1917, as a gunner in the H.A.C. He took his revolver with him.

He remained in France till August, 1918, when he was sent to a clearing station at Corbie suffering from shell-shock. From there he was sent to the base and then to England as "a stretcher case." He came over in his pajamas, and his only possession was his jolly-bag.

"My revolver and the rest of my kit were taken from me at Corbie, and I have never seen it since," he added.

There was a holster with the revolver which he had taken out to France in 1915. It had been sent to his home from the last camp at which he had been quartered in England.

It was the holster dredged up from the Leicester Canal and produced in Court.

WITH regard to his movements on the 5th of July, 1919, Mr. Light said that he left home about half-past five, wearing an old suit that fitted him well.

Counsel: "Was there any pocket in that coat in which you could have carried a service revolver?"

Mr. Light: "Certainly not."

Counsel: "Have you ever possessed a revolver except the one you bought from your commanding officer at Buxton?"

Mr. Light: "No."

Mr. Light went on to say that he rode to Great Glen, and there left the main road and rode toward Little Stretton.

Counsel: "Did you meet on that night the two little girls who have given evidence?"

Mr. Light: "No."

When he reached the upper road, he saw a young lady standing by her bicycle. He had never seen her before. She called to him, and when he reached her she was stooping over her bicycle.

"She looked up and asked me if I could lend her a spanner. I had no spanner with me. I just looked at the bicycle and saw there was a certain amount of play in the free wheel. I could do nothing to it; and we rode on together down a steep hill. We dismounted at the bottom and walked up another. We remounted and rode on to a village which she told me was Gaulby. She told me that she was going to visit some friends; and when we came to the cottage she said she would only be ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. I took it as a suggestion that I should wait. I waited a quarter of an hour, and then decided to go back to Leicester. But I found that my back tire was flat. I repaired the puncture, and found that it was a quarter past eight. I thought I would go back to see where the girl had got to, and saw her coming out of her friend's house. I called to her: 'Hello, you have been a long time. I thought you had gone another way.'"

Counsel: "Did you know her Christian name?"

Mr. Light: "No."

Counsel: "Did you call her 'Bella'?"

Mr. Light: "No."

Counsel: "When did you first know her name?"

Mr. Light: "When I first read the case in the paper."

Counsel: "You never called her 'Bella'?"

Mr. Light: "Never."

"We pushed our bicycles up the hill to the upper road and when we came to it we got on them again. When we came to the junction of the upper and lower roads I kept to the right along the upper road. The girl got off her bicycle, and I got off mine.

"I must say good-bye to you here. I'm going that way," she said, pointing to the road on the left.

"Isn't this way the shorter way to Leicester?" I asked her.

"I don't live there," she said.

"I answered: 'Well, I must go this way, for I'm late already, and with this puncture in my tire, I may have to walk half the way home.'"

"We said good-bye without shaking hands, and when I last saw her, she was just starting to move off down the lower road."

Counsel: "Did you ever see her again?"

Mr. Light: "Never."

"On the way home," Mr. Light continued, "I had to pump up my tire several times and eventually I had to walk. I reached home a little before ten and put the bicycle in the back kitchen.

"I first got to know about the murder on the Tuesday, from the evening papers, and came to the conclusion that it must have been the girl I was with."

Counsel: "You made the fatal mistake of not communicating with the police?"

Mr. Light: "Yes."

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The Judge: "Did you communicate with a living soul?"

Mr. Light: "No."

Counsel: "Could you have told the police anything except what you have sworn in evidence?"

Mr. Light: "No. If I could have done so, I would."

Counsel: "Did you do anything to the bicycle before Christmas?"

Mr. Light: "In October I threw it away."

The Judge: "Had you ever ridden it since that Saturday night?"

Mr. Light: "No."

Counsel: "Before you threw the bicycle into the canal did you do anything with it?"

Mr. Light: "I loosened some of the parts and some bolts and nuts. In the box-room was the holster and some cartridges. I put them into the holster and threw them into the canal."

Counsel: "Did you shoot this unfortunate creature?"

Mr. Light: "Certainly not."

MR. MADDOCKS, cross-examining for the Crown, first questioned him about the parcel containing the revolver, which he sent to Miss Tunnicliffe. Mr. Light said that he had intended visiting Miss Tunnicliffe on his motor bicycle, but could not carry the parcel. He therefore sent it through the post to her, intending to take it on afterwards by train to Leicester. He was, however, prevented from going to Derby, so wrote a second letter to Miss Tunnicliffe, asking her to come to Leicester and bring the parcel which he had sent her by post. He purchased the revolver from his commanding officer at Buxton, and the cartridges from the company stores at Buxton.

Then came the matter of the Green Bicycle.

Counsel: "With regard to the parts of the bicycle, the holster and the cartridges found in the canal, there has never been any doubt in your mind that they were yours?"

Mr. Light: "None."

Counsel: "What became of the three-gear cable of the bicycle?"

Mr. Light: "It is in the canal."

Counsel: "Did you take the bicycle to pieces before you threw it in?"

Mr. Light: "Yes."

Counsel: "Did you throw all the pieces in on the same night or on different occasions?"

Mr. Light: "I threw them all in on the same night."

Counsel: "Are the mud-guns still in the canal?"

Mr. Light: "I can't say, except that I put them there."

Counsel: "Did you tell Mary Webb you had sold it?"

Mr. Light: "No. I told my mother that I had done so."

Counsel: "Up to the time you threw it away, no one suggested that you had murdered the girl?"

Mr. Light: "No. But the newspapers were saying that the man with the green bicycle had murdered the girl."

Counsel: "Why did you wait till October to break it up?"

Mr. Light: "I do not know."

Mr. Light's voice was tiring, and he was giving his answers in a low voice. The Judge asked him to speak up so that

they could hear him; it was in his own interest to do so.

Counsel: "Did you see the notice asking for information about the man with the green bicycle?"

Mr. Light: "I saw the newspapers but not the handbill. I knew that the police were anxious to find the man with the green bicycle."

Counsel: "Why did you not give the information that the man was you?"

Mr. Light: "Because I was at first absolutely dazed about the whole thing. I could not make up my mind what to do."

Counsel: "Having read the report in the papers, why did you not at once give information?"

Mr. Light: "Because everyone had jumped to the conclusion that the man with the green bicycle had murdered the girl."

Counsel: "Didn't you see that if you had gone to the police you would have put them off a false scent and possibly on the right one?"

Mr. Light: "I see it now. I did not make up my mind deliberately not to come forward. But I was so astounded and frightened that I kept on hesitating until in the end I drifted into doing nothing at all."

The Judge: "You could have asked the police to search your house. You could have told them that you had no revolver and no coat with a pocket to hold a revolver."

Mr. Light: "I feel that now."

Counsel: "Did you think that your story would not be believed?"

Mr. Light: "I did not think so."

The Judge: "Did you go to your mother for advice about the matter?"

Mr. Light: "I did not. She was away at the time."

The Judge: "Did you go to her when she returned?"

Mr. Light: "I did not."

Counsel: "Was it because you could not account for your movements that you did not go to the police?"

Mr. Light: "No. I shrank from the publicity."

The Judge: "And to save yourself from unpleasant publicity you did not go to the police and give them what would have been valuable information about the murder."

COUNSEL handed to Mr. Light a letter written to him by his mother as Rhyl, in which she said that they were very interested in the murder.

Mr. Light: "Mother was the last person in the world I should like to know about it. She would worry."

The Judge: "Do you tell the jury that you did not put the bicycle in the box-room in order to prevent its being identified?"

Mr. Light: "No. I put it there for that purpose."

In answer to further questions Mr. Light stated that it was dark when he threw the bicycle into the canal; that he took it to pieces at his home.

Counsel: "What was your object in filing off the number?"

Mr. Light: "Well, if it were found, I did not wish it to be traced to me."

Counsel: "Exactly. Why did you tell the police you had sold it?"

Mr. Light: "I had drifted into the policy of concealment and had to go on with it."

Counsel: "When you made those denials were you depending on the fact that you had mutilated the bicycle?"

Mr. Light: "No. I was anxious to get time in order to have advice. I was prepared to make a statement before the magistrates."

The Judge: "A prisoner who reserves his defence until his trial is, in my opinion, a wise man. And I should not draw any inference—and the jury, in my opinion, should not draw any inference—from the fact that a man said to himself: 'I will sit tight and wait till I am tried.'"

Re-examined by Sir Edward Marshall Hall, Mr. Light said that his mother was in a very delicate state of health. She had had a lot of trouble. His father had been killed by falling out of a window. He, Mr. Light, had been shellshocked in France and had suffered from his nerves and in his hearing ever since.

Never, since he was a boy, had been at the spot at which Bella Wright's body had been found. In answer to the Judge, he stated that the reason he had left the revolver holster and some cartridges when he went to France the second time was that he did not want to carry anything with him except what was absolutely necessary. Mr. Light then left the witness-box and returned to the dock, having been under examination four and a half hours.

ADDRESSING the jury for the Crown, Mr. Maddox declared that that Bella Wright was murdered, admitted of no doubt. He submitted that the suggestion, put forward by the defence, that her death was due to an accident caused by somebody having been using firearms in a field failed. The idea that the bullet had ricocheted from a tree or the road had been disposed of by the evidence of the gunsmith. The question then was: Who was responsible for the girl's death? There was no mystery about the green bicycle now. The prisoner had admitted that he was the owner of it. It would be for the jury to say whether they believed the reason he had given for his wonderful silence.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall, addressing the jury on behalf of the prisoner, pointed out that, according to the story of the Crown, Ronald Light had made up his mind to murder the unfortunate girl when he left home on the evening of the 5th of July. They had made every effort to prove that he knew her. Was it not curious that the police had been unable to bring forward a single person to say that the prisoner and the dead girl were acquainted? Her uncontradicted statement to her uncle was that he was a perfect stranger. In regard to the question of motive, he begged the jury to remember that when the dead girl's body was found there was not the slightest sign that any improper overture had been made to her.

If the prisoner was that kind of man he would have done what he wanted first, and shot her afterwards. Was it not curious, he asked, that no one had heard the sound of a shot fired between nine and a quarter past on that beautiful, still, moonlight night—not even the man who found the body while it was still warm? A great point had been made by the prosecution of the fact that the prisoner had

waited for the girl outside her uncle's cottage for an hour. But the cycle repairer had told them that the back tire of his bicycle was weak; the prisoner had told them that a good deal of that hour had been spent in repairing a puncture. He asked them to remember, in any case, that the power of sex attraction still dominated, and would continue to dominate the world, in spite of law and politics. If the prisoner had wanted to invent a defence, could he not have told a story to the effect that he had taken his revolver with him into the country to have a few stray shots, that he had accidentally met the girl, and while showing her the revolver it had gone off?

If he had made up such a story there was not a person who would not have believed him. Admitting that he showed the greatest cowardice in not coming forward and telling what he knew, the jury must not forget that he had undergone the awful ordeal of shellshock, which reduced the strongest men to human wrecks and left them bereft of mental strength.

The Judge then summed up. He dwelt in particular upon the evidence of George Measures, the dead girl's uncle, which showed that she left his house at about a quarter to nine. The girl's body was found at twenty past nine.

"Do you think it would be likely that Light would be sent away by a word or two like that at the junction of the two roads, after he had been waiting for her all that time?" he asked the jury. "The prisoner states that he has told you all that they said to one another there. It might be that the girl wanted to get rid of him. They separated about a mile from Measures' cottage."

The Judge passed to the question of the bullet wound, and the probabilities whether the bullet he held in his hand killed Bella Wright.

HE advised the jury to put minor incidents in the case out of their minds—the evidence of the schoolgirls and the prisoner's false statements to the police. "Lastly there is the problem of motive. In this case no motive is put forward. Do you think that an innocent man could have done and said what this man did? It does not matter twopence whether there is a motive or not, if you are satisfied that he committed the crime. But if there is any doubt about that, the question of motive is of supreme importance."

At half-past four the jury retired. An hour passed; and there was no sign that they had decided on their verdict. The Judge, who had retired to his private room, came into Court again and conversed in whispers with Sir Edward Marshall Hall and then went back to it. Another hour passed; and still there was no sign that the jury had come to an agreement.

At half-past seven the Judge called them into the box to ask them if there was any chance of their agreeing. The foreman replied: "Yes. In about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour."

Seven minutes later the jury filed in again to give their verdict. Mr. Light, standing with his hands clasped firmly together, and looking round the court, appeared wholly cool and collected.

The foreman of the jury said loudly and distinctly: "Not guilty."



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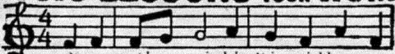
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Without comment the Judge told the prisoner he was discharged. There were a few hisses in the Court; but the cheering, which spread from the Court to the crowd outside, swelled to a great shout.

Ronald Light stepped from the dock a free man.

In reply to the congratulations, he said, laughing, "Thanks very much. I expected the verdict all along."

He was walking out of the Court with his cloth cap in his hand, still laughing, when he was asked if he thought of going back to the Dean Close School.

"I would not mind doing so," he said. "But I do not know whether they will have me back after all this. Some of the things I did were rather damaging to my position. But I'm thankful it's all over."

Immediately afterwards his emotions grew too strong for him; and he broke down a little, half laughing, half crying.

THAT was the Green Bicycle case. It left the problem of the tragic death of Annie Bella Wright unsolved. Hardly enough stress seems to have been laid on the fact that it is impossible to carry the smallest-sized service revolver in any pocket of a well-fitting suit.

The smallest service revolver is ten inches long, about four inches broad at its thickest, and about three inches thick. The evidence of Miss Tunncliffe showed that the revolver which Mr. Light used on active service was the larger size. It would be about twelve inches long. The side pocket of an ordinary jacket is six and a half inches long and six and a half inches deep. A hip pocket is about six inches deep; and then consider the bulge.

As Sir Edward Marshall Hall pointed out, the theory that Bella Wright's tragic death was an accident is by no means disposed of.

In the form of fiction, a very ingenious attempt at a solution of the mystery appeared in the *Strand Magazine* a year or two back. In this story, it was, naturally, the crow upon the gate that gave the

author, Mr. Trueman Humphries, his idea. He took very careful measurements of the distances which the facts of the case gave him, and then enlarged on the supposition that, from the field adjoining the road, a boy with a rifle suddenly saw the crow, and fired from behind a sheep trough.

At that moment Bella Wright passed on her bicycle, and the bullet which killed the crow killed the girl also.

Her approach had been obscured by the hedge, and only when the boy in the story had fired the shot did the girl pass in front of the foresight and then fall to the ground. Frightened, the boy hurried home, hung the rifle up, and said no word to anybody. In the story, the boy is suddenly confronted by the exact circumstances once again, and fear makes him confess the tragic misadventure he had never been able to forget.

INTERESTING as this story was, plausibly as the writer worked out his theory, there are few people who will not dismiss it as a solution of the mystery.

But the gunsmith stated that the shot might have been fired from the rifle at a distance; that such a shot might ricochet off a tree, strike a person, and be found within a few feet of that person.

It is extraordinarily significant that no one heard the sound of the shot which killed the unfortunate girl—not Mr. Powell, walking down the road, not a man who was working in a field within a hundred yards of the spot, not anyone in the neighboring lanes. That bullet might have been fired from a rifle six or eight hundred yards away. Fired from that distance it would still go through the unfortunate girl's head. A service rifle will kill at a range of about a mile. There is no need to suppose a ricochet. It was the hour of rabbit shooting.

But if it was not an accident, whom did Bella Wright go to meet, or chance to meet, on that lonely road? Was it a jealous lover, or a jealous rival, or some sexual maniac?

Who Killed William Desmond Taylor?

—a question that has puzzled millions for the more than eight years since the well-known moving picture director of Hollywood was found slain in his home on the morning of February 2nd, 1922. Is it known by the police who killed him? Was any one of those mentioned as suspects, guilty? Several moving picture stars were questioned. Rumors, circulated in the inner circles of Hollywood, hinted darkly at this person and that person.

Was the Real Murderer Ever Named Publicly?

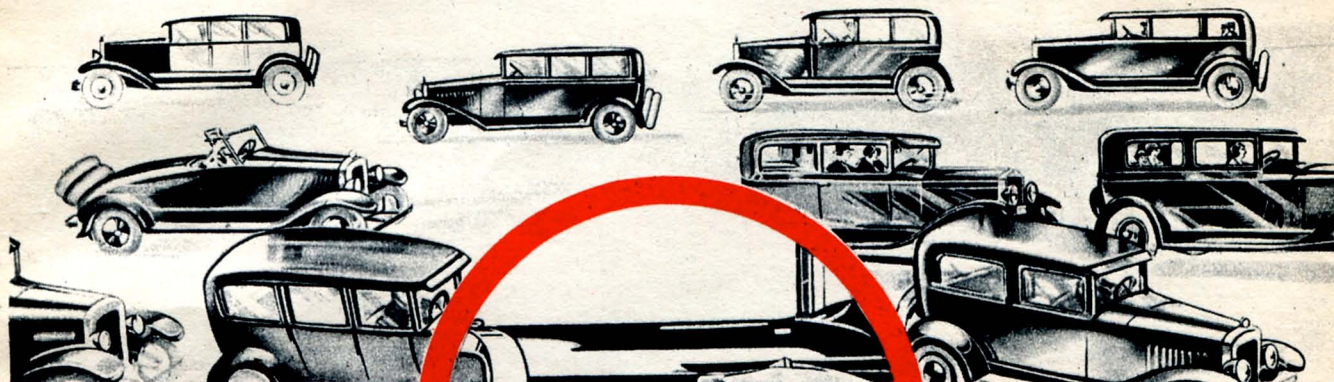
There is a man now living on the Pacific Coast who knows a great deal about this case. We will not say how much—not at this time. He was closely associated with it, and what he knows about it we are going to print.

Unless our plans for its publication change, for some unforeseen reason, this man's amazing story will begin in

September TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

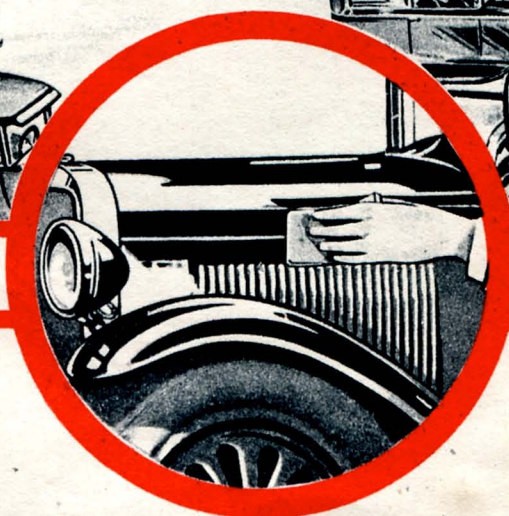
We think he knows who killed William Desmond Taylor. When you have read his story, we think you will have the same opinion!

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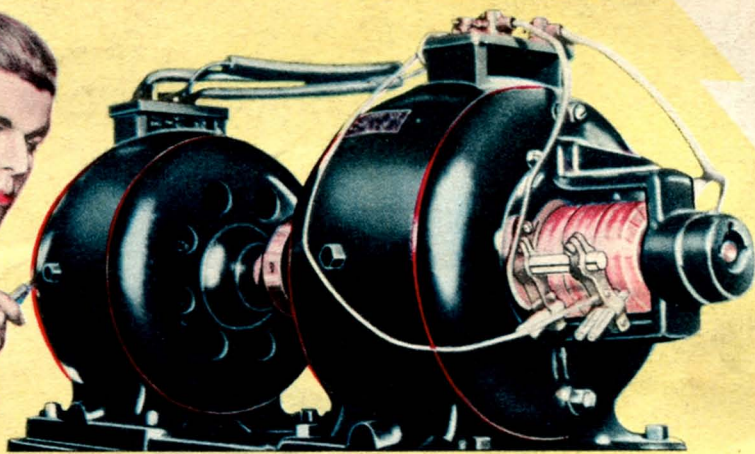
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